

25 Cents November-1928

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



## ARMISTICE

Painting by Harvey Dunn ... Verses by Albert Jay Cook

*No longer cleaves the ruthless sword,  
And gone is war's grim panoply.  
Dead homes, dead men—and now, O Lord,*

*A moment's rest  
Beside the monument that we  
Have builded for ourselves, not thee.*

*The years shall dull our grief—and yet,  
Though now the battle dust is lain,  
Can we forget? Can we forget?*

*We need thee, Lord,  
For thine the boon that tears of pain  
Once shed shall not be shed again.*



**ONLY**  
**\$99** for this **PACKARD**  
**SUPER 8—\$250 A.C.**  
**ELECTRIC RADIO SET !**

**Direct From Our Factory**

Today's greatest radio! A truly sensational offer! The Eight-tube PACKARD A. C. Electric Radio — a regular \$250 set—shipped to any home in the U. S. at direct from factory price of only \$99. And to prove our claims we will ship this set to your home on

**\$5000.00**  
**CASH BOND**  
**to Back Our**  
**GUARANTEE**



**The PACKARD Engineers**

have invented this most unusual, powerful SUPER-Eight Tube Radio. Astonishing volume and tone quality. Remarkable selectivity and long-distance reception. Leading radio engineers unanimously agree that there is no better radio made—regardless of price.

Let us prove this by shipping a set to your home on 30 days' trial. Examine the set from A to Z. Let the most exacting critics pass on its merits. And if, after the 30 day trial period, you are convinced that the Packard Eight-tube Electric is fully the equal of any console radio set selling up to \$250—then, and only then, need you decide to keep it at our factory price of only \$99—otherwise, return it.

This marvelous set combines every new scientific development in receiving sets—possessing beauty, refinement, durability. Gets everything on the air from coast to coast—from Mexico into Canada, loudly, clearly, and distinctly. Only one dial to tune in all stations.

**You Save the Jobbers', Dealers' and Salesmen's Profits**

The PACKARD Radio is shipped direct from our factory. All the in-between profits are deducted from the price of the set and instead of paying \$250 you pay only \$99. Quantity production, economy in selling, and only a small profit for the manufacturer makes this astounding offer possible.

**MAIL COUPON NOW FOR**  
**30 days' free trial offer**

Don't miss this opportunity. Mail coupon at once for complete information about the PACKARD A. C.—8 TUBE ELECTRIC RADIO and our liberal 30 days' free trial offer. No obligation on your part. Our \$5,000.00 cash bond backs up our guarantee.

**PACKARD RADIO CO.**  
**2323 Milwaukee Ave. Dept. 302 Chicago, Ill.**



**WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO**  
**Genuine Walnut Console Cabinet**

Eight powerful A. C. tubes and one genuine full-wave rectifying tube—nine tubes in all. Supreme quality throughout. Simple to operate. Connect the plug to electric socket and turn switch. Only one dial to tune. One hundred per cent electric. Handsome walnut cabinet—two-tone genuine DUCO finish. Metal trimming finished in old gold. Marvellous built-in, powerful speaker. Size of cabinet is 54 inches high, 27 inches wide.

**Packard Radios are also**  
**made for BATTERY OPERATION**  
**PRICED AS LOW AS \$53**

**Packard Radio Company**

**2323 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. 302, Chicago, Ill.**

I am interested in Packard Radios and your \$5,000.00 Bonded 30 days' free trial offer and guarantee. Send full details.

Name

Address

City  State





# They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough

nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

## In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcefully, so convincingly that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

\* \* \*

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-conscious-

ness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing

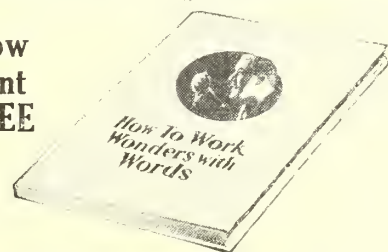
things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech.

## Send for This Amazing Book

Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "Hidden Knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

Now  
Sent  
FREE



**NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE**  
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1528, Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute,  
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1528,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE, without obligation, my copy of your inspiring booklet *How to Work Wonders with Words* and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



## Contents

COVER DESIGN: ARMISTICE

*Verses by Albert Jay Cook*

by Harvey Dunn

YOUR WAYS AND OURS

by Katharine Garvin 4

THIS HERO STUFF

by Dan Edwards 6

BRENNEN AND SNYDER AND BLAKE

by Walter Davenport 9

*Illustrations by Kenneth Camp*PERSHING AS HIS ORDERLIES KNOW HIM: *Part Two*

by Robert Ginsburgh 12

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER: *Part Four*

by Leonard H. Nason 16

*Illustrations by Raymond Sisley*

OUR FIRST WAR WITH GERMANY

by Vincent Starrett 20

EDITORIAL

*with cartoon by John Cassel* 24

DON'T BE AFRAID

by George K. Pratt, M. D. 26

*Illustrations by Paul Carruth*

AMERICA IN THE ARGONNE

by Hilaire Belloc 28

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW—AND THERE IS

by John Thomas Taylor 30

A PERSONAL VIEW

by Frederick Palmer 31

KEEPING STEP

by Right Guide 32

IT WASN'T OVER OVER THERE

by Wallgren 38

THEN AND NOW

by The Company Clerk 39

BURSTS AND DUDS

*conducted by Tip Bliss* 42*Cartoons by Dale Beronius*

THE MESSAGE CENTER

by The Editor 80

## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**O**hio: Admitted to the Union as the seventeenth State, Feb. 19, 1803. The colony of Virginia claimed the region under its second charter of 1609. The colony of Connecticut, under its charter of 1662, claimed a part of northern Ohio which later became the Western Reserve. New York also had an indefinite equity in unsettled lands. France considered it a part of its territory by right of discovery, but surrendered all interests to England in 1763, and, in turn, England relinquished its claims to the United States in signing the Treaty of Paris in 1783. Most of the present area of the State was included in "the Territory Northwest of the Ohio" which Congress created by the Ordinance of 1787. The ordinance prohibited slavery in the territory. In 1788 Americans settled at Marietta, after which came a large influx principally from New England. In 1800 Connecticut ceded the Reserve to the United States and three years later Ohio became a State. Population 1800, 45,365; 1927 (U. S. est.), 6,710,000. Percentage of urban population (communi-



ties of 2,500 and over), 1900, 48.1; 1910, 55.9; 1920, 63.8. Area, 41,040 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 141.4 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 4th in population, 35th in area, 8th in density. Capital, Columbus (1927 U. S. est.), 291,400. Three largest cities, Cleveland (1927 U. S. est.), 984,500; Cincinnati, 412,200; Toledo, 305,400. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$18,489,552,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), steel and rolling mill products, \$709,182,753; automobiles, \$354,872,674; blast-furnace products, \$231,339,781; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$904,400,000, including cereal and forage crops, potatoes, tobacco and livestock; mineral products (1926 U. S. est.), \$247,506,588. Ohio had 230,000 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1866: "Imperium in Imperio"—"an empire within an empire." Origin of name: Iroquois Indian name for "great." Nickname: Buckeye State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*PHILIP VON BLON, *Managing Editor*

The American Legion Monthly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1928, by the Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2.00, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



# The FLORSHEIM Shoe

For the man  
who cares



**T**ODAY, as always, FLORSHEIM SHOES dress your feet better for less.  
Enormous production gives you high quality at a reasonable price  
... superior skill and workmanship give you finer style and longer wear.  
It pays you to wear FLORSHEIM SHOES permanently ... they save for you.

*The PRINCETON — Style M-312*

**\$10**

*Some Styles 811 and 812*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • CHICAGO



# YOUR WAYS *and* OURS

*By Katharine Garvin*

**I** DO not think that any American who sets out to visit Europe can ever parallel the sheer thrill of exploration that inspires the European visiting America for the first time. On a ship bound from the New World to the Old, both historical and personal sentiments must lead to the thought of home-coming. One thinks of the old colonists, of discoverers and pirates returning home to Portugal, to Italy, Spain or England after their adventures in the West. But in the ship bound outward from Southampton or Hamburg, from Liverpool or Cherbourg to New York, one imagines the feelings of the first pioneers, bound for God-knew-whither. One thinks of Columbus crossing for the first time in a tiny sailing ship to a totally unknown continent.

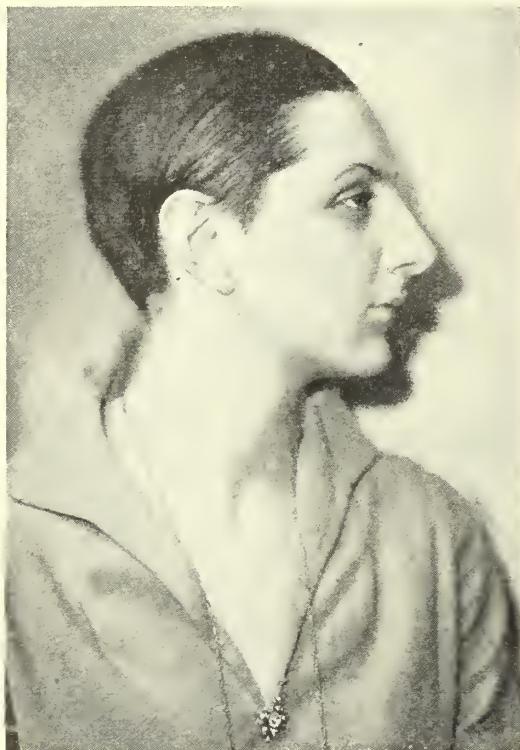
These values of setting-out and returning still remain fixed. The great sights of Europe are familiar to the American, if only at second-hand. A Gothic cathedral can never be a startling surprise to an American who has seen St. Patrick's in New York. Boston prepares one for the charm of the eighteenth century houses in London. But in America are new wonders, which, however they have been described and imagined beforehand, must strike upon the mind with a sense of fantasy and freshness.

I had seen photographs and etchings of skyscrapers before I came to America. I had always had American friends, and they were willing to describe their country. But I was determined to enter the country by New York in order to see the wonderful harbor and sea-front of which I had heard so much. The last I saw of England were the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight on a September day, when yachts revolved about the ship like great white moths. Then no more land until the entry into New York Harbor at about six o'clock in the evening. I missed the Statue of Liberty on that occasion, although I have seen it since. I was busy below, doing the last bits of frantic packing. New York, when at last I came on deck, loomed before me through a deep blue haze like an enchanted city. The dim forms of the skyscrapers shot gracefully up into the sky, starred all the way up by their innumerable lighted windows. The sight gave me that odd sensation that all moving experiences give, of sudden rediscovered familiarity. I felt that I had known it all my life, but that it had been hidden deep in my subconscious mind. I felt then that America was going to come up to my highest expectations.

In my childhood, I had not at first realized that my American friends belonged to another country and another flag. They spoke the same language, and I supposed, with a child's simplicity, that they sprang from the same background as myself and inherited the same traditions. Only when these friends, small boys and girls, disappeared for long periods did I learn that they had gone back to their own country, a great and strange and magnificent place called America, such a long way off that they could only go there for a long time or not at all.

Later on, I read delightful American books for children—"What Katy Did," "Jo's Boys," "Little Women," and "Helen's Babies." From these I derived a jumble of various impressions, each of them distinct in itself. I could picture Boston, and its charming old-world social life, and I acquired some ideas of American colleges and of American slang.

It was not until much later that I decided to come to this country. I was a student in Oxford ready to take my A.B. degree,



*Miss Katharine Garvin, FIDAC fellowship student in America through that organization's affiliation with The American Legion. Miss Garvin is the daughter of the editor of the London Observer*

when I decided that I must cross the Atlantic and see America, or part of it, for myself. I applied for a student fellowship from the English-Speaking Union. When I heard that I was actually to go to the University of Michigan I could hardly believe my good fortune. For one thing, I am ashamed to say that I had scarcely believed that Michigan was a real place, because, like Timbuctoo and Tipperary, it had been made the subject of a popular song.

I landed safely in New York, without any trouble from either customs or immigration officials. I had a wooden crate containing two innocent pictures but which looked suspiciously the right size for a consignment of whisky bottles. This was of course pounced upon by the customs official, but it caused me no trouble because it was boarded again for me when its innocuous contents had been inspected.

I had time for a fortnight in New York, and became enthralled by its vigor, by its lights, its vitality and by its amazingly beautiful architecture. My visit there was made even more agreeable than it would otherwise have been by the charming and hospitable people at the English-Speaking Union. I met there Mr. John Daniels, the National Secretary of the English-Speaking Union, and Mr. Lemuel Bolles and Mr. Henry D. Lindsley, the former a Past National Adjutant, the latter a Past National Commander of The American Legion. They between them explained to me

the connection with the Legion of my fellowship at the University of Michigan.

Mr. Bolles explained to me the meaning and the motive for placing this fellowship under the additional auspices of the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants, known for short as FIDAC. The program of this organization was to promote world peace by means of international education. Each of the countries who fought together on the Allied side in the Great War should send a student each year to each of the other eight in order that they might learn to understand at first hand the minds and hearts of foreign nations. Then, returning to their own countries, they should tell of their experiences, or write of them to their countrymen, thus furthering the acquaintanceship of country with country. The plan seemed to me an excellent one. I was highly honored at becoming the first holder of an Anglo-American fellowship, especially as I have in England been frequently annoyed by people who talk glibly of the qualities and faults of the United States without ever having been there.

The scheme of international education has, of course, obvious drawbacks. One student a year from country to country seems little for the accomplishment of such a wide purpose. But the one person, if rightly chosen, can do an enormous amount on either side of the Atlantic to clarify people's ideas. He or she leaves relations and friends behind who are anxious to know how they fare. They are besieged by letters asking "What is America like?" and when they return home, as I did last summer, throngs of countrymen are eagerly asking the same question, and listening attentively to the answer.

Secondly, it might be objected that a student is not a fitting person to send, because a university represents only a small fraction of the total life of a nation. But to redeem this restriction of area and viewpoint, college life has wonderful advantages. Even more in America than in England, students come from every part of the country. They (*Continued on page 65*)



# How Would You Like to Spend an Hour With CLEOPATRA?

IF you could sit beside this beautiful woman and hear from her own lips the strange story of her marriage to her brothers (one of whom she disposed of by poison which she tested on slaves) and of her life with Cæsar and Mark Anthony; you would be delighted. Her story would be one of ambition and love.

As the last of the Ptolomies she was the heiress of legalized license, cultured sensuality, refined cruelty, and century-long moral turpitude. But she had redeeming qualities; profligate and voluptuous as she was, she was an able statesman, knew many languages, had unusual literary tastes, imperious will, and a masculine boldness that made her one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced.

Of course you can't hear from her own lips her story but you can read all the facts, gossip, and scandal known about her, and many other famous (and infamous) women, in the ten fascinating volumes made,



As the N. Y. Herald  
says, by the  
"Tiffanys of Publishers" on

## WOMAN

Now Offered in a Special  
Low Priced Edition  
Free on Approval

### YOUR CHANCE TO LEARN ABOUT WOMAN

Read about the woman who was forced to drink her husband's health from her father's skull and her revenge; how the women of Weinsberg carried their husbands to safety on their shoulders—and why. Learn how Helen of Troy caused a ten years' war—and how a Princess drowned herself to stop further wars over her beauty.

### FAMOUS LOVERS

This is your chance to read about the famous lovers, Heloise and Abelard; about Margarida, who unsuspecting ate her lover's heart; and how the Turkish Emperor Orkham beleahed his beautiful wife Theodora before his ministers who objected because she was a Christian.

### HAREMS AND SLAVES

You enter the harem with its beautiful slaves. You meet the *hetara* with whom the ancient Greeks found solace. You see the Inca Sun Virgins and the Vestal Virgins of Rome. You learn about the geisha girls of Japan.

### WOMAN—TENDER AND CRUEL

On one hand you see Saint Rosalie and the miracle of roses or Lady Godiva riding naked through town to help the people. On the other the Russian countess who had water poured over nude girls to make frozen statues; the French women who sat unmoved as heads fell from the guillotine; and Empress Irene who blinded her son—yet was made a saint.

### MANY CURIOUS STORIES

You read the curious stories of how Princess Eleanor proved to council she was not a leper; how Empress Eudocia was expelled from the palace almost naked; how an emperor's sister was forced to appear in court tied in a bag full of cats; and how Empress Helena buried her husband and sons with her own hands to save their bodies from the dogs.



Full size library volumes, 8 x 5 1/4 x 1 1/4 inches.

**THE RITTENHOUSE PRESS**  
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

### A FEW OF THE STRANGE TALES

You will read how Emperor Theophilus chose his bride; how the Suliote women, facing dishonorable surrender, jumped to death. You will learn how two gentlemen threw dice to decide which was the father of a child of that beauty, Ninon de Lenclos; of how her son unsuspecting fell in love with her and, upon learning the truth, shot himself.

### YOU MEET FAMOUS WOMEN

You meet Catherine the Great, Jeanne d'Arc, Madame du Barry, Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Nell Gwyn, Messalina, Lucrezia Borgia, the Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, and hundreds upon hundreds of others.

### SENSATIONAL SAVINGS TO YOU

The \$150.00 limited edition paid for the plates so we can offer you this edition, from the same plates, for a fraction of that price. By ordering a large quantity in a slack season we got the lowest cost. But people snapped them up so now only a few sets remain; soon they will be sold.

### COMPLETE SETS FREE ON APPROVAL

We will send you the ten de luxe volumes bound in royal purple cloth stamped in gold. In them you will meet famous women from ancient Carthage, Greece, and Rome; from the harems of Turkey and the slave markets of Babylon, from the Far East and the South Seas.

### GOOD WOMEN AND BAD

You will meet queens, saints, sinners, Amazons, murderers, martyrs, courtesans, bacchantes, and Spartans. Good women and bad—you meet them all. Take advantage of your opportunity. Don't miss it. You get over 4000 pages of pleasure just by signing the coupon.

### SEND NO MONEY

Enjoy these books at our expense for 5 days. If you don't find them entrancing, want them for your library, and think them a wonderful bargain—return them at our expense. But once seen you will want to keep them.

MAIL

THE

COUPON

NOW.

NAME

ADDRESS

Check here if you wish the maroon Spanish leather  
fabrikoid and change payments to 14 months

ACT  
NOW.  
DON'T  
DELAY.

IMPORTANT.

Wise readers will rapidly snap up the last of this edition. To be sure of your set tear off the coupon while you have it in your hand.

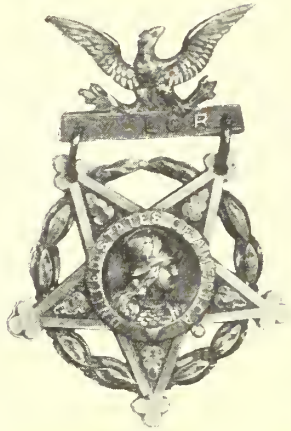
THE RITTENHOUSE PRESS  
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILA.

You may send me for inspection, charges paid, the 10-volume set of *WOMAN*, bound in purple cloth. I will return the set in 5 days or send you \$1 as a first payment and \$2 a month for 11 months. Canada (duty paid) add one \$2 payment.



# This HERO STUFF

By Dan Edwards



*Congressional Medal of Honor  
(American)*

**I**S THIS hero business a bed of roses? I will not commit myself, but instead give you some inside information about the job of being what is commonly termed a "hero" and let you judge for yourself. My many experiences in living down, or rather up to, a reputation should make me an authority on the subject. If there be pleasure in this reflection, then it is wonderful to be a "hero". After permitting myself this bit of levity I want to make myself clear on one point. I want the world to know that I do enjoy the great honors that come with high military decorations. I get a tremendous thrill when men or women tell me that they want to shake my hand. I get a kick despite the fact that they frequently mistake me for Colonel York, Captain Woodfil, or some other great soldier.

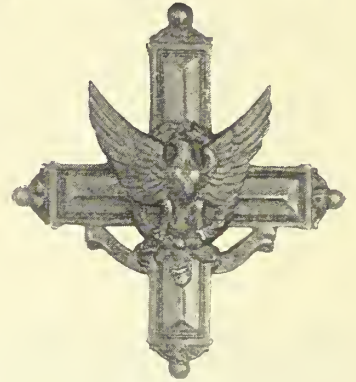
When addressed as some one else I make known my own name as politely as possible, usually remarking that others have made the same mistake, and indicating that I bear a slight resemblance to the man named. I know darn well that I look nothing like the other fellow. I do not feel hurt, because I realize that people have come to associate high honors with those great men. I then resubmit to myself the proposition that I do and should glory in the right to wear the same great honors as are worn by such men.

"Oh, please tell me how you got all those medals!" This is the stock question asked by every woman that it becomes my pleasure to meet. I have framed several stock answers for this question. The particular one I use depends upon my frame of mind. Perhaps I tell the sweet lady that the story is a very long one which requires too much time to relate when there are so many other more interesting things to talk about. When I make this comeback it is made to get the lady in question to protest against my statement. Usually she complies. My response is designed to involve the lady and myself in a parrying match requiring some privacy in order to be executed properly. Because I have had more experience in these little contests than the ladies, it naturally follows that I come out the victor in most of them. When I lose and have to tell the story I am actually the winner, for I have had the pleasure of being with a charming woman for a short time. And in telling the story I have a most attentive audience.

Most people who request me to relate for them the exploits which won for me the two greatest honors this government can give a soldier are handed a copy of the War Department orders of award. I never go out wearing the medals without having copies of the citations in my pocket. There is at least one man in every group of service men who considers himself an authority on who's who among the medalists. He wants to read the citations and is



*Dan Edwards, wearer of twenty-seven decorations (of which three are shown on this page) won for valor while a member of the First Division, A.E.F. Note the San Antonio chapeau—Dan's a Texan*



*Distinguished Service Cross  
(American)*

not a bit complimentary in his attitude when asking the privilege to read them. His manner is similar to that assumed by a detective delving into the past of a criminal. My policy is to ignore his attitude and hand him the orders in much the same spirit that one would proffer a smoke to a man. "I remember you now," is his first comment after reading the documents. He will then inquire if I am acquainted with some other man that has a medal. Such men become fast friends and constitute my largest staff of volunteer boosters. They are the sort that will report their experiences with me to post

meetings. If we meet at a banquet or post affair they measure time from that date. I much prefer meeting the man that must be shown before he believes to the one that accepts me on appearances.

The proud mother or father of a child from eight to seventeen causes me the most embarrassment. They want me to tell how I got the medals for the child's benefit. It appears that the child has always been interested in such things. Such people usually call my decorations "badges". I do not consider them badges and sometimes I make my opinion known. But it is rather difficult to determine whether this request is made as a stall or not. If I can get the child alone I will gladly tell him my story. I enjoy telling my experiences to boys and girls. They are a good audience and will believe anything told them by a man with a few decorations on his chest. However, I tell them the truth, probably overemphasizing the fact that proper physical care, training and application to study made possible the exploits for which I had been decorated. A little exaggeration in this regard I do not consider sinful. The mother or father who is sincere does not resent it when I request a private chat with the child. If the father is a veteran I will let him in on the party, but not otherwise.

The foregoing experiences come to a medalist with a thousand variations. In the field of business, however, the medalist has no place to hang his hat. There are many reasons for this. Men who know that the medalist has a reputation for being a good soldier will not believe that he will be a good business man. However, they tell the "hero" another story. "Why, you should have a much better position than I can offer. Why don't you go to the Standard Oil or some other big concern? They would be tickled to death to get hold of a man with your record." That is the

line they start off with. I might add that I have tried to sell my services to some of the big concerns, but was never arrested for starting an epidemic of laughter among the officials of such organizations. Before I leave my friend's office he usually adds with a show of sympathy: "The Government should take care of fellows like you so you wouldn't have to work the rest of your lives." Then they want to know why (Continued on page 62)



*Médaille Militaire  
(French)*





# I'll Give You Magnetic Power in 24 Hours—*Or No Cost!*

**I**LL give you the magnetic power to attract people to you *instantly*, wherever you go—

I'll give you the magnetic power to be popular anywhere, in any society—

I'll give you the magnetic power to influence the minds of men and women, to make them do what you want them to—

I'll give you the magnetic power to become a dynamic, forceful, fascinating personality—

I'll give you the magnetic power to dominate situations—

I'll give you the magnetic power to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession—

*And I'll give you the secret of these magnetic powers in just twenty-four hours—or I don't want a cent of your money.*

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless my secrets of instantaneous personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—you don't pay a cent!

## Results are Instantaneous

I'll show you how to sway the minds of others—how to always appear at your best—how to dominate all situations through the sheer force of your personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure! You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness!

The moment you read my secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. Instantly the fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers doubled, trebled!

My methods of personal magnetism should enable you to achieve your fondest ambitions. They will give you individuality, show you how to acquire a vibrant, charming voice, a fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

## The Facts are Free

My secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

The scope of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic

Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book—entirely different from anything of the kind ever published—that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

Originally published to sell for \$5—this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark burgundy with the title gold embossed, is being offered at the special price of only \$3. Send no money with the coupon—pay no C. O. D. You get the book first.

Remember, if this book does not do all I claim for it—simply return it within 5 days, and it costs you nothing! Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only \$3 in full payment.

You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only \$3. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail the coupon NOW, Ralston University Press, Dept. 177-T, Meriden, Conn.

Ralston University Press,  
Dept. 177-T, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days, I will either remit the special low price of only \$3 or return the book without cost or obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Hands that haunt and threaten



Have you tried the new  
**LISTERINE**  
**SHAVING CREAM?**  
Cools your skin while  
you shave and keeps it  
cool long afterward.

**A** HAUNTING NIGHTMARE of hands, shadowy and menacing . . . . What about them could possibly make this roaring lion of a politician cringe before the very hands which he has shaken so glibly all day?

**Germs!**

Politician or poet, salesman or sob-sister, musician or mother; all must face this fear. Every time the clasp of greeting or friendship is extended, millions of germs may "change hands."

They may be the germs which cause you to catch cold, sore throat, or even worse. The germs that enter your nose and throat passages from your hands

which have touched those of a person with a cold, or which have

merely touched something that he has handled.

Protection and peace of mind is assured with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Mild and soothing even to tender tissues, full-strength Listerine has deadly power against germs. Repeated tests, separately conducted in three noted Bacteriological Laboratories, have agreed in proving that Listerine kills *Micrococcus Aureus* (the pus germ) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (the typhoid germ), in less than 15 seconds! In all tests, the average number of bacteria was more than 200,000,000 per cubic centimeter (a cube less than four-tenths of one inch on each side).

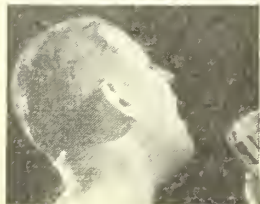
This germicidal power of Listerine, demonstrated on the standard bacteria used by the U. S.

Government in testing antiseptics, explains its 47-year proved effectiveness as a gargle for sore throat, and as a safeguard against infection.

This winter learn how Listerine can help you. Gargle with this pleasant antiseptic morning and night, and repeatedly after exposure to bad weather or large groups of people. And before every meal, before touching the face at any time, rinse the hands in full-strength Listerine.

We believe that you will be pleasantly surprised by a winter in which colds trouble you much less than previously. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## FOR SORE THROAT



## TO AVOID COLDS



# Listerine kills germs



AN ARMISTICE  
DAY STORY

# BRENNEN and SNYDER and BLAKE

*By Walter Davenport*

Illustrations by Kenneth Camp

**I**NDIVIDUALLY they were all that any drillmaster could expect of soldiers; collectively they represented reasons why officers go mad.

There was Corporal Brennen, who always knew everything, and Private Snyder, who was forever doubting that anybody knew anything worth knowing, and Private Blake, who seldom talked at all but seemed content to do the listening for all three.

In Pittsburgh, where they had enlisted en bloc, they had worked together in a stove foundry. Brennen was foreman. The Army was all for making non-coms of the three of them, but only Brennen would accept promotion, and then only at the insistence of Snyder and Blake, who knew a good foreman when they heard one.

They bunked together in civil life and such minor matters as army ruthlessness in separating the best of friends had no effect upon their camaraderie. Snyder and Blake continued to work for Brennen, their corporal.

It was said of them that together they had courted a girl back home and that they had put it up to her to select a husband from among them. They had but one condition: That he whom she chose should take the other two into the home as boarders. The lady had instantly dismissed all three.

They took furloughs in a body—or they didn't take them. Passes to town had to be issued to all three or none of them left camp. It was like that all through the war. They trudged on together to Armistice morning without a wound to divide among them, although several times Corporal Brennen's squad had been reduced to three—Brennen and Snyder and Blake.

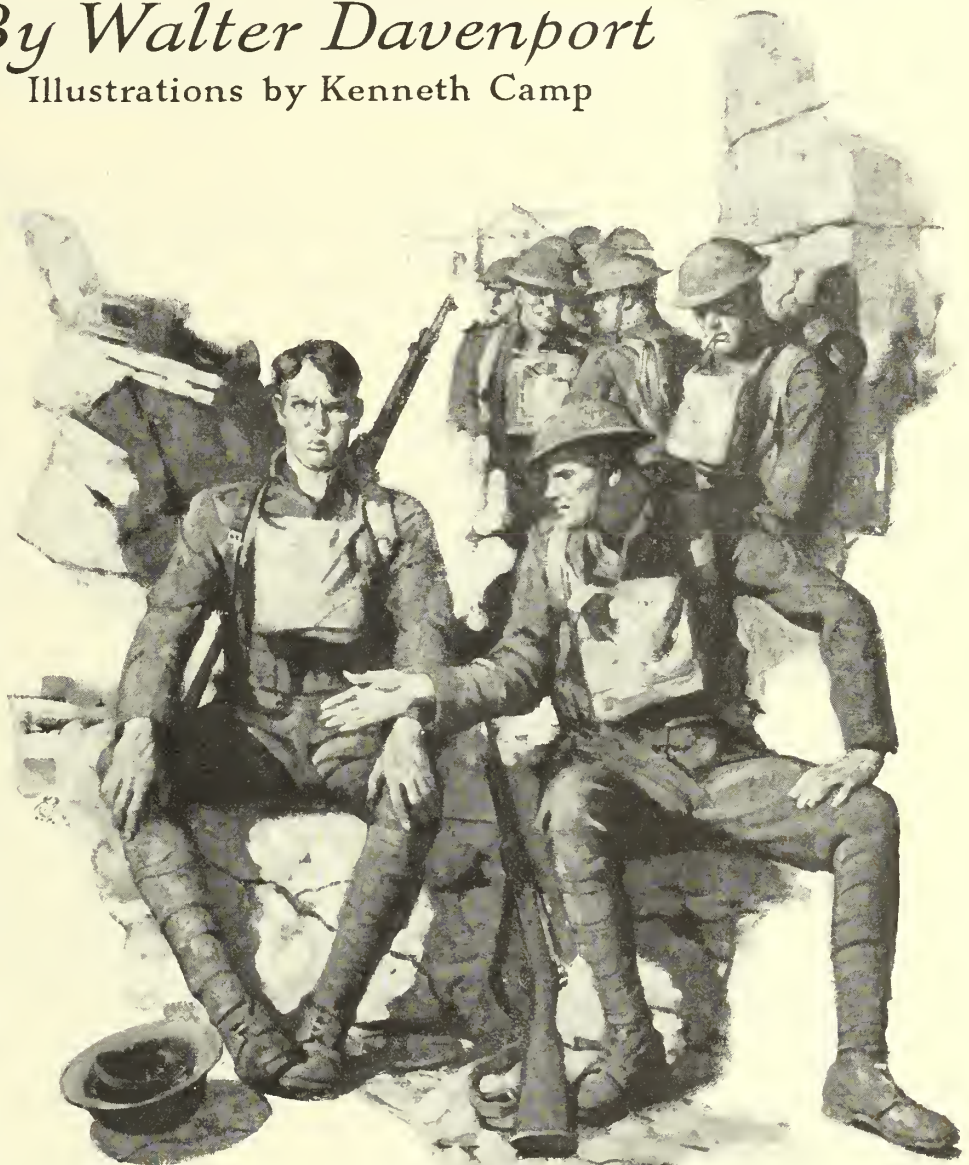
Their immunity fascinated us; we used to say that if Jerry ever broke up that trio the war just couldn't go on. At least it wouldn't be the same old war.

Great soldiers, you'll say. Well, they were; but men can't be perfect.

As they fought they argued—Brennen and Snyder, at least. Blake was forever listening, or appeared to be listening, and on his face there was always the expression of a wise old man who had learned tolerance. The truth is that he was merely inarticulate.

But Brennen and Snyder! They argued every step of the way from the Marne to Xammes, which was as far as the 211th Infantry got. It wouldn't have been so bad had there been diversity to their controversy; but they had one theme and one alone.

There were times when we got desperate listening to it. Nobody knows how many times the lieutenants tried to silence Brennen and Snyder—not that they accomplished anything



*They argued every inch of the way from the Marne to Xammes, which was as far as the 211th Infantry got*

with commands and threats. We had six lieutenants all told. Four of them were killed outright.

"Pretty soft for them, too," said Sergeant Bracci. "They don't have to listen no more to Snyder and Brennen—not that I'm going to either. Something's going to happen to them talking dolls and when it does you can suspect me first."

The morning of the Armistice found them at it as usual. One glorious day in hell it was, with the sun shining hugely and poor old battered Nature doing her best to laugh that the firing would cease at eleven o'clock.

The night had been starry and almost peaceful, but daybreak came like the bell for the last round of a prizefight with both boys trying hard for a knockout. From the north and east of us came a barrage in a solid sheet of iron and from behind us came the screaming answer to the Germans. Jerry was down but not out. He had agreed to an Armistice which was surrender, but he was not going to quit with loaded guns. It was his last, long snarl.





*"He's in there somebheres," said Brennen. "One of them trees. Try the tall one on the right"*

Far in advance of the battalion in an observation post on the lip of the hill that fell away into the valley of the Moselle were Brennen and Snyder and Blake. The ancient feud was blazing hotly. Blake was doing the observing; the din was too great for reliable listening, but a little thing like that couldn't hold up the talkfest.

"Listen," said Snyder, "I ain't excusin' myself for what I done in Fismes. I knocked off a pair of Jerries all right and I admit if I hadn't they'd knocked me off. But that don't make no difference; it's murder, that's what it is. I ain't goin' to be hung for it or nothin' like that but it's—"

"Read what it says in the court martial," said Brennen.

"That's all I got to say—read what it says in the court martial. It says—"

"I don't have to read no court martial," said Snyder. "If you're out there and I come up on you and knock you off, what is it?"

"That all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Read the court martial," insisted Brennen. "It says in the court martial that if you knock off a guy in battle it's all right. That's what you're there for, see? What do you suppose they have an army for anyway if it isn't to knock off the other guy so you can have peace?"



"Listen, kid," said Snyder, "I never read no court martial and I ain't goin' to and I know they ain't hangin' me for knockin' off them two Jerries in Fismes and they ain't hangin' you for killin' that big Heinie at Courlandon—the one you run ragged down the narrow-gauge railroad. But just because some guy wrote somethin' in a book don't say it ain't murderin' a guy just because they can't hang you for it. Cheest! What in hell was that?"

Both men flopped. Between their faces something had cut with the speed, lash and crack of a bull whip.

"Sniper," said Brennen. "Stay down. Where in hell d'you suppose—"

Snyder and Blake crouched while Corporal Brennen scanned the German side of the valley through his glasses. A second shot chipped the clay at his shoulder, throwing dirt in his face. The sniper was getting a bit too close.

"Spot him?" asked Blake, cocking his rifle.

"No. Over there somewheres in one of them trees. Maybe two hundred yards."

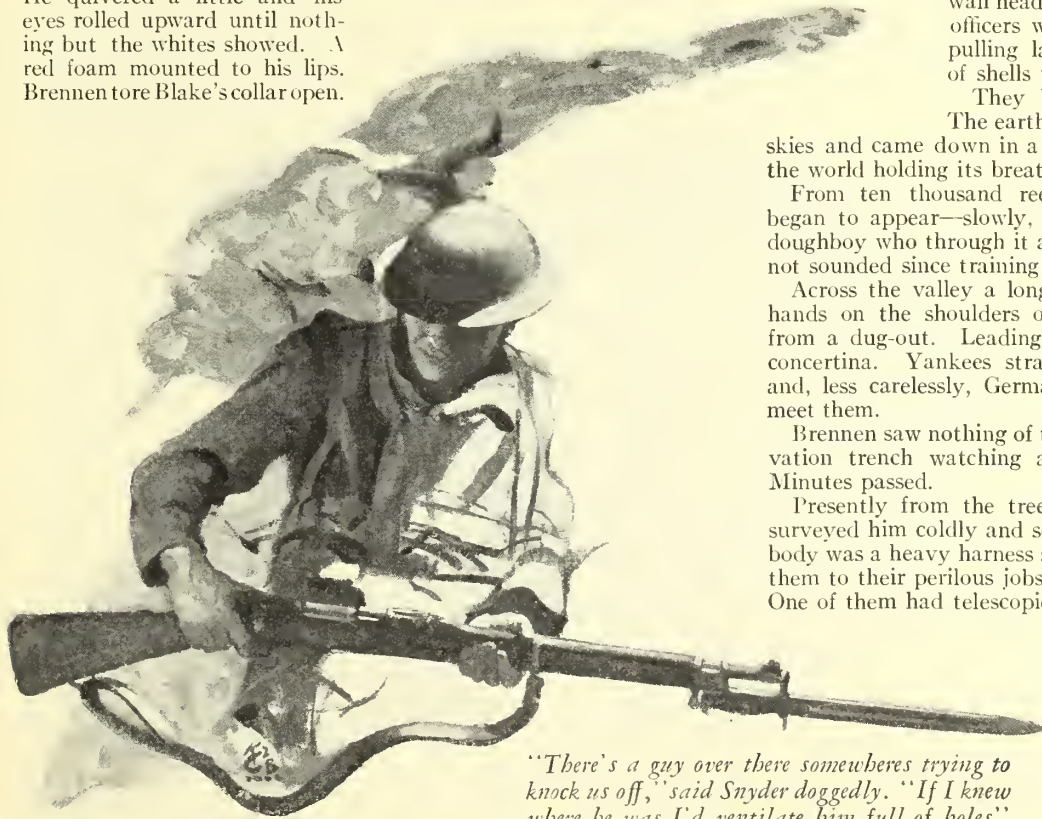
"Try sayin' that wouldn't been murder if he'd got us," said Snyder. "Here the war'll be over in an hour and this Jerry over there tryin' to knock us off. What for? What difference will it make to him if we're alive at eleven o'clock? Hey? Wish I knew where he was."

"Listen," said Brennen, "you can't get the war all mixed up with what time it is. Killin' a guy when they ain't no war is murder and there ain't nothin' worse. But killin' a guy in a war is what you're here for. See? You're one of the guys that makes a bum of law and order."

"There's a guy over there somewheres tryin' to knock us off," said Snyder doggedly. "If I knew where he was I'd ventilate him full of holes because he's the kind of a guy who's got it comin' to him. But that don't make no difference. It's murder whether they can hang you for it or not. Just go look in the dictionary."

"How many times have I got to tell you you ain't half as much against murder as I am, only you don't know the difference between what happens in peace time when they ain't no war and in war when you're fightin' for your country," said Brennen. "They ain't nothin' worse'n murder and I'm for hangin' any guy who kills a guy when they ain't no war. See? String 'em up. See? I'm for lynchin', I am. Any guy who would kill somebody in peace time deserves it, and I'm the little guy who'd help do it. See? Listen, I know a case in Erie—*cripes!*"

A bullet whipped savagely over Brennen's head. Blake, who had been sighting his rifle at various trees across the valley, sagged and then suddenly fell backward, crashing into Snyder. He quivered a little and his eyes rolled upward until nothing but the whites showed. A red foam mounted to his lips. Brennen tore Blake's collar open.



*"There's a guy over there somewheres trying to knock us off," said Snyder doggedly. "If I knew where he was I'd ventilate him full of holes"*

"Blakie!" he shouted. "Blakie!"

Blake quivered once more, violently this time, and then was still.

"Got him?" snarled Snyder.

"Yeh."

"Dead?"

"Yeh."

The bullet had gone over the heads of Brennen and Snyder and had struck Blake, who had been standing up, below the left shoulder. Neither Brennen nor Snyder spoke, but raised their heads slowly until they could peer over the top in the direction from which the shot must have come.

**T**HE war died nobly. In its last heavy throes it sickened the sun with its black breath. Louder than the thunder of the continuous guns were the whine and whinney of the shells arching across the sky. Huge bushes of dirt and rock arose, bloomed, slowly collapsed.

Brennen, who had trained his glasses on a group of trees on the opposite hill, was the first to speak.

"He's in there somewheres," he said. "One of them trees. Try the tall one on the right."

His reply came from the sniper. A bullet zipped over his head and flattened on a rock behind him. Snyder emptied his magazine into the sniper's nest and Brennen watched for a moment. Nothing fell.

"What time is it?" demanded Snyder.

"Half past ten."

Snyder crouched and jammed another clip into his rifle. As he was rising he reached out and touched Blake's shoulder.

"Ah," he said softly. "Ah, after goin' through it all. Half an hour to go and they had to go knock him off."

He looked up suddenly at Brennen.

"Whaddaya say now?" he demanded heatedly. "D'ya call it murderin' now with Blakie bumped off here and only a half an hour to go?"

"Listen," said Brennen. "I been tellin' you, ain't I? Get up here. I think I got him spotted. Gimme my rifle and come up here. That big tree on the right there. We got to get him while we got a chance. After eleven we ain't gettin' nobody. See? We're soldiers, not murderers."

Snyder fired twice, then took the sniper's reply straight between the eyes. He fell backward, his head striking the back of the trench. His body flopped across Blake's.

Brennen foolishly called to him as he had called to Blake: "Snyder! Snyder!"

The war stopped with the abruptness of a motor car hitting a wall head on. Far behind the lines artillery officers who had fought for the honor of pulling last lanyards sent the final flight of shells whimpering across the sky.

They broke in one prolonged bellow.

The earth made one last leap toward the skies and came down in a dust cloud. Then the silence of the world holding its breath.

From ten thousand reeking holes in the ground men began to appear—slowly, tentatively, as if suspicious. A doughboy who through it all had treasured the bugle he had not sounded since training days blew Reveille.

Across the valley a long file of Germans, each with his hands on the shoulders of his predecessor, goose-stepped from a dug-out. Leading them was a sergeant playing a concertina. Yankees straggled toward the German lines and, less carelessly, German soldiers came walking out to meet them.

Brennen saw nothing of this. He stood in the short observation trench watching a tree on the opposite hillside. Minutes passed.

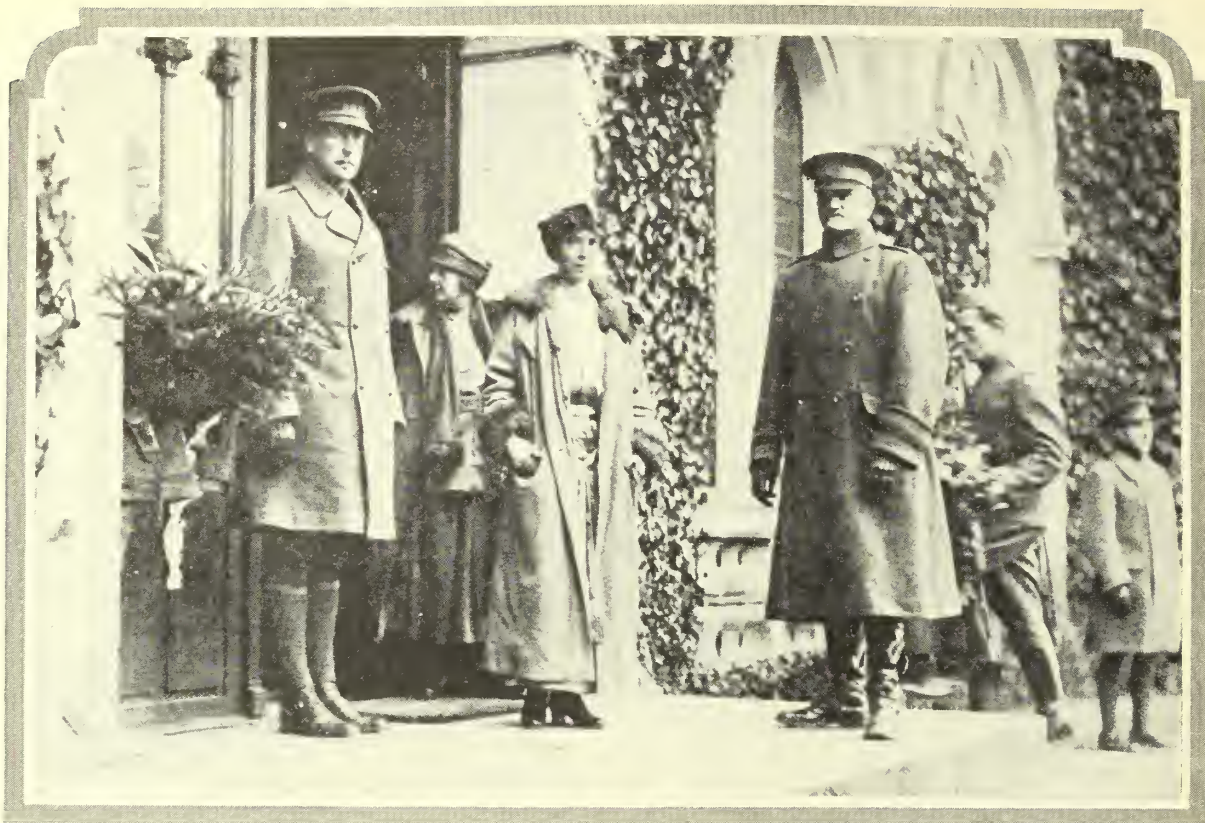
Presently from the tree a soldier descended. Brennen surveyed him coldly and seemed satisfied. On the soldier's body was a heavy harness such as steeple-jacks wear to hold them to their perilous jobs; in his arm he carried two rifles. One of them had telescopic sights.

The German let his rifles fall. He jerked his sniper's harness off his shoulders and stretched his arms and flexed his legs like a man freed.

Corporal Brennen waited until the man's arms were high and his legs far apart.

Then he pressed the trigger.





*The C.-in-C. as host to royalty—Albert, King of the Belgians, and Queen Elizabeth visit Chaumont, capital city of the A. E. F.*

# PERSHING

## *As His Orderlies Know Him*

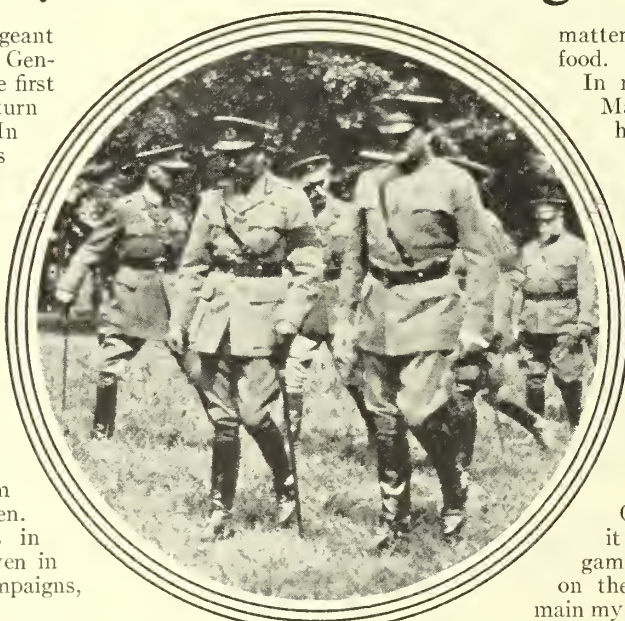
By Robert Ginsburgh

IN THE first instalment of these reminiscences, recited to me by Staff Sergeant Frank Lanckton, orderly to General Pershing since 1900, Sergeant Lanckton described his life with the General through Philippine days and the first days on the border following the return to the continental United States. In the present instalment he tells of his experiences in the Villa punitive expedition of 1916 and in the A. E. F.

Sergeant Lanckton continued:

**SERVICE** on the border and later the pursuit of Villa in Mexico was a very disagreeable business for all concerned, including General Pershing. The Old Man was not feeling well—who could under the circumstances? He had just passed through the terrible ordeal of the calamitous fire which took from him his entire family except Warren. His joviality, always conspicuous in his home life in Zamboanga, and even in his tent during the Mindanao campaigns, was missing on the Mexican border.

The policy of watchful waiting sapped the energy of the soldiers on the border, and the pursuit of Villa always lacked punch compared to the old battles in the Philippines. It looked to me as though we could catch Villa



*At British G. H. Q. with King George, en route to the ceremony at which the British monarch decorated American soldiers for feats of valor*

any day we made up our minds to do it, but I was not running the campaign, nor was the General asking my opinion on any matters not pertaining to shoe polish or food.

In my long experience with the Old Man on campaign I had learned what he liked in the way of food and I usually made it my business to get his favorite dishes for him, regardless of any obstacles that came in the way. In Mexico our escort wagons had not yet been developed to their overseas efficiency, and fresh food did not always come up with the rations. In fact canned willy and goldfish played as conspicuous a part in the menu in Mexico as they did later in France.

By hook or crook I usually managed to get fresh meat for the General even in Mexico. How I did it with direct orders against shooting game or waylaying wandering cattle on the mountain sides will have to remain my secret. Other messes complained of the absence of fresh meat, and once, while I was in the presence of the Old Man and a party of his staff officers, the lieutenant in charge of our own mess embarrassed me right in front of everybody by asking how I





*The Pershing smile—the C.-in-C. thanks a youthful citizen of Chaumont for a bouquet presented to him on the Fourth of July, 1918*

managed to get it. I began to stammer out something, and the Old Man came to my assistance immediately.

"What do you care, Lieutenant? He gets the beef for me, doesn't he?"

Getting the beef was my job, and the Old Man was too smart to interfere with the work of any of his subordinates after he made them understand what he wanted.

While it was my job to get the fresh meat, it was up to Johnny Booker, cook of the Headquarters Troop of the Tenth Cavalry, to cook it and also to keep on the lookout for minor eatables to add to the Old Man's menu. On one occasion Booker's persistence in defending a fresh loaf of bread and a couple of chickens for the Old Man almost brought disaster on the whole force.

We were right on the heels of Villa one night when we got lost and stumbled right into the midst of a camp of Mexicans. We did not know whether they were friends or enemies. Our column, consisting of a long chain of trucks and cars, drove right into the streets of their camp before we were even challenged. Suddenly Mexicans came at us from all directions. They surrounded our cars, jumped on our running boards, and held blinking lights in front of our eyes.

Johnny Booker was sitting in the back of one of the cars with a loaf of bread under one arm and a live chicken under the other. One of the Mexicans edged to his side and put his hands on the sacred loaf that the cook had dedicated to the Old Man's breakfast. Immediately Booker reached for his gun and pointed it at the surprised Mexican.

General Pershing and Lieutenant Collins, who had been talking in Spanish to the leaders of the Mexican camp, trying to learn their position, looked up just in time to see Booker drawing his bead.

"Booker!" yelled the Old Man.

Instinctively the cook came to attention and dropped his hands smartly to his sides.

"Lanckton!" he called to me. "Take that Mexican away from the car!"

One false move at that moment might have

meant a massacre. We were completely outnumbered. The Mexicans happened to be a group of Carranza's men, but they were not so friendly to the gringos but what they might have enjoyed taking a few pot shots at us.

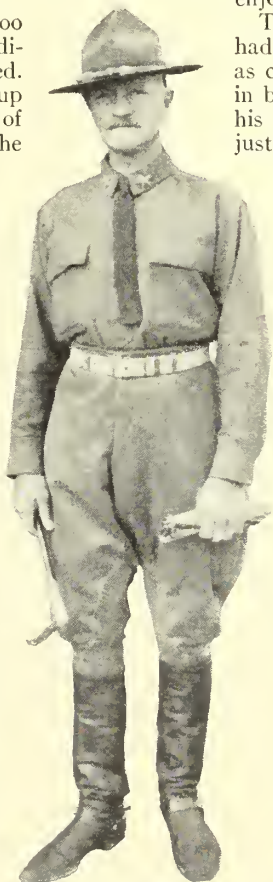
There was at least one American across the border who had no use for the Expedition and who had to be watched as closely as any of Villa's followers. General Pershing, in backing up one of his lieutenants, had alienated from his forces a notorious American outlaw, a fugitive from justice who had found it more comfortable to live across the line. There were quite a number of these in Mexico, incidentally, and some of them proved a great help to the General.

While we were in Mexico the General had decided to organize a body of scouts like those used in earlier campaigns against the Indians. Only men who were familiar with the terrain, the customs of the people and the inside workings of the different factions fighting for control of the country would be signed up. They were to be used for reconnaissance work during the campaign against Villa.

Among the first to apply for a job in the Scouts were a greasy, tough-looking bunch of cowboys, most of them outlaws from the United States. Many of them had been living in Mexico for a number of years and were supposed to be thoroughly familiar with the country. They volunteered to work for Pershing in the hope that they would get some sort of a reprieve from the United States Government if their services proved honest and faithful, it was generally supposed.

The first of them, and the worst of the lot, whom we nicknamed Tracy, blew into camp one day all dressed up in a bright red shirt and with a million-dollar arsenal tied to his hip. He wanted to see General Pershing and no one else. His insistence finally gained him admission to the Old Man's tent, and the two came to some understanding.

From the moment he reported for duty Tracy tried to act the bully and hard guy and swaggered all around the camp in his Wild West make-up as if he owned the United States Army. There was



*As a brigadier general on the Mexican border*





one man, however, that he could not bluff, and that was Lieutenant James L. Collins, who in the A.E.F. became Major Collins and a member of Pershing's staff.

Lieutenant Collins was a little fellow, not more than about five feet five, but with plenty of sand. He was in direct charge of the scouts and he made them toe the mark. Tracy came in one day, more sullen than usual, and with a few extra bandoleers around his shoulders to add to the fierceness of his make-up. The lieutenant gave him an order and Tracy refused to obey.

"You can't give me any orders, Lieutenant. I was hired by General Pershing and he's the only man who's got any right to tell me what to do."

"All right, we'll see about that," the lieutenant answered. "You're fired. Now get out of here."

"You can't fire me, Lieutenant. I'm going to see General Pershing," Tracy announced, and walked right into the Old Man's tent. He didn't stand on ceremony for a moment.

"Your lieutenant fired me, General—what d'you know about that for nerve? Guess he don't know who I am," he began.

"Did Lieutenant Collins fire you, Tracy?" the Old Man innocently asked.

"Well, he tried to."

"Well, that's all there is to it. I guess you're fired all right. Good-bye," and before the surprised outlaw realized what had happened he was on his way out of the camp.

While we were on the border and in Mexico the World War was going on overseas. I had often heard General Pershing discussing it with his staff officers, but I feel certain he never expected at the time that he would become the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces. News-

papers were not always available during that hectic campaign in Mexico, but as soon as one arrived the General would spread it out in front of him and follow with great interest the movements of the European armies. Even then he had begun a system of keeping track of the battle line on a map, indicating its fluctuations by means of colored pins. Later at Chaumont

he had a force of officers and enlisted men busy all the time keeping such a map accurate and up to the minute.

EARLY in May, 1917, thirty or forty of us were mobilized at Fort Myer, Virginia, to be the vanguard of the A.E.F. Lieutenant George E. Patton was placed in command of the detachment, and before leaving for the Union Station at Washington he assembled us and told us not to inform anyone of our destination. He realized that we would attract some attention at the station and that enterprising newspaper men would be on the job to ask us questions. Our orders were, therefore, to tell our inquisitors that we were on the way to Fort Slocum, New York, to drill recruits for the Regular Army.

Just as Lieutenant Patton had expected, a swarm of reporters greeted us, and to all their questions we had the same answer. A number of them had known me on the border and tried to get me to refuse to deny that we were

headed for France, but "On the way to Slocum" was all I cared to say.

Our detachment not only carried our own barrack bags and equipment but we were also charged with the responsibility of taking care of the officers' baggage. The reporters were looking around, and suddenly an alert newspaperman took me aside and called my attention to the following tag on a number of the pieces of luggage: "Major General John J. Pershing, Paris, France."

The reporter winked and went his way. The newspapers mentioned nothing of the incident,

*Under the Arc de Triomphe—General Pershing leading the American section of the Victory Parade in Paris, July 14, 1919. The next organization to march under the arch was The American Legion at its National Convention eight years later*

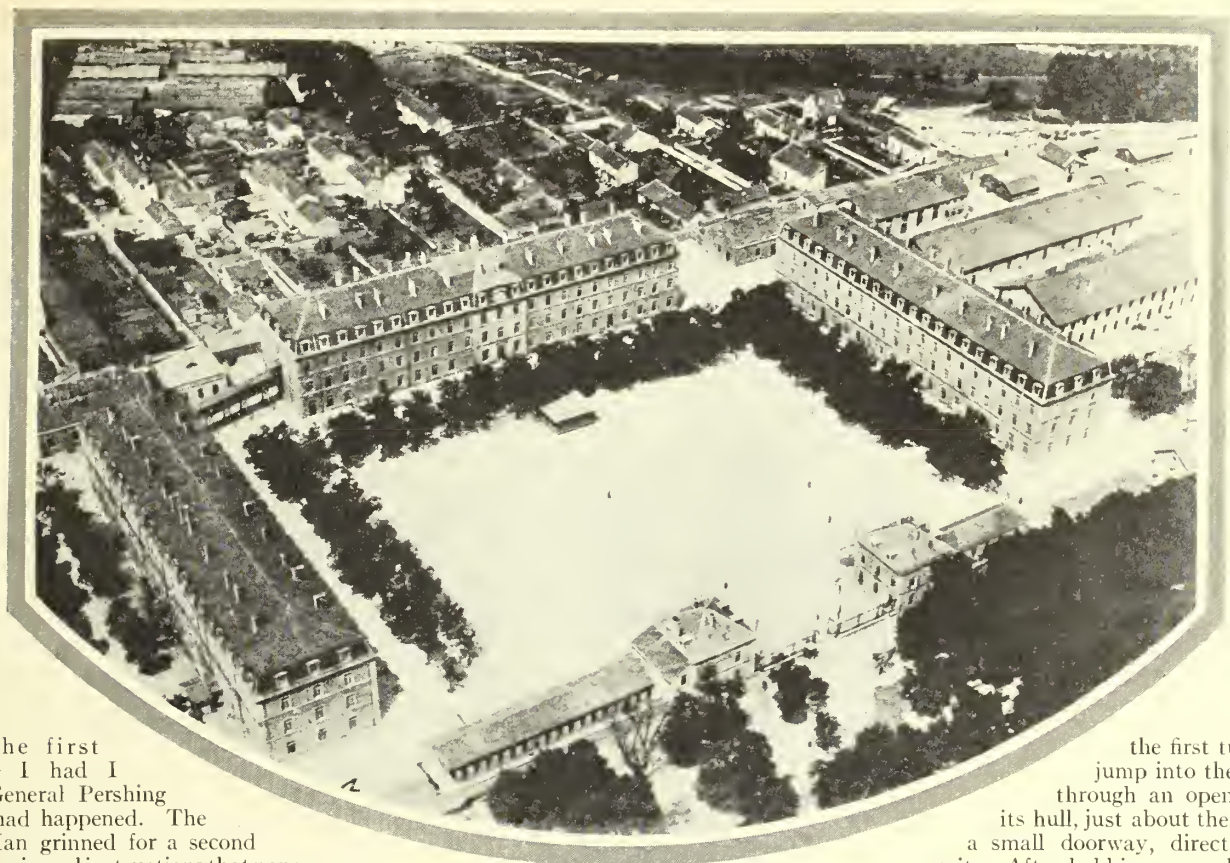
*July 8, 1917  
Fort Myer, Va.*

Dear Sergeant Lanckton  
I have tried to find a minute to tell you this afternoon but it has not been possible. I heard from you through Col. Benson, and found that you were getting on very well. I need not say how much I wish you were back with me. For no one can take your place. I sincerely hope you will soon

be here for you  
Good luck, and  
take the very best  
care for yourself.  
With very best  
regards I remain,  
Sincerely yours,  
John J. Pershing

*Sergeant Lanckton, in hospital with an injured leg, receives a message of cheer from his commanding officer*





*The barracks quadrangle at Chaumont, General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces. General Pershing's offices were in the center building. The headquarters personnel occupied the Adrian barracks at the upper left*

but the first chance I had I told General Pershing what had happened. The Old Man grinned for a second and then issued instructions that none of his baggage would be marked with his name again. He carried his possessions in trunks bearing the tags of Major Quekemyer, Colonel Boyd, or other members of his immediate personal staff, as well as in trunk lockers and barrack bags having my name and serial number stenciled clearly and plainly on them, but never again was there a parcel with the name of John J. Pershing on it during the war. For a number of years after the Armistice he followed the same practice, and even when he went to Tacna-Arica long after the war his belongings were packed in bags bearing my name and that of Steve B. Ceto, his other orderly.

From Washington we went to New York, according to the schedule, but instead of taking a train for Fort Slocum we were rushed over to Governors Island on trucks and immediately equipped for overseas service.

By this time there were about two hundred in the Pershing party. Incidentally, before we had got far out to sea we organized ourselves into a Baltic Society composed of all those who were in the advance guard of the A. E. F. Rank has no place in this society. The membership roll is arranged alphabetically and is headed by Captain George E. Adamson, secretary to the General, while the name of John J. Pershing appears almost at the bottom of the list down among the P's.

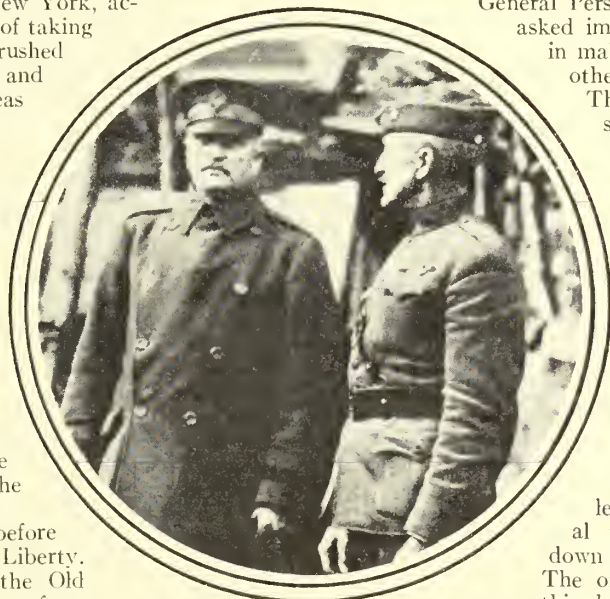
We almost lost our General before we had got as far as the Statue of Liberty. To keep his movements secret, the Old Man was taken out on a small tug, from which he was to be transferred to a larger one before being taken to the deck of the *Baltic*. The water was unusually rough and the two tugs could not get close enough to each other to enable the General to step from one to the other. To increase the difficulties, the Pershing party had to climb the rail of

the first tug and jump into the other through an opening in its hull, just about the size of a small doorway, directly opposite. After bobbing up and down for a few minutes, the tugs drew close enough to enable a man to jump the three to four feet that separated them.

Leading the way, General Pershing balanced himself on the rail and made the leap. As he jumped his tug rose on the crest of a wave and the other dropped into the trough. The General in midair instinctively drew up his legs and ducked his head. He landed flat on his chest in the doorway—its descending top had missed his head by a fraction of an inch. To my mind that was the narrowest escape from death the Old Man has had in the twenty years I have served with him.

General Pershing got up, brushed himself off and asked immediately if anyone had been hurt in making the change from one tug to the other.

The trip was cloaked in the greatest secrecy. The Old Man had ordered all of us to change into civilian clothes. The greatest precautions were being taken to convoy the *Baltic* safely to England, of course, but there was always the chance that we might be torpedoed by a submarine and perhaps sunk. Fearing a repetition of the sinking of Lord Kitchener's ship and the disheartening effect of his loss on the morale of the British troops, General Pershing had decided that if the *Baltic* were sunk, the Germans would have less chance of learning that the commanding general was among those who had gone down if we were all dressed as civilians. The officers were somewhat prepared for this, but none of us enlisted men had any civilian clothes. Consequently we all had to borrow from the members of the crew. The sight that we presented in our borrowed plumage has probably never been duplicated on any ship since the days of the pirates. The *Baltic's* chief clerk outfitted me in his own clothes, (Continued on page 52)



*On the eve of the Argonne—General Pershing and Major General William H. Johnston, commanding the 91st Division, discussing on September 25, 1918, the attack which was to open on the following day*



# The MAN in the

By  
Leonard  
H. Nason

Parts I—III in Brief

**A** MACHINE-GUN section of an American division, separated from other units in the Meuse-Argonne battle, have been wandering about the front lines trying to re-establish liaison with their infantry. Corporal Gordon, temporarily in command of the section, hits a strange officer in a white slicker over the head with an ammunition box when the officer orders them to fire down a ravine on what the crew believes to be American troops. A moment later a runner informs them that the man in the white slicker is not a spy as they had imagined, but the aide of General Lehmann, the corps commander. Before they can do anything, enemy fire drives them back and when they look again at the place where the aide's body lay it has disappeared. In the subsequent maneuvering the section is for a time operating with infantry from another division, who make off with the machine gunners' reserve ammunition. As Gordon crawls back to make complaint about this he hears a couple of officers talking about the attack made upon the white slickered aide. When the conversation indicates that Gordon and his companions are to be arrested he quickly ducks back to them.

"Grab the gun, you guys, and don't ask questions!" he cries. "Let's fade!"

## Part Four

**I**N TIME of stress a soldier, especially in war times, learns to act first and ask questions afterward. The two men quickly dismounted the gun, folded the tripod, and then Gordon, possessing himself of the water box and ammunition, led them down the ditch. The grove where the dressing station had been would be a safe place for the minute. There would be shelter there, and perhaps some food the medicos had left when they retired.

But wait! The mysterious sounds had come from that direction! No, some other place would have to be found. The division on the left had gone, and there were no troops in that direction at all. Gordon turned and climbed into the field. He continued across it for some time, then halted. The other two joined him pantingly.

"How far do we go now?" gasped O'Nail. "This thing weighs a ton!"

"God, yes!" echoed Mackintosh. "Can't we wait a second



to strap these tripod legs? One came unslung and like to cave in the whole side of me!"

"Here's a shell hole!" said Gordon. "I had a hunch there were some here after all that pounding we got this afternoon! We're safe enough here to catch our breath anyway."

"The Boche breaking through?" demanded O'Nail. "We set up the gun, shall we?"

"No," replied the corporal, "but those doughboys were going to gather us in as suspicious characters. They know we slammed that looney this morning!"

"Yeh, I had a hunch they meant to do us nasty!" agreed Mackintosh. "They claimed we weren't doin' any shootin' durin' the time the Boche were counter-attackin'! An' they says, 'Where the hell do these guys come from, anyway, sneakin' in off the flank? There ain't no troops out there!'"

"Why didn't you tell us about this before?" cried Gordon.

"Well, you've been poppin' off all the time about me talkin' out of my turn, so I thought I wouldn't say anything!"

The three of them listened for a while without conversation. The valley had suddenly become very quiet, so calm that they



# WHITE SLICKER



*Illustrations by  
Raymond Sisley*

*"Stick around!" said the colonel, taking the mule by the bridle and turning his head about again. "Stick around! I need you!"*

could hear the booming of a squadron of night bombing planes, come from far behind the American lines, draw nearer and nearer and finally fade away to the north, toward the enemy nerve-centers.

"Give 'em hell!" muttered Gordon. "Boy, you've got the eggs to make a sauerkraut omelette with!"

"Too quiet here!" whispered O'Nail hoarsely. "Listen, would you mind a guy asking you just where you expect to get? I'm not crabbing, y'understand, just asking. I'm beginning to need sleep. We've been tearing around here since daybreak from one thing to the next so that a guy didn't have time to think of one thing in succession, but right now, when it's calm for a minute, I begin to hear from a lot of parts of me that crave attention!"

"Umm!" agreed Gordon, "but what would you suggest?"

"Well, I'd suggest we go back to our outfit where we belong!"

"Yeh, that's right," hissed Mackintosh. "Them carts they sent away last night'll be back. They'll wait until dark to come in. We can get a meal. Food, that's the thing! They can take their war to hell, I want food!"

"Well, you button your gas outlet, will you?" said Gordon

icily. "When you had a chance to speak and say something worth while you wouldn't. It's just luck we didn't have a flock of those crazy doughboys doing grenade practice on us for being a German machine gun crew in disguise! And you heard 'em talking it over! Well, from now on all I want out of you is silence, and dam' little of that! Now then," he went on softly, turning back to O'Nail, "there only remains the little question of explaining banging this lieutenant."

"Well, he got up and went on his way," objected O'Nail. "How do you know he stuck around our battalion? If he's like any of the rest of that patent leather crowd that hang around a headquarters, he won't stand shellfire!"

"He got up and beat it, that's right, but he's back on the job, because he's the one that brought the order to these doughs in front of us to attack!"

"Attack!" gasped O'Nail. "When? Not now? Not right off?"

"Yes, now!"

"Why, the place out there is lousy with Boche!"

"Well, I suppose they want to clean 'em out of there," said Gordon. "That's what we seem to be here for. Well, to return to the subject, when this lieutenant gets up his head must have been buzzing just the same, and he wouldn't leave those parts without telling the major or somebody all about it."

"Yes, I know, but do you think the maj' would pay a lot of attention? What's one looey more

than another? They're expendible, anyway, like shelter tent-pins."

"Not that one, boy, not that one! He's the brigade commander's aide. Well, majors and colonels too pay a hell of a lot of attention to what said aides say. Otherwise when there's a nice juicy detail or a Croix de Guerre or Legion of Honor or something to be passed out, they're liable to find themselves just kinda out of luck, and nobody seems to know why!"

"And how about explainin' pickin' up the gun and your feet and quittin' post and duty?" inquired Mackintosh from the shadows.

"Yeh, there's that, too!" agreed O'Nail.

"Well, that's my hard luck," answered Gordon. "I was the guy that ordered that. Don't forget I was section commander. You know, I had a sergeancy clinched if we hadn't run into all this rat-kissing! The krauts had the range on us, and I changed position; that's simple to explain. Then the doughs—"

The silence was rudely and terribly broken by a roar of machine gun fire. Simultaneously, as if a fireworks display had been arranged, the sky blazed with flares. Among these floated three



chains of gleaming lights, four links to a chain, one, near at hand, a pale blue; another, directly in front, but farther up the valley, of green; and a still more distant one, of red, off to the left.

"Those are position flares," whispered O'Neil in Gordon's ear. "Member we saw 'em in front of Forges, the first night?"

"It's each battalion, or whatever they got there," said Gordon. "They'll shoot 'em again after awhile, and you can see how they've changed position. Now wouldn't you think we'd have a system like that, so that support troops would have some idea where the hell to shoot, or not to shoot!"

"Shall we set up the gun?"

"No. We wouldn't know where to shoot, nor who to shoot at. I'm saving the ammo anyway. You know what started this? Well, I do. The doughs in the road attacked, and must have run into the Boche patrols. Up goes a light, and everything in the sector lets go on that road! I'm sick of fightin' these krauts! They got too dam' much system!"

The three men lay silently after that, listening to the progress of the fight in front. Of their own troops they could hear nothing, except at rare intervals, when they could hear the irregular slap-slap of rifle fire. While all the armies carried rifles, they evidently never used them, for rifle fire distinguishable by its slapping sound, and its irregularity, never failed to indicate the presence of American troops to anxious observers who could not locate them by any other means. There were plenty of signs of the enemy. An enthusiastic artillery barrage of gas, shrapnel, and high explosive continued to fall, so that Gordon wondered where the Germans got the ammunition, or could find the personnel to fire the guns so long. The three could not talk, for they were lying down, and were in just the position to have all the gas that fell blown into their faces. Hence they imprisoned themselves in their gas-masks. Gordon's eye-pieces steamed up at once and in trying to apply the anti-fog grease, he dropped the tube and was unable to find it thereafter. This blinded him so that he could not even see the flares, unless he removed his mask and held his breath for a quick peek.

O'Neil, however, must have been able to see, for he kept nudging Gordon as though to call his attention to different things that were passing in front of them. One of these was the mysterious progress of the colored lights.

The blue chain, followed by the red, made a ghostly and awesome journey from west to east. Every half hour or so up would go the twinkling balls of light, and hang glittering for what seemed a long time, each time a little farther to the right. Blue, red, then far up the valley the green would answer. The green flare did not seem to move. The white flares showed nothing to the three machine gunners but the broken surface of the fields and a few new shell holes, black against the surrounding whiteness, like holes in the ice of a frozen pond.

The battle continued, dying out in front for a time, so that the grumbling of guns to right and left could be heard, then bursting out with renewed violence again. It was Mackintosh who called the others' attention to the fact they could hear no more rifle fire, but the others only cursed him into silence again.

They were all nearly mad with lack of sleep, and here would have been their chance to snatch a little rest, but they could not close an eye. The infantry they had been with during the afternoon was being chewed to bits in front of them. They might have stolen the machine gunners' ammunition, they might have had unjust suspicions regarding Gordon and his crew, but they were Americans just the same.

The progress of the colored lights' blue light showed that one part of the enemy force had moved eastward along the road, the red light had backed them up, and the green had stayed at the end of the valley in an attitude of watchful waiting. The fight went northward, judging by the sound, which meant that the survivors of the infantry, moving across the fields in front

would be cut off by the German force that had advanced along the road.

A light rain began to fall, and the night grew colder. Irregular shells whooped, some landing with an anti-climactic silence, others exploding viciously.

"O'Neil!" said Gordon, after a long interval of silence. "Hey, you awake?"

"Gurp?" replied O'Neil.

"Take off your mask!" continued Gordon. "There's no gas here. They've stopped shooting gas, I'll bet, because their own troops are too near. We'd better move out of here, do you know it? Those Boche are too close."

"And nothing between us and them, either," agreed the other, pulling off his mask. "I've been thinking of that for some time. Where had we better go?"

"Back to the outfit. We'll never get anywhere running around these fields. The doughboy sergeant said they were still there."

"Yeh, but how about this lieutenant?" asked O'Neil.

Gordon did not answer for some time. "You know, O'Neil," he said finally, "I'd like to go back there and see what happened. I don't think that lieutenant is a hell of a popular guy. And when it gets out that he ordered this doughboy outfit into certain death, he'll be a lot less popular. I'm going back and face him. What the hell! I thought he was a spy and he acted like one!"

"And he's still alive running around kissing the duck everywhere he goes, so you didn't hit him very hard after all. If I was the major, I'd give you a week's leave for socking him!"

"You tell 'em," said Gordon without conviction. "Well, let's go before it's too late. What the hell time is it?" He looked at his wrist watch. "Uh! Quarter past two or ten minutes past three, I can't tell which. Never mind, we'll get up the hill before daybreak!"

O'Neil, with the thought of the hill behind him that he must climb laden with the gun, groaned aloud.

"We'll take turns carryin' the things," said Gordon hurriedly. "We've got to save our strength. Get Mackintosh up, and tell him to bear down on the tripod."

O'Neil crawled over to Mackintosh and explained in his ear that they were going to go back to their old position on the crest of the hill.

"God!" cried Mackintosh. There was a snapping sound as he stuffed his gas mask back into the carrier. "And way up that hill! Man, I'm tellin' yuh, now, I can't hold out! What the hell did you come down here for if you were going to run right back up again?"

"Shut up, you!" barked Gordon. "Not a peep out of you, or I'll make you carry the gun and tripod both! Here's the water can and ammunition, O'Neil. I've got the ramrod through my belt. Come on, I'll carry the gun."

A flare snapped directly overhead.

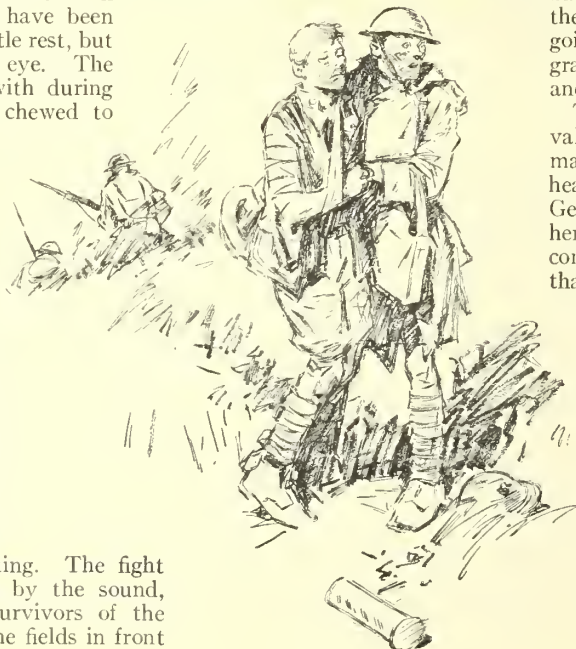
"They heard us!" gasped the three together and flattened themselves.

Nothing happened, and once the flare was extinguished they gathered gun, tripod and ammunition, and began a hasty march back across the field toward the foot of the slope they had descended in the morning. It was hard going. They slipped in the mud, the long tangled grass tripped them, stray shells herded them hither and yon.

Toward morning a heavy bombardment of the valley began, fired by the Americans, for the three machine gunners could hear the shells sighing overhead, a long hissing sound that died out over the German lines, instead of the rising shriek that heralded the arrival of an enemy projectile. It was comforting to Gordon and his companions to realize that if there were any survivors of the infantry they would be right under that bombardment.

The three finally came to some woods that they remembered had been on the right of their old position. They entered them a little way and lay down to catch their breath after the last spurt. They marveled that they were still alive. Shells had burst so near them that they had been showered with mud, and once a dud slammed into the ground so close to O'Neil that he had felt the wind of it.

Daybreak came finally with a heavy fog, but Gordon was able to see that they had indeed reached the top of the hill, and if they went to the westward along the edge of the woods, they must come to their old position.







"O'Nail," said Gordon after a long interval of silence. "Hey, you awake?"  
*"Gurp?"* replied O'Nail

They picked up the gun and went forward more briskly than they had moved for some days, cheered by the thought of getting back to men that they knew, back to order and discipline, and back to food.

"Here's the old trench!" cried Mackintosh suddenly, who, it being his turn to go light, was walking ahead.

"Yup, that's it!" agreed Gordon. "Man, you'd never think we only left it yesterday, would you, just about this time?"

"Suppose they've taken Black away?" whispered O'Nail.

"Sure," said Gordon.

"Shall I look and see?" asked Mackintosh.

"No, no!" cried the other two, "if they haven't, we can't do anything. We haven't got any shovel or anything. Go on, get the hell ahead and see where the battalion position is!"

They turned off, now, sure of their direction, and hurried down to where the main machine gun force had been. They should hear voices by now, they thought, sounds of activity, the click and chatter of guns being stripped for cleaning, the voices of officers and non-coms checking gun-layings, the rattle of mess-kits! Ah, that was the sound they wanted to hear. Silence. The fog lay heavily about, and water dripped from the brown

leaves withered by the early autumn cold. And no sign of life.

"The outfit's gone!" cried Mackintosh from ahead.

"You *would* run ahead to be sure to find out the bad news first, wouldn't you?" replied Gordon bitterly.

He and O'Nail put down their burdens, and going on a little farther, looked around. Desolate wreckage. The place was full of new shell holes, still grey where the earth had been impregnated with the deposit of burned powder, or yellow from a mustard gas shell. There was a pile of twisted junk that had been a machine gun, empty boxes, torn water cans, blankets, pack-carriers, a pistol, and all around amongst this debris were scattered opened first-aid packets. Heaps of empty cartridges showed where each gun had been, and a splash of blood, a helmet, and a torn slicker or overcoat, showed what had become of most of the gunners.

O'Nail found a canteen half full of water, and this served to quench their thirst. There was no food, not a sign.

"Well," said Mackintosh, heaving a sigh, "where do we go from here?"

Before Gordon could reply he heard a sound. Someone was coming through the brush, following (Continued on page 46)



# Our FIRST WAR With GERMANY

By Vincent Starrett

IT RAINED in Washington on the fourth day of March, 1889, violently and all day long, and the streets of the national capital were quickly muddy lakes. Under an umbrella, good-naturedly held over his head by his predecessor, Mr. Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison took the oath of office and became the twenty-third President of the United States—a short, bearded, rather colorless gentleman, and a native of the State of Indiana, the vote of which had been believed to be necessary to Republican success. Huddled about the Capitol, some sixty thousand men and women, drenched by the rain and shivering in a raw east wind, strained their ears upward to catch some words of the inaugural address; but the torrential splashing of water overwhelmed all minor phenomena with its uproar. Superstitious persons spoke of the "Harrison hoodoo," and there was much criticism of the ceremonial arrangements.

On the same day, in a remote quarter of the globe, a far greater gale was gathering its fury to blow upon a situation so critical that for some time there had been reason to believe it might plunge the incoming administration into war with the foremost military power of Europe. In the harbor of Apia, the principal port and market-place of the Samoan Islands, lay opposing squadrons of German and American war vessels with decks cleared for action. To complicate the situation, a British cruiser idled near at hand. Ashore, the natives were indignant and uneasy. The stage was set for catastrophe. A rash act alone was needed to provoke a mighty conflict, and of rash acts there had been plenty within the twelvemonth.

This was the situation when President Harrison, who in his inaugural address, unheard by the dripping multitude, had advocated a more powerful navy, took office and somewhat sullenly tendered the portfolio of State to James G. Blaine, thereafter, in the private confabs of politicians, to be called the "uncrowned king." Four days after this dampish inauguration, it was rumored that the *Nipsic* of the American squadron had fired upon the German *Olga*, and a later report from Kiel added that the *Olga* had sunk the American vessel with a torpedo.

Neither report was true; but a flame of indignation swept the country, and at Washington the Government made preparations for whatever emergency might arise. The Pacific squadron was ordered to hold itself in readiness. The columns of the press were black with hostility to Germany. A tip-toe with excitement, the country waited for the next word from the Pacific islands, expecting that when the word came it would be tidings of battle.

And just then, as the writers of mystery thrillers used to say, something happened.

To understand the situation in the South Pacific, it is necessary to recall the succession of events that made it possible. Germany, in brief, was in the saddle. Prince Bismarck, the "man of iron," sat in his chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse and listened with arrogant impatience to the deferential addresses of the ambassadors and ministers of Europe. He had despoiled Denmark in 1864.

He had humbled Austria in 1866. He had humiliated France in the war of 1870. Allied at length with Austria and Italy, the Ger-

man Empire set no limit upon its pretensions. Russia was at the moment quiescent, England isolated, France prostrate. The mood of the implacable chancellor was contagious: taking its tone from him, German officialdom the world over swaggared.

Thus, in the early eighties, one finds the chancellor pressing his scheme of German colonization and, like an autocratic Autolycus, snapping up such unconsidered trifles of territory as chanced to be unclaimed. It was a policy quite openly directed against England; but England, like the rest of Europe, was tip-toeing in the Wilhelmstrasse and anxious to avoid a clash. In the course of time, Prince Bismarck turned his acquisitive eye to the South Pacific and upon the Samoan Islands.

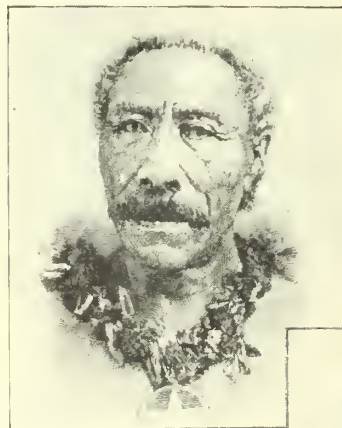
There are twelve islands in the Samoan group, lying in the track of vessels that ply between the American Pacific ports and Australia. Their commercial importance is by no means negligible, and to a naval power their strategic importance is large. No doubt, in the beginning, the Samoans would have been glad to have been left alone; but once they were discovered that became an impossibility. For more than a hundred years, following in the path of Cook, the Polynesian group had been overrun by adventurers, and the Samoan Islands had not escaped the invasion.

Upon the principal island of Upolu, during the years that Prince Bismarck frowned in his chancellery, a number of Germans, Britons, and Americans were settled, and the town of Apia was the seat of their business. It was also the seat of the "political sickness" of the islands. A Hamburg trading company was established there, a thriving American business enterprise, and a firm of English—or Scotch—merchants. And at Vailima, in the island of Upolu, throughout these latter years of disturbance, there lived also a Scottish gentleman of letters, an invalid, who to the end of literature will be remembered as the author of some of the world's great tales of adventure—Robert Louis Stevenson.

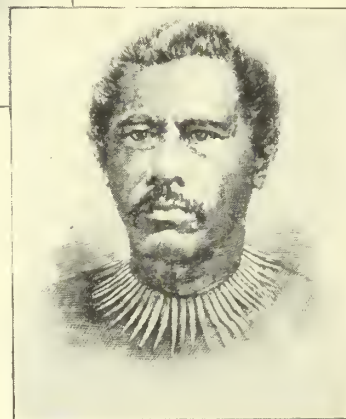
Where distances are great and world-isolation is profound, a community becomes suburban and worse in its petty bickerings and jealousies, its little intrigues and its malignant gossip. Samoa is something more than 4,000 miles distant from San Francisco, more than 2,000 miles from Hawaii, more than 1,500 miles from

Auckland, more than 4,000 miles from Manila. The islands are mere specks upon the map, whose very color thereon only an artist may safely attempt to name. The small foreign community in Upolu, thrown in upon itself, seethed with suppressed enmities, in which race prejudice played its part. But small as was the foreign community, it administered the business of the Samoan kingdom, and not in common but in hostile camps.

None the less, Samoa was a kingdom. That much is in the books. To name the king of the island dozen, in those turbulent days, is another matter. The process of election to the highest power was somewhat of a mystery, even, one supposes, to the natives. Rival provinces were more concerned with



*Puppet kings in Germany's rule or ruin policy in Samoa which brought about the trouble with the United States and Great Britain in 1889—Tama-sese, whom Bismarck placed on the throne, and (right) Laupepa, whose job he took*







*A thrilling moment during the hurricane that washed out the war—officers and men of the U. S. S. Trenton cheering H. M. S. Calliope struggling out to sea to ride out the storm that beached the Trenton and all the other vessels in Apia harbor and brought death to hundreds.  
The drawing is from the Illustrated London News*

the prosecution of their rivalry than with the choice of a proper chieftain to be king. Local jealousies were as bitter as in the wards of Twentieth-century Chicago. It was a very considerable muddle. However, in the year 1881, upon the 19th day of March, a king had been crowned—a certain Laupepa, who counted among his titles the significant and important one of Malietoa, and held an undeniable majority of native suffrages. "Here, if a king were at all possible, was the king," wrote Stevenson, the best man on the subject. And the next month, dissatisfied, two rival provinces met in joint parliament and elected their own two princes, Tamasese and Mataafa, to an alternate monarchy. By the terms of this interesting arrangement, the joint kings were to spell each other in tricks of two years each, Tamasese taking the first trick. War was imminent when the consuls interfered, and a compromise was effected. A new office was invented for the native kingdom. By treaty, Malietoa Laupepa was confirmed in his kingship and Tamasese was set beside him in what Stevenson de-

scribes as the "nondescript office of vice-king." Mataafa, apparently, was left to twiddle his disgruntled thumbs. It was not at all a happy solution of the difficulty.

The more immediate history of the Samoan episode begins a little later. The core of the trouble was, of course, the German trading company, although it must be admitted that the natives were sufficiently weary of all "white men on the beach." The Germany company boasted an extraordinary name: the *Deutsche Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft für Süd-See Inseln zu Hamburg*; but humorists called it, briefly, the Long Handle Firm. Its output included coffee, cacao, and pineapples, all excellent, and its estates—covering some ten thousand acres—were undoubtedly magnificent. Its imported Polynesian laborers toiled on long contracts and at a hypothetical wage of a few dollars a month. It was, as Stevenson aptly puts it, a case of "Gulliver among the Lilliputs." Humorless, touchy, and inspired by a large loyalty to the Wilhelmstrasse, the Germans labored under a burdensome





*First of a long line of chancellors to be let go by William II of Germany—the famous Punch cartoon by Sir John Tenniel entitled "Dropping the Pilot" showing the deposing of Bismarck less than a year after the crushing blow to his prestige in the Samoan crisis*

sense of their own greatness and of the greatness of their interests and affairs. "Patriotism flies in arms about a hen," wrote Stevenson, on the spot, "and if you comment upon the color of a Dutch umbrella, you have cast a stone against the German emperor."

The mainspring of the German company was an indomitable Teuton named Weber—Theodor Weber—who at one time combined in his own person the offices of director of the great firm and consul for the city of Hamburg. His tyranny was considerable. For long he had driven the Samoans hard, and, as if to enforce his demands, two German warships basked in the harbor sunlight. The Samoans, still children in matters of statecraft, at length, like muddled children, resorted to duplicity—not that precedents would have been difficult to find in the histories of more adult nations. In November of the year 1885, after a meeting with

forty-eight of the high chiefs of the islands, Laupepa and Tamasese secretly offered the supremacy of Samoa to Great Britain. Thereafter, for a little time, they continued blandly to temporize with the German authorities, and actually signed the German convention then being forced upon them, as king and vice-king of the islands. It was a luckless business for Laupepa, whatever his despair and whatever his motives.

A fortnight later, the text of the address to Great Britain came into the hands of Dr. Stuebel, the German consul, and there was trouble. The Germans, thoroughly angry, set about the necessary business of deposing Malietoa Laupepa and placing a king of their own choosing upon the throne. Mataafa, late joint king with Tamasese, mortified by the compromise engineered by the consuls, stood ready; but when the curtain rose upon the coronation spectacle, Weber's candidate was found to be the vice-king, Tamasese, who on the 28th of January, 1886, raised his flag in his own province of Aana, and began to arm his forces.

Thereafter, the history of the Samoan difficulty reads like the record of a troubled dream. While the English and American consuls preached peace, and the interested powers promised a conference to resolve the situation, two significant events occurred. A military adventurer of picturesque appearance, a certain Captain Brandeis, appeared upon the scene as the secret hand of Germany, and was soon drilling the troops of the puppet king in Aana; and a fantastic mission from the Hawaiian kingdom arrived to propose a confederation of the independent Polynesian islands. Laupepa protested the activities of the former, and greeted the latter with delight. But while the Germans only smiled sourly when the deposed Laupepa signed the deed of confederation, they took vigorous action when the intractable Mataafa, and later the puppet Tamasese, entered the negotiations. Defeated, at length, after a series of indignities, the embassy withdrew; in March of the year 1887, on the Emperor's birthday, there was a riot in Apia; in July, the conference of powers, which had been called at Washington, was adjourned until the fall; and by the 24th of August, Germany had practically seized Samoa.

The *coup d'état* was directed by Consul Becker, a cunning gentleman who had succeeded Stuebel, and was backed by the presence of five German warships in the harbor of Apia. Becker, demanding redress of Laupepa for the affair of the Emperor's birthday—at worst a drunken brawl between a few German sailors and a few Samoans—and receiving only a

request for delay, declared war upon the harassed chieftain and hoisted the German colors over the government building. German marines raided the town in search of Laupepa, who, however, had fled to Afenga. On the 25th, Tamasese was brought in triumph to Apia, by a German warship, and Consul Becker announced his recognition to the other consuls, who replied by proclaiming Laupepa. On the 27th, martial law was declared by the Germans.

Meanwhile, the frantic Laupepa was fleeing deeper and ever deeper into the bush, as the marines scoured the island in search of him and the German squadron peddled the proclamations of the new king among the other members of the group.

They got him at last. Informed that grave sorrows would fall upon his country if he did not yield, he penned a touching fare-



well to Samoa, bequeathed the care of his country to Mataafa, and returning to Apia, quietly surrendered. A boat carried him out to the *Bismarck*, in the harbor, and he vanished from his home and from his fellows. His last words remained . . . "On account of my great love to my country and my great affection to all Samoa, this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German government. That government may do as they wish to me. The reason of this is, because I do not desire that the blood of Samoa shall be spilt for me again. But I do not know what is my offense which has caused their anger to me and to my country . . . Tuamasanga, farewell! Manono and family, farewell! So, also, Salafai, Tutuila, Aana, and Atua, farewell! If we do not again see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above."

He was sent to sea in the *Adler*, transshipped to the *Albatross*, off Australia, and taken upon such a cruise as perhaps no other exile in history has known. He had no notion where he was being carried. He had small notion, later, where he had been. Strange ports were visited, the names of which he could only guess. At times he was allowed upon deck and saw what went on about him; at other times he was permitted to emerge from his cabin only at night. A vast secrecy pervades the entire episode; but it is certain that for two years he was a captive, part of the time in the Cameroons, part of the time in Germany. And part of the time he was merely sailing. An infant, in the phrase of Stevenson, surrounded with all the secrecy of state.

Thus, Tamasese was on the throne, and behind Tamasese was Brandeis. The Samoans, refusing to recognize the puppet king, fled to the bush. In Apia, a German judge, appointed by Tamasese, had been set over the local courts. The taxes of Apia, the jail, the police, all had passed into the hands of Tamasese, which is to say, into the hands of Brandeis, which is to say, into the hands of the Company, which is to say, into the hands of Germany.

The American consul-general, at this time, was Harold Marsh Sewall, of the State of Maine, a young man of spirit and ability. With the officials of the British company located at Apia, he was the principal enemy of the new regimen. From the moment of the declaration of war against Laupepa, he stood forth in bold opposition, and his vigorous dispatches to Washington had much to do with the stirring up of the American Government, whose policy previously had been none too forceful or clear. At one time, he even left the islands and went home to reason with the Washington authorities, leaving behind him a very able assistant in the person of William Blacklock. This latter circumstance should occur a little later in the chronicle, but is set down here as part of the record of the capable Mr. Sewall.

Sewall's principal adversary was the German consul, Becker,

and to Becker Sewall wrote emphatic protests against German aggression, which were answered by Becker with sneering incivility. The German flag flew over territory that Germany had agreed to regard as neutral. The intolerable bearing of the Germans continued toward all with whom they came in contact. Events were rapidly tending toward a crisis. The native opposition, meanwhile, continued to grow, and the bush behind Apia was alive with insurgents. Then Brandeis, leading a war party of Tamaseseites, fell upon the rear guard of the insurgents and a number of the rebellious Samoans were slain. That was about the succession of events; and the action of Brandeis was all that was needed to rouse all Samoa to revolution.

On the fifth of September, the year now being 1888 and the

occupant of the German throne that William II who thirty years later was to flee into Holland, the *Adler* shelled Manono, one of the native villages; and immediately a new figure entered the scene with violence — Commander Richard Leary of the United States navy.

Leary, in command of the gunboat *Adams*, had arrived at Samoa some time previously, but until now had played only a small part in affairs. No sooner had the natives taken arms, however, than he appeared upon their side. On the 3rd, he had sent an obscure but menacing dispatch to Brandeis; on the 6th, he fell upon Captain Fritze of the *Adler*, in the matter of the Manono bombardment. "The revolutionists," he wrote, "had an armed force in the field within a few miles of this harbor, when the vessels under your command transported the Tamasese troops to a neighboring island with the avowed intention of making war on the isolated homes of the women and children of the enemy. Being the only other representative of a naval power now present in this harbor, for the sake of humanity I hereby respectfully and solemnly protest in the name of the United States of America and of the civilized world in general against the use of a national war vessel for such services as were



*Captain Dennis W. Mullan, commander of the U. S. S. Nipsic, who forced the fire-eating German consul Knappe to hold up orders to his squadron to fire on Samoan revolutionaries, thus strengthening the anti-German position taken successively by Harold M. Sewall, American consul, and Commander Leary of the gunboat Adams of our Navy*

yesterday rendered by the German corvette *Adler*."

Fritze's reply begged the question. He said, humbly enough, that he was under the orders of his consul and had no choice but to obey. Thereafter, Leary was in the forefront of activities. His name, as Stevenson wrote, was diagnostic. A streak of mischief in the Irish-American (Leary was born in Baltimore, however) evidenced itself at every turn, and he made the lives of the Germans miserable by his pranks. When the German flagship sent up rocket signals at night, he sat on his own after-deck and discharged showers of miscellaneous rockets to confuse the German message. He refused to recognize the puppet king, and was at pains to address a letter to the "High Chief Tamasese," to annoy the officials of the German

(Continued on page 58)



# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## *The First of November*

THE least known, the least recognized, the least written-up of all the American battles in the World War was in every respect the most important. On this last assault turned the whole question of our definite military achievement in the war; it was to be the proof of the pudding as regards our actual military reputation. That American divisions could fight amongst the best had been made clear from Cantigny onward, but at this last phase of the campaign it still remained for the American Army to give a clear and striking proof that when operating alone it could carry through the strategical mission assigned it and take its full part in the Interallied effort. As things worked out this final operation was to have a much more far-reaching importance, for upon it there turned in large part the practical military result of the 1918 campaign—without it, the end of the war along half the battle front at least would have been a very different story.

IN the midst of the ambitious Interallied plans for 1919, the midsummer offensive had taken a sudden turn which made it a gamble for a 1918 victory. Haig seems to have been the one who had most to do with this change of conception. During the month of August he came to realize that whatever the outward strategical situation in terms of ground and trenches and positions, inwardly a drastic change of morale was coming over the German army. The rapid series of attacks being delivered along the British front all went to prove that the enemy could not stand the pace; and Haig brought forward the general proposition of forcing the pace relentlessly and throwing every ounce of Allied strength into making a drive for a knock-out. At any rate, the end of August brought a complete change in the military programme: instead of preparing the ground for 1919, the war was to be fought to a finish without waiting.

As regards strategical plans, this led amongst other things to the cutting down of our original St. Mihiel operation and bringing the American Army up to the Meuse-Argonne—to take its place in a general Interallied offensive. The strategical method of this vast operation was a concentric drive against both sides of the great salient formed by the various German positions. But the real military objective in view was quite a different matter. In this fight for a decision the mere gaining of ground or of successive organized positions was not the thing that mattered, any more than the reconquest of French soil, or piecemeal communiqué successes. The Allied commanders were playing now not for a decision on points but for a knock-out. What had to be accomplished was the wearing down and beating,

in the plain old-fashioned sense of the word, of the German Army, and once the speeded-up programme was begun the result had to be accomplished before winter.

From the first, moreover, it was plain that the game must work both ways, and that the effort must tell on one side as on the other. If the Germans could not stand the pace, neither the French nor the British could stand the pace indefinitely. The American Army, however fresh, had to accept the handicap of entering on such a fray prematurely, with unseasoned divisions, untrained staffs, and living from hand to mouth, in large part, on things borrowed from the French. Worst of all was a thing we little suspected at the time. The break-neck shipments of infantry to meet the crisis earlier in the year had made the A. E. F. grow up in a lopsided manner, with combat units mushrooming out of all proportion to the necessary supply services behind them. There were growing-pains in all directions, but the railway service suffered particularly in the shuffle of tonnage, and with our own equipment far short of schedule, the French railways proceeded to wear out faster than they could be repaired and kept in order. The A. E. F. was already outgrowing the railway facilities available for it—and at the very time we were called upon to put forth our fullest military effort the wearing out of French material began to assert itself acutely. While the outside world kept its eyes fixed triumphantly upon the advancing front, the prospect of an inevitable crisis in transport and supply loomed up over the rear lines of the three Allied armies and added the spur of necessity to the policy of a prompt military decision.

THE accelerated programme opened with a brilliant beginning on September 26th, but at the end of October the German Army seemed still far from beaten. After a moment of panic the German supreme command had recovered its nerve, and its battered divisions had carried out a fighting retreat to a last line of organized positions—incomplete and imperfect, it is true, but offering the makings of a last stand in France. The German infantry, tired and discouraged though it was, proved itself ready and willing to make the effort. Only by the hardest fighting had we been able to break down the eastern half of the Kriemhilde Stellung; and only here along the southern part of the battle front had a bite been made into the German positions. The Brunhilde and Hunding lines to the west of us still stood intact, and the French had not made a serious effort to tackle them. As things stood, the German Army was holding its ground—pushed far back, but clinging to a line from which no one of its opponents had been able to shake it, battered and





## HER TENTH BIRTHDAY

rather groggy but still able to fight, and in no way definitely beaten.

The German government meanwhile had accepted the Fourteen Points and set the Armistice ball irresistibly in motion. This surrender on points of substance left a political prospect rapidly looming up over the military situation; the thing had become a race for time in which one side strove to stave off absolute defeat long enough to force the other to accept a frustrated victory. For a fortnight Foch gathered his forces for a final blow. The first of November was to determine the issue between a semi-stalemate or victory.

Never was an issue more decisively settled. In one day, on our own front, the attack of three American divisions drove forward over the whole depth of the German position and left his slim reserves scattered and helpless. This one stroke set the

enemy in retreat along our whole battle sector, and dislodged him from his long row of trenches to the westward; the whole line of the Brunhilde was promptly abandoned to the French Fourth Army. The British, according to schedule, now delivered a smashing blow in their sector. It was as successful as our own assault, and these two November battles together set the whole battle front in motion; even before the Armistice negotiation opened the German Army was moving helter-skelter toward the frontier—and this time there was no thought of stopping.

Although it came barely before the bell rang, the last round succeeded in bringing the knock-out. No nicely-staged surrender scene closed the end of the war, but what had happened was a clear-cut military decision. The Allied armies had not merely driven the enemy from his last organized line of resistance, but had broken his power of resisting.



# DON'T *be*

By George K.

Illustrations by



*"Whenever he displayed fear of cats he really was displaying fear of what the cats reminded him of"*

**M**Y FIRST acquaintance with Joe impressed me by his likeness to that hypothetical creature, "the average member of the Legion." Joe was thirty-four years old; he had a wife and two children, owned a small 1927 sedan, a reasonable equity in the roof over his head; carried almost five thousand dollars' worth of life insurance; lived in Titusville which has 9,000 inhabitants, and worked pretty steadily as the head mechanic at Baxter's garage.

The need for having my car repaired following an accident while on a motor trip served to introduce us. Previously, I had not known Joe from Adam, but I was struck with his pleasant, albeit rather worried manner, and by the capable way he went about tinkering with the car. Obviously, he knew his business. The job required some little time, and before long we were chatting about a number of subjects of mutual interest. In conversation it was apparently no part of Joe's temperament to adopt round-about or indirect methods when he wanted to find out something, and presently spying the enameled medical insignia on the car's radiator, he inquired bluntly, "What kind of a doctor are you?"

I confessed I was a psychiatrist, and after a moment's puzzlement his face cleared as he remarked, "Oh, yes, that's a kind of mind specialist, isn't it?"

We talked desultorily on other topics for a while, but Joe now carried his end of the conversation automatically; he assumed a preoccupied manner and the worried lines between his eyes deepened. Finally he straightened up over the motor as the last nut was tightened, and declared abstractedly: "There, I guess she's O.K. now." He made no further comment until I had left the cashier's window and was seated in the car. Then he came over and placing one foot on the running board, leaned on the window sill. Clearly, he wanted to say something but was restrained, possibly by embarrassment. I waited. At last, with a courage born of desperation, he blurted out, "I'm afraid I'm going crazy," and then looked behind apprehensively to see if anyone else had heard.

Lowering his voice, Joe continued tensely, "I can't tell you about it here, but I'm going on my vacation next week, and I'd appreciate it if I could run down to the city and see you about it. I've never dared tell anyone about it before," he finished wistfully.

I assured Joe I'd be glad to help him if I could, and then drove on. A week later he came into the office and it was then I learned that however closely I thought his outward similarity to "the average member of the Legion" might be,

Joe himself felt he was as dissimilar from such a person as black is from white. His was a long story, but boiled down, the essential details were these. Joe feared he was losing his mind. For the past year it was harder and harder to keep his attention on his work. "I just get nicely going on a job," he explained, "when, first thing I know, I'm off day-dreaming about all sorts of fool things." He had developed fears of other things too. He avoided busy corners in town because he was afraid to cross a crowded street; it took all his courage to ride in an elevator to the top of a tall building because of the temptation to jump off; he grew afraid of meeting people and consequently became rather seclusive; at home he was growing irritable and cranky with Mary and the kids, "over nothing at all"; but most miserable of all, Joe feared he was "slipping" in general and would lose his job. "Then I sure would go crazy, or," he threatened darkly, "I'd do away with myself. No one wants a failure around."

I questioned Joe thoroughly and drew from him many facts about his boyhood, his experiences in the world and about his parents. Many of these memories he thought he had completely forgotten. At last, I was able to draw a breath of relief. Uncomfortable as they were I could find nothing in Joe's symptoms that indicated a danger of insanity, and because Joe, with all his fears and worries, is not unlike many men of his age, whether veterans or non-veterans, it occurs to me that several thousand of Joe's buddies who also may secretly be suffering from similar fears would be relieved if they knew more about the details of Joe's case.

The first thing that brought him comfort was the assurance (and it was an honest one, not designed to cheer him up misleadingly) that he was not going to lose his mind. People who are destined to become insane present to the trained psychiatrist,

other signs than those in evidence in this case. Secondly, I explained that Joe's own feeling that his condition was unusual, that it was a serious and rare one that hardly any one else ever experienced, was not true. There was nothing new or startling or critical about Joe's mysterious troubles. They are almost as common as boils, only you can't usually hide boils, nor do people have any feeling of shame or disgrace when they suffer from them. On the other hand, with nervous and emotional troubles, some people have been led falsely to think that they indicate a degenerate heredity, or are evidences of character defects or lack of will power, and that they should be hushed up and kept as dark secrets never to be revealed. As a matter of

fact, the fears and worries Joe described, as well as many others are extremely common and merely indicate that the persons who suffer from them have been unable to handle satisfactorily



*"Napoleon is said to have been childishly afraid of spiders"*



# AFRAID

*Pratt, M.D.*

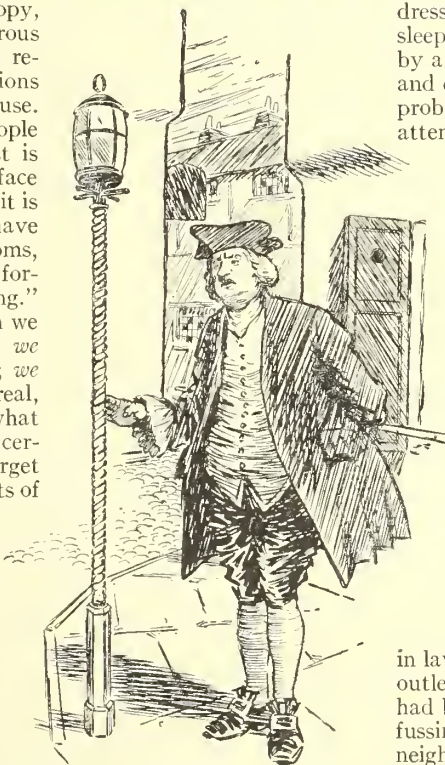
*Paul Carruth*

some of the experiences in life that have confronted them, and that something called a "mental conflict" has been aroused. I'll come to that in a minute. In the history of the world many great men and women have been rendered unhappy and more or less inefficient in their work for a time, because of fears and anxieties and queer "notions" like Joe's. Lincoln, for example, had to stop shaving himself because of fear he would cut his throat; Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, had the curious compulsion that he must touch every lamp-post he passed; while Tolstoy, the great Russian writer, dared not have a rope around the house for fear he would hang himself. Napoleon is said to have been childishly afraid of spiders, while Lord Roberts of Boer War fame had a fear of cats. No, these fears of Joe's and all his thousands of buddies are not rare, and sufferers from them find themselves in the same distinguished boat with many famous characters of history.

But I promised to explain more about "mental conflicts" and how they often cause nervous symptoms. Every one of us has mental conflicts from time to time. These are simply clashes between a wish or a desire on the one hand, and a duty or a sense of obligation or responsibility on the other. They are of all degrees of severity; many are mild, simple conflicts but some are powerful and complicated. The simpler ones we are usually quite aware of and we handle them deliberately with the conscious part of our minds. But the fiercer conflicts; the complicated ones; the ones that are apt to find outward expression in fears and worries and in "queer" sorts of nervous symptoms frequently seethe deep down in what we call the "subconscious" parts of our minds, and of the existence of such mental conflicts as these we usually are quite honestly not aware. All we know is that we are miserable, unhappy, and fearful, or have numerous bodily complaints for which repeated medical examinations have revealed no physical cause.

Some doctors and other people who do not understand what is going on underneath the surface of our minds are apt to tell us it is all our imagination that we have these uncomfortable symptoms, and urge us to "cheer up," "forget it" and to "stop worrying." When advice like this is given we tend to grow resentful, for we know it isn't "imagination"; we know our discomfort is very real, even if we do not know what causes it, and if we could we certainly would "cheer up and forget it." But because the real roots of the conflict in many cases are imbedded in that subconscious part of the mind I mentioned, the cause of all the difficulty generally lies hidden from us unless or until (usually) a trained expert like a psychiatrist helps us bring it to the surface.

When the alarm clock awakens Joe at 6 in the morning it arouses a mental conflict between his desire to stay in bed for another forty winks and the



*"Samuel Johnson had the curious compulsion that he must touch every lamp-post he passed"*



*"To conceal our feeling of inferiority some of us may resort to flashy clothes"*

duty of getting up and going to work. This is an example of a simple, conscious and utterly harmless conflict such as all of us have. In settling this conflict Joe will likely avail himself of one of three possibilities. (1) He can yield to desire and turn over for another snooze, letting the duty of the job go hang; or (2) he can submit to the duty, get dressed and go to work and suppress or shove into the back of his mind the pleasurable thoughts of how sweet a whole morning's sleep would be, or (3) he can compromise with the situation and say, in effect, something like this, "I want to sleep longer but I ought to get up. However, if I hurry dressing, cut out shaving and grab my breakfast on the run I can sleep for another half hour and still get to work on time." Thus, by a compromise between the two, he tries to satisfy both desire and duty. In simple situations like this the compromise method probably does little harm. But in more serious conflicts the attempt to straddle the fence not infrequently breaks down and then nervous troubles are likely to enter. This is due to the fact that in trying to satisfy both sides of the conflict we usually succeed in satisfying neither, and end up all too often by getting into hotter water than ever.

Joe had several mental conflicts causing his troubles but the important one was of a kind so unpleasant he hadn't allowed himself to think much about it. After returning from France he had found a good job and decided to get married. His mother objected to this; said he was "too young" and made numerous other protests, but he really loved Mary, and despite his mother's criticisms, the wedding took place. Now Joe, although he didn't think of it in these terms, was a victim of excessive and unwise mother love. He was the youngest in the family and almost from birth his mother showered too much affection on him. Of course there was a reason why she did this; there always is a reason behind every piece of human behaviour, if only we can search deeply enough. Her reason lay in a feeling that her own marriage hadn't been as successful as she hoped, and consequently she sought, in dominating the youngest child and in lavishing an unhealthy amount of attention on him, to find an outlet for the will-to-power each of us has, but which in her case had been thwarted by her husband. Accordingly she was always fussing and fretting over Joe as a boy; in his juvenile scrapes and neighborhood quarrels she invariably took his part, regardless of whether he was in the right or not, and defended him furiously; if he did poorly at school she blamed the teacher; she selected his clothes, his books, his playmates, and later, what was worse, she began to select his very thoughts as well.

In short, Joe's mother taught him

*(Continued on page 75)*



"The Argonne of the World War was a piece of country famous for its difficulty"



# THE role of the Argonne in the World War was something new in the history of that famous forest and ridge. For the first time—the first time at least of which we have record—it played the part not of a transverse obstacle, as it had done throughout the centuries since the Roman occupation of Gaul, and probably long before, but of an obstacle to a movement taken along its length: that is, perpendicular to the old east and west movement to which it had afforded a barrier through so many generations.

# AMERICA in

By Hilaire

The Argonne of the World War was a piece of country famous for its difficulty, but opposing that difficulty not to an effort at piercing it, but to an effort at rolling it up: not to an effort from east to west or from west to east, but to an effort south to north.

In that effort the actual belt of the forest, not more than four miles wide—or with its adjacent woods not more than ten—was but a certain large fraction of the field of operations to which it has given its name. Nevertheless that name is rightly applied, for it was once more the Argonne, with its adhesive, difficult soil, its dense growth, its lack of good communications, which affected the whole affair. Moreover, a character in all that part of the country which had not been apparent (or at any rate needed no emphasis) in earlier fighting became of the first moment in the fighting of 1918.

This character is difficult to describe without a relief map; I

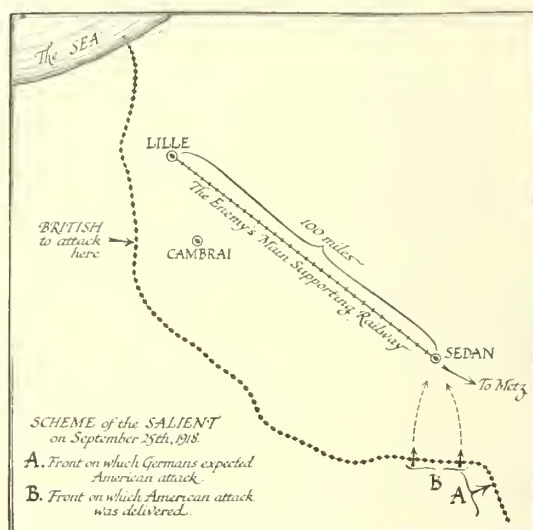
attempt to do so with a mere sketch map and the aid of a few words.

The Argonne when it appeared as an obstacle to advance or retreat from east and west or west and east across its narrow, long belt was to the armies acting therein a ridge pierced by certain saddles and by two deep depressions which gave access across it. The ridge was low, but the depressions were easier than crossing the ridge, the woodland was partly cleared by the passage of roads, the outline running from south to north mattered little to opposing commanders save as a wall in which such breaches could be found.

But when it came to fighting at right angles to the old direction, fighting from south to north, a new character in it (which of course was known and could be at once appreciated from the map) became vividly apparent. The Argonne region—that is, the forest itself and the tumbled, more open land to the east as far as the Meuse—appeared as a number of waves not very strongly accentuated but with this character, that up to a certain maximum height or ridge (broken by the valley of the Aire and by the valley of the Meuse—each of them comparatively narrow trenches in the general uplands) the land did not rise regularly, but in undulations each of which was successively higher than the last. In other words, there were a number of parallel defensive positions each of which an attack had to take, behind each of which there was cover for guns and men, with a further defensive position beyond.

It was ideally good for defense, and ideally bad for attack. By this should be measured the achievement of the American Army in late September, October and early November, 1918.

Now let us appreciate why the Argonne thus became a principal





American machine gunners in action against "the last desperate resistance"



# the ARGONNE

## Belloc

theatre of war in late September, 1918. The German line, as it existed at the beginning of the main German retirement—that is, in early September, 1918—formed a salient. That salient

was not pronounced. A pronounced salient, a blob sharply projecting into the enemy's territory, can be "pinched". You attack it on either side of the neck, and if your attack is successful you cut it off, with the surrender of everything inside it.

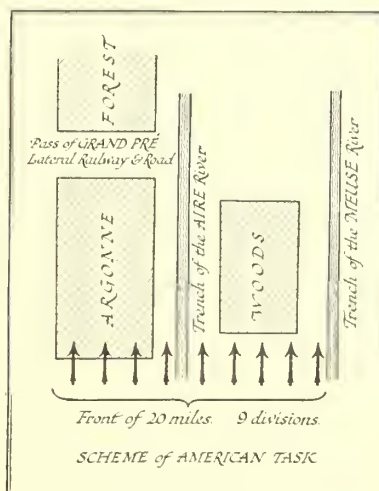
The huge projection of the German line westward in northeastern France in early September, 1918, was not of this nature. It was too flat to be "pinched". The old small special projection by Château-Thierry at the time of the Second Battle of the Marne had indeed been a salient of this nature. It was "pinched" by the resistance of Gouraud on the east with his American contingents, on July 16th, and destroyed, largely through the efforts of American divisions, by Mangin two days later thrusting from the Soissons side. As everybody knows, the reduction of that particular salient began the German retirement, and that retirement never ended until their collapse four months later. But the main established German salient of which I now speak was of quite a different kind. It stretched for hundreds of miles from the northeast coast of France to the Vosges, and it was of so gradual a sort that there could be no question of "pinching" the neck.

What impression then could be made upon this protuberant, but not excessively protuberant, line? In order to answer that question we must grasp the fact that the whole German front with the exception of the extreme southern and the extreme northern ends depended upon a main railway running from Lille to Metz. Along this railway (which itself was fed by lines from the rear), ran, up and down, the munitions and men to be thrown into this or that sector of the German line. It was by this railway that the enemy was able to concentrate at one or another point of the front, the distance of which from the railway

varied from a day's march to thirty miles. The front was fed, of course, by lines of communication perpendicular to this railway. This railway was the essential and necessary support of the whole system. Once this railway could be got under fire and rendered unusable, a general German retirement to a line much further back was inevitable. If that retirement could be imposed by the Allies with rapidity, it would be carried out in a fashion proportionate to such rapidity of the Allied success.

Now if the reader will look at the map, he will see that a strong attack from in front of Cambrai threatened the line of railway, as did a strong attack from the sector between Verdun and the

western edge of the Argonne. It is true, that at the beginning of September there were yet doubts as to whether such a double attack could be undertaken. The Germans themselves expected the main American attack to take place the next year, 1919, after a winter spent in training; and the Allied plan seems to have been of the same sort. And that attack was to have been delivered, not northwards along the Meuse and the Argonne, but eastward against Metz itself or, rather, the district of Briey. The successes of August on the north, the manifest weakening of Germany's allies on the south and east, gave an opportunity for changing this plan and suggested a new element of surprise. Instead of facing eastward some months hence, it was decided



to turn the American forces northward by the valleys of the Aire and the Meuse and attempt an early decision months before the one which had been planned.

Therefore after the St. Mihiel salient (Continued on page 44)



# *There Ought to be a Law-* **AND THERE IS**

*By John Thomas Taylor*

**T**HE date was March 15, 1919. Several hundred soldiers in uniform were gathered in the Cirque de Paris, in Paris. And it looked to the casual observer as though about half of them were enlisted men and the other half officers, for they ran from private, second class, on up to general. They had come together from every outfit in France, for word had been sent through the American forces that on this day a World War veterans' organization was to be created. These were civilian soldiers with the civilian point of view and they had rather fixed and definite ideas.

They called it the Paris Caucus, and for three days they devoted their entire time and attention to getting the machinery in motion that was later to result in this organization of ours. At the end of that time they came forth with the name The American Legion, a temporary constitution and a temporary executive committee.

Most of these men had been in Europe for almost two years and they were not very closely in touch with things back home. In May another caucus was held at St. Louis in the United States. It consisted of the same kind of delegates from all of the camps and the cantonments. These men had a little different point of view. They knew what the conditions were so far as the returning soldiers were concerned, and the disabled men who had been sent back home, the lack of hospitals and proper medical care and treatment, and the troubles with profiteers and the slackers. So they brought forth a series of definite resolutions which in effect demanded the keeping of the promises to the soldiers and to the people made by Congress when we had entered the War.

At Paris, too, this obligation of the Government had been thoroughly discussed and a tentative national legislative program outlined. The Legion's National Legislative Committee was immediately created and offices were opened in Washington.

The first piece of legislation was the Act of Incorporation of The American Legion, P. L. No. 47, and this became a law September 16, 1919. The American Legion is the only World War veterans' organization to receive such recognition from Congress.

It is almost ten years now since the first wounded and disabled soldiers began pouring into America and it is hard to realize the lack of foresight on the part of our government officials at that time, and the total absence of hospital facilities to take care of these men. There was not one single government hospital for this purpose, and yet if the war had gone on a year longer there

would have poured into the country hundreds of thousands of war casualties with no place to put them. The totally and permanently disabled man under the War Risk Insurance Act was receiving \$30 a month, the same amount that an able-bodied private soldier received, and this was the situation which faced the new-born American Legion.

The care of the disabled was our paramount concern. At the first session of Congress in 1919-1920 we had five laws enacted amending the War Risk Insurance Act. The most important, P. L. No. 104, became a law December 24, 1919, and contained thirty-eight amendments. Compensation was raised from \$30 to \$80 a month, necessitating an added appropriation of \$90,000,000 a year. At the same time P. L. No. 264 was passed, increasing the compensation of those men taking vocational training from \$80 to \$100 a month. This required \$7,000,000 additional per year.

At this time the appropriation for the War Risk Insurance Bureau was \$125,000,000. In November, 1919, that Bureau was paying compensation for disability to 78,614 men and to the dependents of soldiers who were killed numbering 36,164, making a total of 114,778. During this session, the first after the Legion had been created, the original legislation was introduced for an Adjusted Compensation Bill, for the

retirement of disabled emergency army officers and for the consolidation of all those bureaus of the Government having anything to do with the disabled man. These were in response to definite resolutions adopted by the Paris and St. Louis Caucuses.

The first convention, called the Constitutional Convention, of The American Legion was held in Minneapolis November 10, 11 and 12, 1919. There the Legion went on record on all of the important issues which had been discussed at the two caucuses, and its resolutions became the mandate of the standing committees. The offices which had been temporarily established in Washington became permanent. They have remained in exactly the same place ever since.

It is, of course, ancient history now—the inefficiencies of the various bureaus dealing with the problem of the disabled man and the way in which thousands of men came to Washington to try to get some action on their cases; how they were sent from the War Risk Insurance Bureau to the Public Health Service, from there to the Army or the Navy or the Marine Corps for their records, from there to the Vocational Training Board, and back to the War Risk Insurance Bureau. They traveled this bewildering circle month after month, getting nowhere.

The Legion insisted on efficiency and (Continued on page 69)



*Frank J. Jervey, D. S. C., late captain, Fourth Infantry, Third Division, and member of National Press Club Post of The American Legion of Washington, D. C., receives his retirement certificate from Director Frank T. Hines of the United States Veterans Bureau following the passage of the Tyson-Fitzgerald Bill after a nine years' struggle. The new law benefits 3250 emergency World War army officers who were severely wounded in action*



# A PERSONAL VIEW

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

IT EXPLAINS MORE than any one can tell. It explains why when I write these pages—although sticking to the things of the day—"you know" seems always to be whispering between the lines. "You know" or you could not be in the Legion. The sign post says, "November 11th, 1918—November 11th, 1928!" Ten years! This month's view entirely to that thought.

*The Sign Post*

TO ALL THE world November 11th, '18, is the greatest date of modern history. It was the end of the world's greatest war. Humanity would like to see it more than that, the beginning of the world's greatest peace. As a beacon reminder of all men endured for four years, of the price paid for peace, of the value of peace,—it should be made a world holiday.

*And a World Beacon*

NOVEMBER 11TH, '18, is a yesterday which seems nearer now than five years ago. Probably it will be still nearer twenty years hence. "I could not see Gettysburg in which I fought until I was an old man," said a Civil War veteran. We may not really see the Meuse-Argonne for another thirty years. But in the tenth year after the end there are some things which never can be too clear. Say them again.

*Farther Yet Nearer*

IF AMERICA HAD not come into the War; if our navy had not come to the aid of the British in stopping the German submarines; if the Allies could not have held fast while we prepared our army—the Allies would have been beaten. Gold could not buy, statesmen negotiate, orators charm or prayers attain the victory. It was won by terrific labor and fighting, won because we were rich in something other than gold. Again, "you know."

*Truths That Will Grow*

SOME OF THOSE who fought for us by sea were laying the mine barrage in the ugly North Sea; or fighting submarines with submarines; or on plunging destroyers or dancing frail subchasers off the Channel or far down in the Mediterranean; or on transport or station grind. And some who were on our battleships saw the German fleet in surrender under their guns—guns which they did not have to fire because it was hopeless for the German battleship fleet to meet the combined British and American battleship strength. What a lesson in preparedness, that! If America by land and sea had been ready to strike in '17 with armed force commensurate with her

*On the Seven Seas*

resources and population she could have ended the War without a blow. By the same token the revelation of our great numbers in the training camps, after men of the same type had had their test at the front, hastened the end.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN slept in his home the night of Armistice Day as he had throughout the war. The more than four millions in uniform were where their orders held them. Has the average American ever thought that it was a close shave that the end did not come until '19? Has he thought what it would have meant if we had had to go on another year?

*If It Had Not Come in '18*

THE TWO MILLION men in the training camps would have been poured into France, fresh drafts raised. There might have been a succession of Meuse-Argonnes, battle on battle, our war debt of twenty-five billion dollars doubled, our national resources and power exhausted as in France, Britain and Germany. In October, '18, all hung on the hair trigger of putting in the last ounce of strength in the Meuse-Argonne to get the decision before winter gave the Germans time to reform.

*If It Had Been In '19*

HAD THE WAR gone on through '19 the Allies would have been bankrupt; we should have had to give them supplies without payment. We asked no territory, but the war left us with a gain of fifteen billion dollars in gold—a creditor nation with great natural resources. Such our profit of victory, such our nest egg of capital to start afresh in the new peace—and illusions aside, won by that pressure of blood stronger than gold from training camps to the front.

*Blood and Gold*

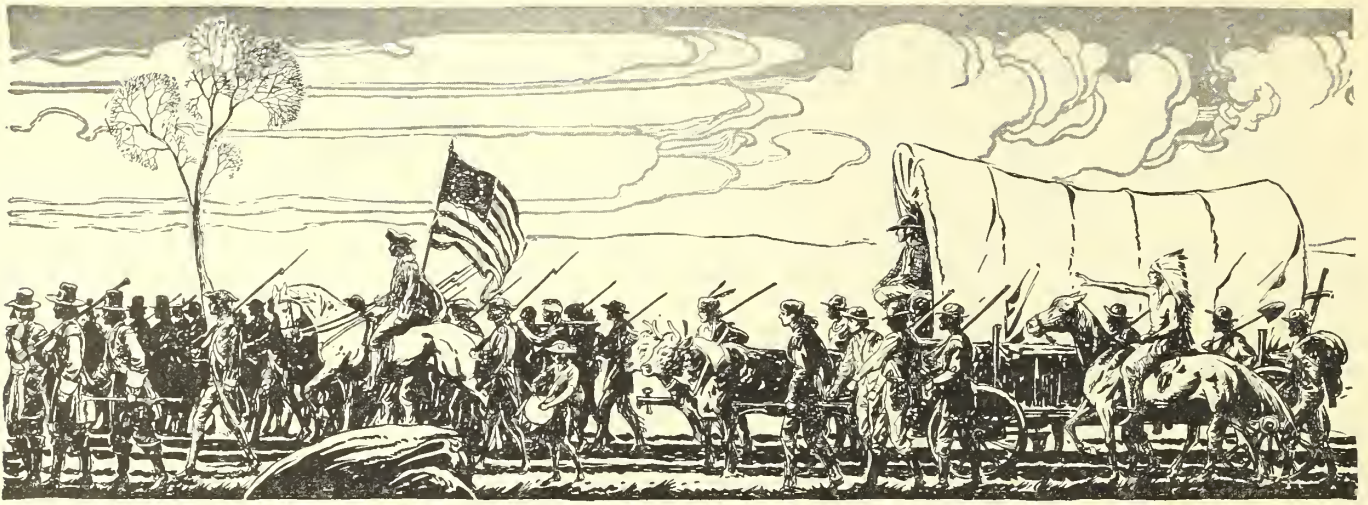
SOME OF OUR troops were on the sea on November 11th; some just arriving in France. Those who returned first got the first impassioned tribute when—do you remember?—a young man not in uniform felt queer and looked queer. Those who returned first might protest that they had seen no fighting. But that did not stop the cheers. They had been overseas.

*Far Flung Legions*

SOME WERE IN the S. O. S.—600,000 of them on November 11th—working twelve to eighteen hours a day for soldier's pay without one glimpse of the front. Almost 200,000 were sick and wounded in our hospitals in France. Others were in billets [Continued on page 72]

*As It Happened*





# KEEPING

## Three from I-o-way

THE Society of Legionnaire Fathers of Triplets has a new member. He is Harry Jenson of Webster City (Iowa) Post, and his name is proposed by Charles Doughten, Adjutant of the post, who reports that Jane, Joan and Jean Jenson, who arrived in July, are the first triplets ever born in Webster City.

Mr. Jenson probably had no idea that he was going to get Membership Card No. 3 in the triplets society when he looked over the Keeping Step department of The American Legion Monthly for May and saw therein depicted the society's founder, Post Commander Harry Haigh of Durant, Oklahoma, Mrs. Haigh, who had been a nurse in the World War, and the Haigh triplets, two sons and a daughter. Membership Card No. 2 went to Legionnaire Arthur Moran of Greenville, South Carolina, the father of three-year-old triplets, two sons and a daughter, as chronicled in the Keeping Step sector for September.

Post Adjutant Doughten surmises the triplets society will be quite large if all other Post Adjutants volunteer as census takers and report to the Step Keeper the names of other fathers of triplets. And just to stir up other Post Adjutants, Mr. Doughten submits some additional unusual facts on population growth in Webster City.

"Mr. Jenson lives in a three-family house," writes Mr. Doughten. "Every apartment in the building is occupied by a member of The American Legion. The Jensons had one daughter before the memorable day in last July. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fastenow also have a daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Paine have two daughters. The arrival of the triplets made a galaxy of seven little girls in one apartment house. The wives of all the Legionnaires belong to the Auxiliary."

## Second A. E. F. Photographers

HOW about that good photograph you took on the Second A. E. F. ship which carried you to France? You are proud of it and you'd like to share its beauty with other Second A. E. F. camera toters who may not have had luck as good as your own. And scattered about the country there may be many veterans of the Second A. E. F. who have prized photographs which you really ought to have for your own collection.

Therefore, suggests Legionnaire Stanley R. Gerard, Post Office

Box 148, Reading, Massachusetts, why not start at this time a Second A. E. F. Photograph Exchange.

The Step Keeper herewith brings Mr. Gerard's suggestion before the Legion's camera shooters. How many of them favor the photograph exchange idea? Just as a starter, the Step Keeper will promise to enroll in an informal Second A. E. F. Photograph Exchange Club every Second A. E. F. veteran who'll send his name and address and a two-cent stamp. To all who send in their names he'll mail the complete list of members as soon as it can be made up. Then the members can write one another to arrange for any sort of exchanges they wish.

The Step Keeper won't make any bets on how quick or how large the growth of Mr. Gerard's photograph exchange club will be. Frankly, he is curious to see what will happen. Did the Second A. E. F.-ers keep the negatives they brought back from France? Are very many of them anxious to make a collection of the best pictures their fellow pilgrims got while overseas?

## Model Bungalow

WHEN Whiting (Indiana) Post decided to build a model bungalow in its city of 18,000 people, it had a double purpose. It wanted to encourage the building of better homes and it expected to obtain for its post treasury a trust fund nest egg in anticipation of the day when it would build for itself a new clubhouse.

The post spent \$13,500 on a seven room house on a corner lot in one of the most attractive residential parts of its city. Contractors took pride in making the bungalow typical of their best work. Colored bathroom fixtures, all sorts of electrical devices, a garage in the basement—in every way the house was calculated to make anyone who saw it want to own it.

Legionnaires, members of the post's auxiliary unit and fraternal organizations of Whiting took part in the work by which the home was made financially

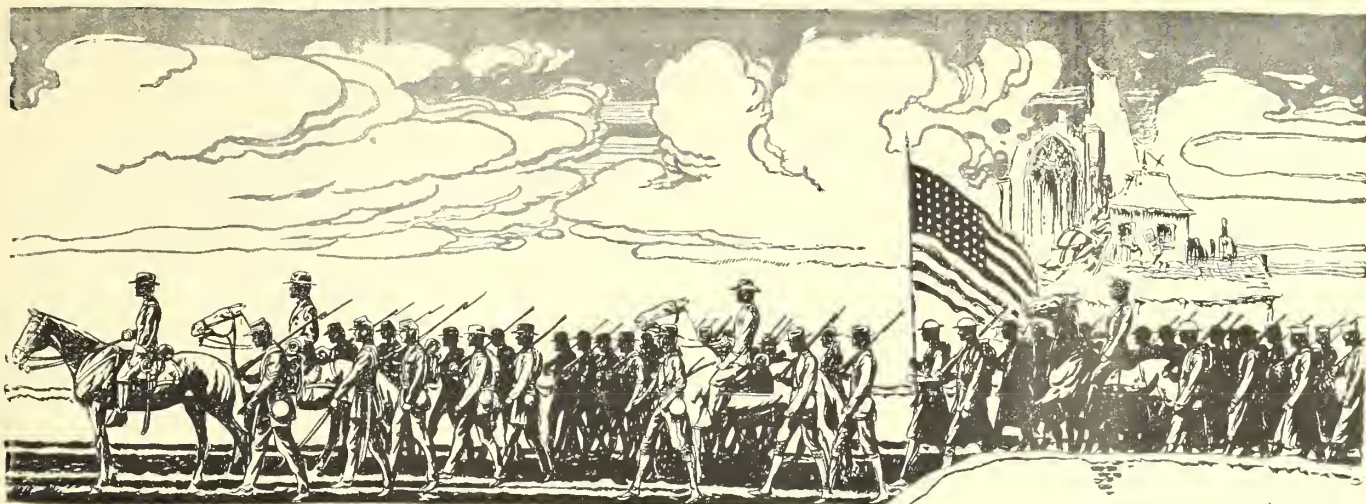
profitable to the post. In three months exactly 58,820 persons passed through the front door of the bungalow where a turnstile with an automatic counting device had been placed. Most of those who came bought subscription shares from the post.

This summer the model bungalow became the home of Mrs. Lucille Yamkow of Hammond, Indiana, who had invested in the post shares because she thought the house would be an ideal



*The marriage of Miss Lulu Van Oss to Howard P. Savage, Past National Commander, took place in Chicago recently*





# STEP

place for her three children. The award was made at a public ceremony conducted by a committee of citizens who were not Legionnaires. The ceremony was held in the model bungalow.

"Whiting Post realized a net profit of \$10,749 on the bungalow," reports Post Adjutant Leo T. Mulva.

## To Help their Town

YOU'LL have to look carefully now to find the American Legion golf course which several years ago was the pride of Medford, Oregon. You can find it if you have a member of Medford Post as guide. You'll find it where Uncle Sam's air mail planes take off and land every day. For Medford Post gave up its cherished golf course when its town set out to get a level tract of land large enough to serve as the landing field for the government air mail planes. The Legion's tees and fairways, bunkers and sand traps and greens all disappeared under the wheels and blades of tractors and scrapers when the golf course was transformed into an air field.

"Our golf course was successful in every way while we operated it," reports Post Adjutant L. C. Garlock. "We had nine holes and charged \$10 a year or fifty cents a game. Our course made golfers out of almost all our members. Today they are playing on another course. Our airport is one of the two United States mail airports in Oregon."

## Where the Trains Go By

SOMERVILLE (Massachusetts) Post with its six hundred members is keeping before it the vision of the new clubhouse which it expects to complete soon at a cost of \$30,000. Meanwhile the post is living in a temporary clubhouse which providentially fell into its lap when it got permission to use the fortress-like building that was once the Somerville station of the Boston and Maine Railroad. The station was given to the post after passenger service was discontinued on the railroad. It stands in a park in the center of the Boston suburb of 100,000 persons and is one of the city's landmarks.

All Somerville is sympathetically watching the post's progress in its building project. When the cornerstone of the post's new clubhouse is laid on Armistice Day, if plans announced several months ago work out, many hundreds of citizens of the city

will find satisfaction in the help they have given to the post. Three years ago these citizens contributed to a clubhouse fund of more than \$7,500. All contributions were listed by the city auditor and city treasurer, acting for the post, and the Somerville National Bank received the money as a deposit under a trust agreement. The post had announced that it would not proceed with its building until it had perfected arrangements for raising the additional money necessary.

Time has been kind to the post. The lot for which it paid \$7,500 three years ago is now valued at twice that sum, according to Paul E. Laurent, secretary of the post building committee.

The new clubhouse is to cost not more than \$30,000. Post members have been asked to contribute as much as possible of that sum before an appeal for additional contributions is made to citizens.

## Airplane Golf

THE lusty sportsman who won't play golf because it's an old man's game and won't be satisfied with any milder recreation than hunting lions or going on an exploring trip to the polar regions may now take another look at the possibilities of the pastime we imported from Scotland. He may be tempted to take a whirl at the variation introduced into the game of golf by Aviators Post of New York City which, at its annual field day, lifted golf from a game primarily played on the ground to the realm of an air sport. Aviators Post invented the game of airplane golf.

In the new game, airplanes are used instead of drivers. Two players in a plane steer for the green. The pilot maneuvers the plane to give the man in the plane with him an opportunity to drop a golf ball as close as possible to the flag on the green. It isn't so easy—tossing accurately a golf ball from a plane swooping along above a fairway at more than a mile a minute. Usually the ball lands in a sand trap or goes bounding off perversely onto an adjoining fairway. Wherever it lands, it is in position for the second shot to be given by the ground partner of the man who dropped it. The man on the ground then plays the ball in the regulation manner.

Congressman Fiorello La Guardia and John P. Maloney de-



*Miss Helen Snider was selected as the prettiest of three hundred girls who sold poppies for Watertown (New York) Post*



feated Post Commander John Dwight Sullivan and Daniel J. Houlihan in the big game of the post's field day.

Aviators Post had a leading part in the movement which led to establishment of New York City's first municipal airport.

## Sponge Divers

IT takes a lot of sponges to wash all the automobiles which are buzzing about on American roads and the millions of plate glass windows which have to be shined up now and then. Practically all the sponges come from a single city in Florida, Tarpon Springs on Florida's west coast, which each year supplies the rest of the United States with sponges worth a million and a half dollars. Tarpon Springs' sponge fleet is a formidable armada of eighty many-masted ships, manned by sailors and divers who follow the methods they learned in Greek sponge fisheries in the Aegean and the Mediterranean.

Because sponge fishing is Tarpon Springs' leading industry and because a large percentage of the World War service men of Tarpon Springs work on the boats, in the huge sponge exchange and other branches of the industry, Fernald-Millas Post of The American Legion thinks and talks about sponges at post meetings and between meetings.

Not long ago the whole post had an even deeper interest in the sponge industry than it ordinarily has. To help the post increase its fund for a new clubhouse, each boat returning to port gave the post a string of sponges. Many of the strings were valued at ten dollars. The post sold its sponges in the exchange, obtaining more than \$450.

"We had fun on the piers when the post was getting its share of the sponges," reports Post Adjutant Tom Florman. "The workers always beat the sponges with sticks to remove coral and sand from them. Several old ladies among the tourists who were watching the work got the idea that the men were beating the sponges on the head to kill them."

The accompanying photograph shows Legionnaire Perinos, one of the sponge divers, in his working costume, with Post Commander Abe L. Tarapani at the left and Post Adjutant Florman at the right.



*Legionnaire Perinos, sponge diver, hands Post Commander Tarapani one of the strings of sponges which the sponge fleet contributed to Fernald-Millas Post's building fund at Tarpon Springs, Florida*

## When Cox Springs School Burned

IN front of the Texas State Capitol at Austin, in a triangular parkway, stood a billboard on which a many-colored poster proclaimed the invitation of Travis Post to service men of the World War to join The American Legion. The presence of the poster in front of one of the most beautiful State buildings in the whole country was an index to the regard held for Travis Post by its community. Citizens admired the poster for its artistry. Then overnight the Legion membership poster disappeared. Where it had been appeared a new poster voicing another appeal by Travis Post to the people of Austin. The new poster bore this plea: "Help The American Legion rebuild Cox Springs School House."

This was the beginning of a campaign by which Travis Post in a few weeks succeeded in obtaining the construction of a new country school building to replace an old building that had been destroyed by fire in the midst of a school year, leaving twenty-four children without school facilities.

"Travis Post took up the campaign to provide the new school house for Cox Springs because the school district did not have

sufficient funds to permit the school authorities to replace the building immediately," relates Ralph Bickler, who served as chairman of the post committee in charge of the campaign. "The insurance payable on the building was only \$750 and the school trustees had a cash balance of only \$138. Contributions made in response to the post's appeal and the amount the post cleared from a benefit dance enabled the school officials to begin immediately work on a modern school building. The plight of the little country school aroused the sympathy of all members of the post and Legionnaires volunteered to assist the residents of the school district as carpenters and painters. By this means and by special price concessions which the post obtained from a lumber company, a roofing contractor and a painting contractor, the cost of the new building was kept within the financial capacity of the school district."

Before it undertook to help the Cox Springs school district, Travis Post had won the gratitude of all Austin parents by conducting a campaign for the protection of school children from traffic accidents and other perils which menace boys and girls.

## Pacific Americanism

WHEN National Commander Edward E. Spafford gave a formal address in Honolulu in late summer during the celebration of the sesquicentennial anniversary of the discovery of the Hawaiian Islands by Captain Cook, Legionnaires of all Hawaiian posts gathered to hear him. Mr. Spafford was impressed on this occasion by the evidence of The American Legion's important participation in the affairs of America's Pacific outpost. He saw Legionnaires of many racial descents united in a common Legion spirit, the sons of Chinese and Japanese and native Hawaiian parents side by side with Legionnaires born on the mainland of the United States. And an informal incident later gave him an even more inspiring proof of that common spirit than was afforded by the formal meeting at which he spoke. At a banquet

given in his honor by Kau-Tom Post, composed of Chinese citizens of the United States, Gertrude Young, eight-year-old niece of Sergeant Apau Kau, one of the men for whom the post was named, handed Mr. Spafford an American flag.

"It is the flag which was on my uncle's coffin when his body was brought back from France," she said. "Please accept it for the post."

National Commander Spafford's visit to Hawaii was like a homecoming to him, he told Hawaiian Legionnaires. He had visited the islands a number of times while he was an officer of the United States Navy. Mrs. Spafford accompanied him on his tour of the islands.

## Beefsteak Plus

THE average Legionnaire here at home has a pretty definite idea of the kind of dinner he would order if he found himself footloose in London. Memories of the war days have something to do with his idea. The dinner would be quite different from one here at home.

When the Legionnaires of London Post get together for a post dinner, however, they want something different from the dinner the American on a visit would order. Here is what Past Commander H. H. Brownlee of London Post says to his outfit when he says come-and-get-it:

"Remember those beefsteak dinners back home? Haven't



# K E E P I N G S T E P

had one in London for several years. London Post invites you to attend a real old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness beefsteak dinner. Gatti's restaurant on the Strand. All the steak and chops you can put away. Real German Pilsner. Corncobs and Bull Durham. Don't even change your shirt. Only a quid. Guests as well."

## Harmony

IF another young minister who served in the World War is assigned to a charge in Richmond, Indiana, Harry Ray Post of Richmond plans to make a quintet out of its post quartet. But until another service man minister arrives in town the post quartet is going to keep right on with its work of giving the post music of a kind no other post hears. For every one of the members of the post quartet is a Richmond minister. They represent four denominations and comprise all the eligible ministerial service men in the city. None of the four sky pilots was in the ministry when he served in the war. Reverend Clifford H. Joep was in the infantry and was wounded in action. Reverend J. Walker Martin and Reverend H. L. Wyandt were artillerymen and took part in several major battles. Reverend D. L. Ferguson was in the sea-going Navy.

The Richmond Post this year presented a check for \$5,000 to The American Legion Endowment Fund at a meeting attended by delegations from many Indiana and Ohio posts. Past National Commander Howard P. Savage and other national officers spoke at the meeting.

## Rifles and Everything

BACK in 1920 the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion asked the War Department to sell obsolete rifles to Legion posts at a nominal cost. The request wasn't granted, but the War Department started loaning not more than ten rifles to any post which would submit a bond covering the value of the rifles. After this system had been operating for several years, many posts reported loss of rifles. In December, 1926, Congress relieved posts from payment on bonds for the loss of rifles. Whereupon, reports John Thomas Taylor, Vice-chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, an unusual situation developed. Reports of lost rifles began to increase.

One year ago the War Department agreed to sell obsolete rifles outright to posts for \$1.50 each and to sell any number up to the total enrollment of the post. Hundreds of posts, therefore, are now relieved of the necessity of paying premiums on bonds

for loaned rifles and many other posts which hitherto have not held rifles for use of firing squads at funerals can now get them with little formality.

In addition to rifles, the War Department will sell gunslings for sixty-eight cents, cleaning rods for seven cents, cartridge belts for seventy-five cents and blank ammunition for \$27.15 a thousand rounds. When less than 300 cartridges are ordered, fifty cents must be paid for packing. For orders of more than 300 but less than 1,000, the packing charge is seventy-five cents.

Each post must certify that rifles and cartridges will be used only for military purposes, such as funerals and exhibition drills, and will not be diverted for the use of individuals. Ordinarily the purchase of rifles should be preceded by the

adoption of a formal resolution by the post, authorizing the purchase of a definite number of rifles and cartridges and pledging use for military purposes only. With the approval of the Department Commander, the post then may order rifles from the Ordnance Officer of its Army Corps Area.

## Gains

ONE month in advance of the San Antonio convention, the total membership of The American Legion stood at 753,000, the largest enrollment in the Legion's history with the exception of the total for 1920. The American Legion Auxiliary, with a gain of more than 30,000 members over the preceding year, had in September 300,549 members, the largest enrollment in its history, and a total of 6,635 units.

## Treasure Island

IF anyone were hunting a little paradise, he'd probably include in the specifications that it be an island in a tropical sea. Then if he looked at the map and studied photographs he'd probably hit upon the Isle of Pines and search no more. The Isle of Pines lies to the south of Cuba, with the Gulf of Batabano separating it from the Cuban mainland and the Caribbean Sea rolling upon its southern beaches.

In Neuva Gerona on the northern tip of the Isle of Pines a score of fortunate Legionnaires maintain Isle of Pines Post. They live on an island which has all the romance of a Conrad tale of the South Seas, an island whose green mountain tops look toward the Spanish Main, whose rivers and inlets and jungles suggest that its people are right in calling it the Treasure Island of Robert Louis Stevenson. Its history is rich with the record of hundreds of years of adventure, and in the picture of its past appear smugglers, slave traders, picaroons, buccaneers and Spanish Dons.



*Service men pastors of four churches compose the post quartet of Harry Ray Post of Richmond, Indiana*

*Palm Beach (Florida) Post turned a boulevard into a bicycle speedway and offered so many prizes that the best schoolboy bicycle racers from many cities took part in the post's bicycle derby, which provided more thrills than an aerial circus*





# K E E P I N G S T E P

On this island the Legionnaires raise chickens and tropical fruit and vegetables for the markets of New York and the whole United States while they carry on outside their working hours the same sort of activities which engage other American Legion posts everywhere. It is an alluring picture which Post Commander Frank E. Anderson of Isle of Pines draws in a letter, and the facts which Mr. Anderson gives in his letter are rounded out by the pages of *Isle of Pines Post*, the twelve-page semi-monthly newspaper which the Legionnaires publish for all the people of the island.

Mr. Anderson tells how the post celebrates all American holidays and makes life pleasant for the American boys and girls who are growing up with the true spirit of pioneers. The *Isle of Pines Post* is full of news of eggs and grapefruit groves, theaters, schools, steamship sailings and bits of island gossip.

"One of the best things on our post program is our annual boys' camp which we call Legion Cadet Corps Camp," writes Mr. Anderson. "The privilege of attending the camp is made an honor which boys may win by industry and good conduct. Thirty boys attended the first camp and they ranged in age from six to sixteen. The camp was laid out on a beach, with tents in company street formation.

"Our post was chartered in 1926, the second post to be established in Cuba. We were still new and inexperienced when we had our first test as Legionnaires. A hard storm swept the island. Bridges and roads were washed out and we had to cut away miles of fallen timber to move the injured. Every home had suffered water damage from the terrific rain and many were made homeless. We took over a large dance hall, repaired the damage the storm had done to it and then kept open house. We gave a free dance and served coffee and doughnuts. The people came from all over the island, in all sorts of clothing. We were able to distribute tents to many whose homes had been destroyed."

## Four Hundred Funerals

ALBERT L. QUINN POST of Jersey City, New Jersey, is proud of the fact that a firing squad composed of eight of its members has rendered final honors at funerals of more than four hundred men who fought in the World War and other wars. The post believes that no other Legion firing squad, or any firing squad for that matter, can approach this record, which covers a period of more than eight years. Post Commander Louis A. Falk writes:

"In 1920, while hundreds of bodies of men who died overseas were being brought back home, many of them arrived at Hoboken, the largest port of debarkation and embarkation during the war. Hoboken and Jersey City posts were called upon repeatedly to provide firing squads for funerals of many of those whose bodies arrived at Hoboken. Legion ceremonies were held at the Hoboken piers. Legionnaires often accompanied bodies to other cities. Members of Albert L. Quinn Post and other posts in Jersey City did all they could to see that full honors were rendered at every funeral, but the number of funerals was

so large that we found it increasingly difficult to assemble firing squads on short notice. Individual members after serving on the squads repeatedly found the demands of business were preventing them from attending additional funerals. The solution to the problem then occurred to us. Many Legionnaires of our post were members of the Jersey City police and fire departments. At our request, the city commissioners authorized a municipal firing squad composed of police and firemen."

## Oakland Wins

THE full story of The American Legion's Junior Baseball program in 1928 will be told later, and this is just a little dope to remind everybody that the Legion's Junior World's Series was won at Chicago early in September by the Montgomery Ward Juniors of Oakland, California, sponsored by Oakland Post. The Oakland team, champions of the West, beat the Worcester (Massachusetts) Post's team, champions of the East, in two games straight. The score for the first game was 4 to 0; for the second game 12 to 2. Everybody who saw the games agreed that it would have been hard to find two teams which could better have exemplified the quality of baseball playing and the qualities of conduct and sportsmanship which The American Legion sought to develop in its countrywide program.

The Chicago games were played in Comiskey Park, the huge grounds of the White Sox. National Commander Edward E. Spafford, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, organized baseball's dictator, and President E. S. Barnard of the American League, saw the games and congratulated Dan Sowers, Chairman of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, upon the complete success of the final series of the Legion games.

The first game was as full of thrills as a Frank Merriwell story. Umpires Hank O'Day and Red Ormsby, old timers in the big leagues, confessed they hadn't expected to see the deep stuff displayed by the fifteen- and sixteen-year-old schoolboys from Oakland and Worcester. Only a crowd was lacking to give the series the atmosphere of the big World's Series. Just a few thousand school children and as many hundreds of grown-ups had seats in the enormous grandstands.

The national series in Chicago was preceded by twelve regional championship series played in cities in different sections of the United States and by sectional championship series played at Denver, Colorado, and Louisville, Kentucky. At Denver, the Oakland team emerged victorious over Rainier Noble Post team of Seattle, Washington; the Y. M. C. A. Sluggers of Shreveport, Louisiana; John DeParcq Post team of St. Paul, Minnesota; the Telegram All-Star team, sponsored by Salt Lake City (Utah) Post, and the Tesar and Tesar team, sponsored by Omaha (Nebraska) Post. At Louisville, Worcester won over the Leibel Juniors of Meridian, Mississippi; the Wilmington Cardinals, sponsored by Wilmington (Delaware) Post; the James Stanton Post team of Central Falls, Rhode Island; the Panama Juniors, sponsored by the Department of Panama, and the Browder and Hoskins team, sponsored by Jefferson Post of Louisville.



*Yo, ho, ho and a scuttle of chow! Come-and-get-it hour on the original Treasure Island, where Isle of Pines Post conducts its boys' camp undeterred by the wandering ghosts of Long John Silver and his fellow pirates*



# K E E P I N G S T E P

More than 9,000 boys' baseball teams played in post games leading up to the state and regional series, and more than 120,000 boys played on these teams.

## The Ile d'Oleron Remembers

THE memory of the World War is still fresh in the Ile d'Oleron off the coast of France near Bordeaux, where ten years ago hundreds of Americans of the Naval Air Service made friendships with island villagers. But in the little white-walled cemetery at St. Trojan-les-Bains, where once were the graves of thirty Americans who died in 1918, now all are gone but one. The body of Seaman R. T. Lee still is buried in the village cemetery. His widow—the village her home—is tending the flowers which grow on his grave.

"Now and then," writes Legionnaire Harrel W. Graybeal of Elizabethton, Tennessee, from the Hotel du Soleil-Levant at St. Trojan-les-Bains, "a service man of the World War wanders into this village to revisit the scenes that he knew ten years ago. I am privileged to report one such visit which began happily and ended in tragedy. Today there is a second American grave—a temporary one—in the village cemetery.

"On June 13th Ransom B. Clark of Oxford, Ohio, arrived at the Hotel du Soleil-Levant to revisit the scenes of his war service. He was well remembered. The villagers recalled the day ten years ago when he had heroically attempted to rescue a French flyer whose plane had fallen several miles off shore during a storm. In this attempt Clark's plane was wrecked and he was saved, as if by a miracle, when a French fishing smack found him as it was beating landward during the storm.

"Almost continuously since 1920 Clark had been a patient in hospitals in the United States. He had formed the plan of returning to the Ile d'Oleron for an extended visit in the hope that the warm sun and sea air would help his recovery. For several days after he arrived here he enjoyably renewed acquaintanceships among the villagers. But on June 18th, five days after his arrival, he died of heart disease.

"A temporary burial was necessary before the body could be shipped back to the States. At 10 o'clock of a June morning,

in front of the Hotel du Soleil-Levant, down among the pines and sand dunes, gathered some eighty or a hundred people of the village. In various dress, from the formal black of the mayor and his councilmen to the baggy corduroy and denim trousers and wooden shoes of the fishermen and women clam-diggers, they moved about reverently. They had come to honor the memory of Ransom Butler Clark and to escort his body to the cemetery. The coffin, covered with flowers, was placed in a horse-drawn hearse and the little procession moved slowly along the dusty, winding road through the pines. Before the open grave the mayor read a paper reflecting honest sympathy."

Mr. Clark's body was buried in July at Oxford, Ohio, where his father, Frank L. Clark, is head of the Department of Greek of Miami University. Many Legionnaires attended the funeral at Oxford. They recalled that Ransom B. Clark had served as Commander of Hospital Post of The American Legion while he was a patient for a short period in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Outwood, Kentucky.

## The Roll Call

A FULL squad of Legionnaires is included among the contributors to this issue of the Monthly. Albert Jay Cook, who did the verse on the cover, is a member of Hill Top Memorial Post of Pittsburgh, and Harvey Dunn, who made the painting for the cover, is a member of DeWitt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey. . . . Dan Edwards is a Legionnaire of Advertising Men's Post of New York City. . . . Robert Ginsburgh belongs to Black Diamond Post of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and Sergeant Frank Lanckton, whose reminiscences of General Pershing have been set down by Mr. Ginsburgh, is a member of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C., General Pershing's own post, incidentally. . . . Leonard H. Nason was one of the founders of Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont. . . . Dr. George K. Pratt was an early member of Caduceus Post of New York City. . . . John Thomas Taylor, Vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion, is a member of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C.

RIGHT GUIDE



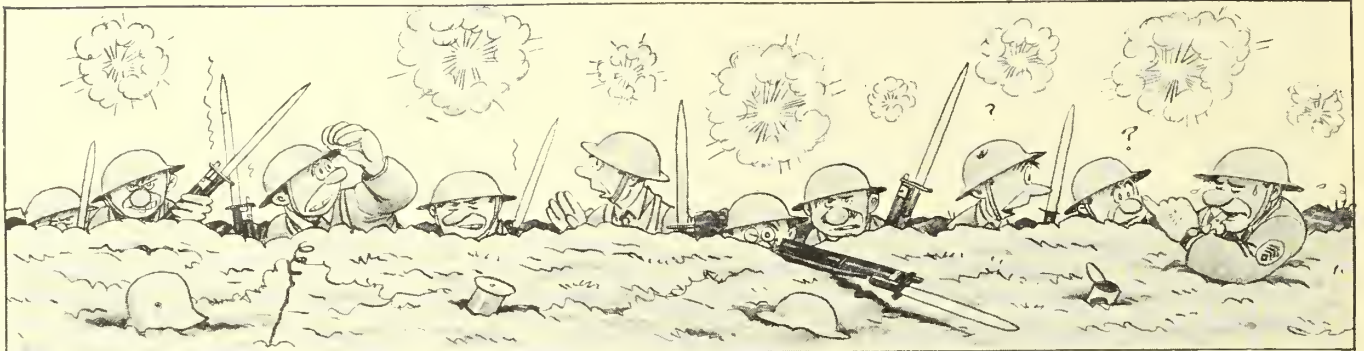
*The big moment of the two-day annual picnic which Waverly (Illinois) Post conducted for its town came when Post Adjutant James V. Gooden handed Department Adjutant Floyd J. Heckel the membership card which made the post exactly twice as big as it was in the year before. Seated at right on the platform is the first Adjutant of the Department of Illinois, Earl B. Searcy of Springfield*



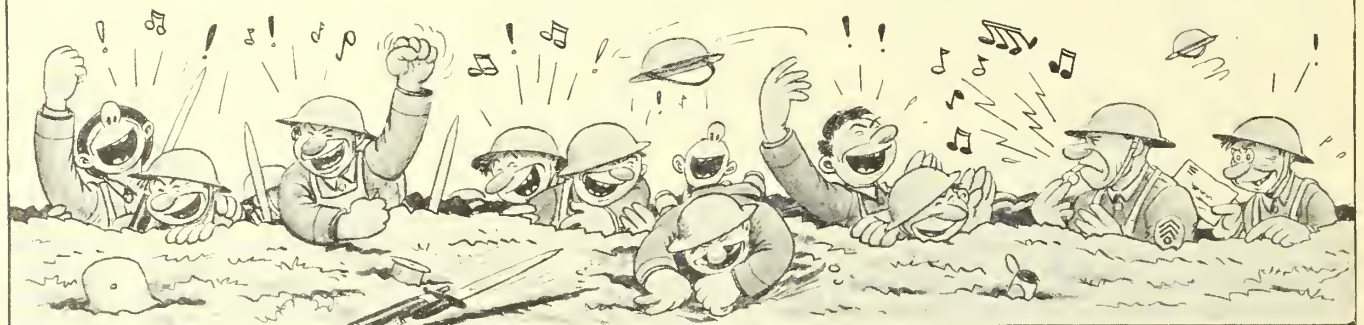
# IT WASN'T OVER OVER THERE

*How the First Armistice Day Was Celebrated*

By Wallgren



10:59½ A.M.: "Gosh! Wot for all the shootin'?" "Th' armistice is gonna be here in a few minutes." "Wham!!" "I wisht they'd cut that out!" "Wot time is it, Top?"



11 A.M.: "Whee! the war's over!" "Whoopie!! La guerre fini!" "Hooray!" "Yow!" "When do we eat?" "Zowie!! Where do we go from here, boys?"



11:04 A.M.: "Guess they'll send us to a rest camp to git spruced up before we sail for home?" "Man, I'll be glad to get back to the States!" "Shux, I wanta go to Paris first!" "Me too!"



11:05 A.M.: Top Sergeant: "C'mon, you birds! Snap out of it and git ready for inspection! You bin havin' it too soft lately. We're gonna do a little soldiering again from now on. Fall in!!"



# Then and Now

*Armistice Greetings Down South—A Rip Van Winkle Flier Claims a First—The Remembrance Campaign Gets Under Way—Football a la A. E. F.—Calls From Distressed Buddies*

**A**RMISTICE Day! We doubt if anyone who was in camp on this side of the water or overseas, in the front lines, on the seas, in the base ports or anywhere else in 1918, has to strain his memory much to recall just what that day signified. And the same thing holds true for the citizens of this and of all the warring countries when the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of November, 1918, struck.

That worldwide wave of joy and relief and happiness has been expressed in stories, in poems, in songs and in pictures, but we wonder if all of these expressions depict that emotion as faithfully as does the snapshot reproduced on this page. We're indebted to Legionnaire Harold B. Silverburgh of Central Post, Brooklyn, New York, for this picture of which he was the photographer. Silverburgh, who served with the 82d Division Rifle Range Detachment at Norcross, Georgia, gives also these interesting sidelights:

"I am enclosing a picture which I had difficulty in digging out of war mementoes filed away years ago, but on this tenth anniversary of the Armistice, I thought you might want it.

"The group was taken on the original Armistice Day at the rifle range at Norcross, Georgia, by the Range Officer, Captain Peter T. Carey, and myself. In spite of the men's apparent interest in the newspaper, few could read. Many of them came from backwoods plantations where they had never even seen a railroad train until drafted. Few knew their right ages and some were not even certain about the correct pronunciation of their names and when further light was sought by asking that the name be spelled, 'Lawd, boss, I dunno,' was usually the answer. Some of the names as I recall them were General Pope, Candy Davis, Lawyer Raleigh, and one said his name was 'jes' Daisy."

"I do not know with what organization they were in Camp Gordon, as I was stationed at the rifle range at Norcross, some six miles distant. These colored troops were sent to us as laborers and I think they came from the Development Battalion, popularly known as the S. L. L.—Sick, Lame and Lazy."

**FLYING** ten years ago was still a

rather precarious occupation, although the war had given quite an impetus to this science. The claim filed by A. C. Wilson, Ensign, N. R. F., retired, is therefore of particular interest. Incidentally, here is a chance for some up-and-coming Legion post in the vicinity of Westminster, Maryland, to add another name to its membership roster. Wilson tells us:

"I am not a member of the Legion for the simple reason that this town has no Legion post. However, I am going to join just as soon as I get the chance. Notwithstanding the fact that I am not a Legionnaire, I am writing to you.

"I failed to get across during the war, being kept here as an instructor in boat flying, and fought the battles of Pensacola, Florida, and of San Diego, California. Now I am a disabled ex-Naval aviator.

"There has to be a first in everything, including that unknown and unsung hero who first swallowed an oyster. And speaking of 'firsts,' what has been bothering me all these years is this: Have I the rather dubious honor of being the first man to sleep in a moving airplane?

"It came about in this way: On July 3, 1918, while a student aviator at Pensacola, I was ordered to take instruction in big boat flying. Three students and a pilot instructor went out that morning. Jim Hawkins was the pilot and Herb Warner was one of the students.

"We were out for an hour and a half, each student being at the controls for a half-hour. I had the first trick and having nothing to do for an hour and having been out for night flying the previous night, I crawled up in the forward cockpit and went to sleep on some engine covers. I didn't know anything for the better part of an hour until Jim Hawkins threw the plane into a steep bank to come down for the landing. This banking rolled me over against the side of the cockpit and I woke up.

"The boat was a type H-16 with two Liberty motors. The time was between six and nine o'clock, July 3, 1918.

"Does any Then and Nower know of anyone else pulling a Rip Van Winkle in the air before this time?"



*"De wah done stop!" is the caption Harold S. Silverburgh of Brooklyn, New York, used when he pasted this picture in his war album. That tells the story of this group of colored troops at the Camp Gordon Rifle Range at Norcross, Georgia, November 11, 1918*

**J**UST as we expected—all that was needed to start the Then and Nowers to digging into their war archives for fellow-veterans' souvenirs which somehow came into their possession, was a suggestion such as Legionnaire Crockett's in the September Monthly. Crockett's plan of a sort of "remembrance campaign" has brought in some mighty interesting reports. And it has brought so many of them that we'll have to brief most of the letters

received. Now let us see what we can do in the following cases:

"The inclosed piece of silver, to me, is the cause of much speculation," writes Dr. Lynwood Evans of Jacksonville, Florida. The piece of silver is an American quarter, on the reverse side of which is engraved the name "Agnes" in script, and the following in block letters: "F. M., Dec. 1917."



"The party who did the engraving," continues the Doctor, "was evidently an expert, as he uses both block and script. Why was it done? He must have been a soldier going overseas, gave this to Agnes so she would not forget him and it looks as if she spent it. This coin was given to me in change for a bill at the Barnett National Bank of Jacksonville."

**WATCHES** and Testaments head the list of found property reported, so probably they might be classed as "expensible equipment" in the A. E. F. For instance, Walter J. Mielcarek of Tonawanda (New York) Post, ex-buck private, Company I, 314th Infantry, 79th Division, wants to return an illustrated New Testament which he picked up on a salvage dump somewhere in the vicinity of Jouy-en-Argonne.

The fly leaf of the book bears the Y. M. C. A. triangle and under it the name "Pvt. J. E. Boria, J. R."—no company or organization given. On the back of this page is written: "Sept. 25/17. From R. Rev. Joffoyce Mune."

Then, regarding watches, Gorman R. Jones of Sheffield, Alabama, reports: "A first lieutenant by the name of Marshall of the First Battalion, 58th U. S. Infantry, gave me an Elgin wrist watch to take to Paris for repairs, about July 25, 1918, immediately after the fighting around Chateau-Thierry in which we participated.

"I left the watch at a jeweler's on Rue des Italiens, which Marshall had designated. I had been transferred to another outfit and of course had routed myself through Paris. A few months later I returned to Paris and called at this jeweler's shop and finding that the watch had not been called for and having heard a report that Lieutenant Marshall had lost his life, I paid the repair charges and still have the watch.

"If the report I received was erroneous and Lieutenant Marshall is still living, I shall be glad to return the watch to him. If, unfortunately, the report was true, I will send it to his relatives. If I remember correctly, he told me that a dear friend had presented this watch to him."

Jones, now a captain in the Reserve Corps, reports that he survived the conflict after being torpedoed on the way over, twice wounded, captured by the enemy but escaped, and that he was in the front lines on the day of the Armistice.

**INCIDENTALLY** Jones wants some aid in recovering what he terms a "prize souvenir." Here's his tale:

"While en route overseas on board H. M. S. *Moldavia*, with Companies A and B, 58th Infantry, and a detachment of about ten officers of this regiment, the ship was torpedoed and sunk near the entrance of the English Channel with the loss of fifty-six men.

"The survivors were landed at Dover, England, by British destroyers. Another lieutenant and I left our life preservers, with our names and addresses on them, with an elderly couple in Dover who said that they had two sons as officers in the British Army at that time. The life preservers were left with the understanding that they would be returned if we survived the war.

"Efforts to locate this Dover couple have been unsuccessful. I have forgotten the name of the lieutenant with me, but he may still be living and read this. I would like to locate him."

Here's a chance for Legionnaires of London (England) Post to render some aid in recovering these souvenirs left on their side of the pond.

Two service souvenirs, seeking their owners, are now in the hands of Legionnaire Harry J. Forcanser of Toms River, New Jersey. One is a United States Victory Medal with five battle

clasps which he found on a bush in a thick woods near his home. Initials, which are not legible, are scratched on the back.

Forcanser's second souvenir is a well-worn copy of Baedeker's Handbook for Paris on the fly leaf of which are written several addresses, some notations in French and the name of Miss Mary E. Callahan, San Francisco, California. This book was found at a salvage depot near Paris, while Forcanser was on duty there.

**WITH** so many of the big time football games ending in tie scores, an idea might be borrowed from a game played between the 500th and 499th Aero Squadrons during the days of the A. E. F.

Past Department Commander John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, and well-known to Second A. E. F.-ers, supplied the picture on this page and also gives us the following interesting account of his outfit's football activities:

"Everyone will recall that after the Armistice, the A. E. F. put on a very extensive athletic program. Since I had played football at the University of Richmond in my pre-soldier days,

I became coach of the 500th Aero Squadron's football team. Numerous other teams were organized in our sector, but our team won the section championship in a gruelling game played on Christmas afternoon, 1918.

"A unique feature about this final championship game was the fact that we played five quarters instead of the usual four. Probably in that particular game the periods should have been called 'fifths.' At any rate, at the end of the fourth quarter the score was tied, 6-6, between our team and that of the 499th Aero Squadron. A hurried consultation ensued between the other team's coach and myself, as a result of which it was decided that the game continue for one additional quarter. During that additional quarter our team scored another touchdown and the game finally ended with a score of 12-6 in our favor. I have never heard of any other football game being played for five quarters.

"The enclosed picture of the championship team was taken a few days before the final game. I am in the center of the back row in regular uniform, while all members of the team appear in the special emergency football togs—the old blue denims worn on the outside of the O. D.'s. Note especially the headgear consisting entirely of the 'Santa Claus' skull caps issued by the Q. M.

"The players had to wear their rough field shoes, which of course did not aid in any speed. A few days before the final game, however, I found an ex-shoemaker in my outfit and had him fix up special cleats on the shoes of the back field men. I lost my roster of the team and would like to hear from the men.

"An interesting coincidence is that the team we defeated for the championship represented the 499th, which was my outfit when I first entered service in 1917 as a private."

"An interesting coincidence is that the team we defeated for the championship represented the 499th, which was my outfit when I first entered service in 1917 as a private."

**CONSERVATIVELY** estimated, outfit reunions during this tenth anniversary year of the big year of the War have increased fourfold. This is a definite indication that the men who trained and marched and fought together are more interested than ever in holding onto and in renewing ties formed during the war period.

Additional indications are apparent in the increased number of requests for outfit pictures, outfit histories and similar material which will recall service days. It is a difficult problem to find some of these service reminders and, on the other hand, some divisional organizations which have published authentic histories have just as much trouble in (Continued on page 68)



*Who and where are the members of the 500th Aero Squadron's section championship football team pictured above? The team's ex-coach, John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, (rear center of picture) would like to know*



**LUCKY STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
**CIGARETTES**

**"It's toasted"**  
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

## Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production *"The Iron Mask"* says—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

*Douglas Fairbanks*

© 1928 The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturer



# Bursts and Duds

## KEEN OBSERVER

"Do you ever try to tell people by the clothes they wear?" asked the girl of her fiancé.

"Sometimes," he replied. "For instance, if I see a man dressed in a blue suit with shiny buttons, with a helmet on his head and a club in his hand. I'm willing to bet a dollar he's a policeman."

## LATE TIDINGS

The motor car accident had been terrific. A light sedan had smashed head first into a heavy truck, and it was many minutes before they were able to extricate the driver of the smaller vehicle. When they finally dug him out of the wreckage, he was horribly bunged up, but his mind was still functioning. An officious traffic cop bustled over and demanded:

"Hey, there, are ya color blind? Didn't ya see the red light starin' ya in the face?"

"Oh, yes," countered the victim with a last spark of spirit. "This is a hell of a fine time to be telling me about it."

## BAD TO WORSE

A young poet was raving on the lecture platform.

"All the world's a stage," he declaimed, "and——"

"Aw, can dat stuff!" interrupted a gallery voice. "You'll be tellin' us next dat de grade crossin's are de exits."

## YOU SAID IT

"You'll keep this a dark secret, won't you, Nellie?"

"I'll tell the world."

## QUALIFIED

Five years had passed since Mr. Splitvert had become a father, but he was still bragging about it.

"You ought to see my little Charlie," he boasted. "He can read, walk, cough, eat, wink, wriggle his ears and wriggle his nose all at the same time."

"Must be going to be a trap drummer," commented Mr. Rixhammer.

## TWO VIEWS

In a museum Dizzy Dan was looking at a mummy of Rameses II, beside which stood a smaller mummy. An elderly lady asked him whose mummy the second was.

"Why, that," replied Dan, "was Rameses II when he was a boy."

## DISAPPOINTMENT

"That sweet looking little girl was certainly disgusted when you told that story."

"Yes, it was the one she was intending to tell."

## TRUE TO TABLOID

Babe, the circus elephant, had killed her keeper and was the center of the day's news, so the photographer of the *Tabloid Daily Scream* was sent to the circus lot to get a picture of the mammoth murderess.

When he arrived he must have been a trifle absent-minded, because, as he focused his camera at the elephant, he said:

"Come on, Babe, smile and *cross your legs*."

## REMODELED

"You poor man!" sympathized the old lady to the blind beggar. "What were you before you became blind?"

"I used to be a legless man, ma'am," he informed her.

## SPEED KING

"Daughter," pleaded a mother, "promise me you won't go out with that Tony Caesario any more, now that you know what he is?"

"But why not?" remonstrated the girl.

"Didn't you tell me he was the Fascist man you know?"

## OVERHEARD IN SHANGHAI

Foo Koo: "Who was the little lady I saw you with last night?"

Choo Choo: "Oh, just another silk digger, Foo Koo."

## TOO GOOD

The day at the links had distinctly not been a success. Neither the irascible Jones nor the equally so Smith had succeeded in breaking a hundred and a quarter. In the hope of averting conversation from his disastrous score, Jones asked when they reached the clubhouse:

"Is your caddy good?"

"Good?" exploded Smith. "Say, when it comes to telling me how many strokes I'm lying, that boy's a religious fanatic!"

## HER WORK

"Congratulate me, Edna."

"Oh, Ethel! Has Tom proposed?"

"No, but we're engaged."

## BAD MANAGEMENT

A small boy, while walking on a railroad track, was astonished when he saw that two fast freight trains running on the same track were about to crash head-on. Much frightened, he took to a nearby high bank where he witnessed the smashup. Later some officials, learning that there had been an eye-witness to the wreck, found him and asked:

"What were your thoughts at the time of the crash?"

"Well," the boy answered slowly, "I thought it was a darn poor way to run a railroad."

## SAFE AND SANE

The infant prodigy wasn't prodigying so well.

"I don't believe that baby will ever learn to walk," sighed the young father.

"He's wise," remarked the pedestrian friend, who had been grazed by three trucks and five taxis that very day.

## LIBERALITY

"Your record as a dollar-a-year man doesn't set very well with the people."

"Well, if they feel that way about it, I can well afford to give them their dollar back."

## ITINERARY

Two colored gentlemen had just emerged from the funeral line, where they had been taking a last glimpse of an old-time crony. Tears stood in the eyes of each, for the recently deceased had been one of their best friends.

"Po' ol' Sam was a nechel lookin' cawpse, wasn't he?" asked the first.

"He sho' was all of dat," the second agreed. "So doggone nachel Ah come nigh axin' him whah in hell he was gwine."

## OH, GOSH!

"What were you doing in that speak-easy with Olsen and Petersen?" sternly demanded the coach of the All-Swedish team.

"Oh," said the athlete airily, "just indulging in a little skoal practise."

## MILES PER GALLON

Marie came walking home, tired from an auto ride, denouncing the new flivver.

"What's the matter with it?" she was asked.

"Oh, they go so far on a gallon of gas that they're far out in the country before the tank runs dry."





# "Sleep ' good Health ' and a happy Disposition just sort of hang together"

says

GEN. ROBERT  
TYNDALL

THOSE of us who know General "Bob" Tyndall get a lot of satisfaction from his message. For it tells us of his return to health.

\* \* \*

It's peculiar isn't it . . . how we value the thing that we lose? We'll wager health never meant so much to General Tyndall as it does now. Perhaps that's why he is paying more attention to his sleeping equipment.

Years ago the Simmons Company started experimenting—trying to find out what type of bedding would deliver the most rest.

Hospitals, physicians, colleges, research—all have played their parts in the development of the famous Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Springs. It isn't enough that a mattress and spring create a *soft* bed—old feather beds were soft—But the bedding must *support* the body in a *natural* position—causing complete relaxation of the muscles—and inducing perfect rest.

From the standpoint of construction both the Ace Springs and Beautyrest Mattress are unlike any others.

*The Beautyrest:* A center layer of hundreds of finely tempered springs . . . gives the supporting resiliency found only in this famous mattress. Each spring is firmly sewn into its own individual pocket. Then these pockets are all sewn together. Over them is placed an envelope of tough fabric. On top and bottom are then built layers of finest mattressing.

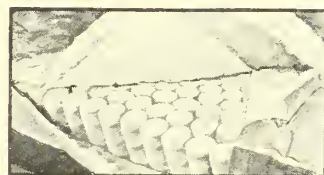


Major General Robert H. Tyndall, Commanding 38th Division, National Guard, comprising the States of Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia.

Over all is placed the fine new Damask Coverings.

The Ace Spring; the 20th Century development of the old coil spring. More coils. Angle iron binder to prevent tearing sheets. Govenor springs to eliminate side sway. No rocking . . . those are a few of the advantages.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons". The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—hundreds of close packed, springy wire-coils. Over this thick layers of mattressing. Perfect rest!



The Simmons Ace Spring—the equivalent of a box-spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.



The moment you see the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring you will recognize their quality—comfort and durability.

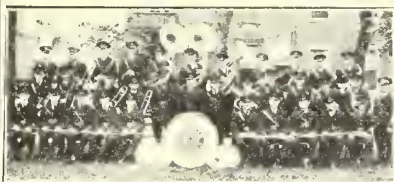
BEDS ' SPRINGS  
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }



The Band of Post No. 27, Harrisburg, Pa.,  
Equipped with Conn instruments.



## Your Own Band in Concert in 90 Days

HOW many times, at the big conventions, have you wished that your Post, too, had a band in the parades and ceremonials?

You can start from "scratch" and have a band ready for a complete concert program within 90 days of the first rehearsal!

How? Let Conn help you. Our experienced organizers will arrange all details. A few interested persons can start. Conn's plan insures a completely equipped, playing band in record time. Everything arranged, even the easy financing plan.

Many of the finest Legion bands are Conn equipped. Remember, Conns are used by Sousa and other famous concert bands. Easy to play. Perfect in mechanism. Beautiful in tone.

Without obligation, we will outline our insured band plan to any interested Legionnaire. Send coupon now. **Free Trial, Easy Payments**, on any Conn for the band or orchestra. Send coupon now for literature and details of free trial offer.



# CONN

BAND  
INSTRUMENTS  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER

### MAIL THIS COUPON

C. G. Conn, Ltd., 903 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.  
Please send complete details of your band plan ☐. Also  
send literature and details of free trial offer on

(Instrument)

Name.....

St. or R. F. D. ....

City.....

State, County.....

## America in the Argonne

(Continued from page 29)

had been reduced, and while the enemy command was still expecting attack (when it came, and probably tardy) to be directed eastward, the American forces were concentrated westward with great rapidity and skill. And on the eve of the decisive day when the advance was to be launched (September 26, 1918)—that is, by September 24th—this very great body of troops were in line over a front of twenty miles between the western edge of the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River.

The order of battle was as follows: On the right or east of the Meuse from the neighborhood of the Forges Brook the Third Corps, consisting in their order of these three divisions, the 33d, lying on the old battlefield of Verdun, insofar as that battlefield lay west of the Meuse; the 80th, and next again, completing the corps, the 4th. This Third Corps formed the right of the attack. The center consisted of the Fifth Corps, reaching as far as Vauquois, and this was made up, reading from east to west—that is, from right to left again—of the 70th Division, the 37th, which reached as far as Avocourt, and the 91st. The left wing to the west of the whole line consisted of three divisions: The 35th, the 28th and the 77th, which last was established right across the Argonne Forest proper on a front of four miles. On the edge of the forest and in liaison with the French line were regiments of the colored divisions, the 92d and 93d. On this line of twenty miles the units differed much both in war experience and in the possibility of equipment.

Here we must appreciate the plan of Marshal Foch, the Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies; but we must not fall into the error of regarding this plan as absolute. Often in the history of war the plan of a battle (less often of a campaign) is absolute—that is, it is win or lose. You make your arrangement gambling on the success of such and such a move, knowing that if it fails you are defeated.

In the case of the pressure exercised upon the German Army in late September, 1918, this was not the case. The war was a siege war, the enemy had been constrained to retire ever since July 18th, when Mangin with his mixed force of French and Americans had driven in the German line before Soissons. There had followed the heavy blow delivered by the British Army on August 8th in front of Amiens, and the front of the enemy was being forced back onto his strongest and best prepared positions.

Therefore any plan made for an immediate success might be modified by circumstance so as to lead to a more gradual one. The situation was alternative; and Foch's plan did not mean win or lose; it meant at this stage of the war "win rapidly by a great enemy disaster produced in a few days or win more gradually in a few weeks." What, then, was the plan?

It was for the Americans on their new front facing northwards to carry *if that were possible* the highly fortified main positions running on the slopes of the higher ground just north of the Argonne. With these broken rapidly in the early phase of the attack the main railway line upon which the German front depended would come under fire and they would be disorganized in any attempt to effect an orderly retirement. Meanwhile to throw them into decisive confusion there was to be an attack almost simultaneously to the north-middle of the salient by Haig in front of Cambrai.

"If that were possible." But it was not possible. The Argonne was too much for the effort. Its difficulties overcame the energy and admirable courage displayed. Therefore this chief plan was condemned to an alternative. The attack up the valleys of the Aire and Meuse towards the main railway line at the point of Sedan was compelled to become an effort containing the German forces at this point, compelling them to use great numbers of men, and by that to be unable to reinforce their north and center. But the complete disarray of that great German force, the breaking of their north central front simultaneously with the destruction of their main line of lateral communication, did not take place. The war ended in the exhaustion of the enemy between six and seven weeks after the inception of the great plan.

The first two days carried between three and four miles of depth and the second of them, September 27th, carried the ruins of Montfaucon, the height dominating all that part of the country. It has been said that if Montfaucon had been carried on the first day of the attack the advance would have proceeded to the main positions, would have broken them and, in a comparatively short time, have put the main railway under fire. It has also been said that if the attack did not do this the failure was due to the fact that vast American forces had been created at short notice out of nothing, that they had not half the time in which to prepare that the British Army had had (for instance) before the opening of the Somme battle, that no one can improvise a general staff and that to ask an effort upon this scale of staffs hitherto unused to handling any but much smaller bodies of men was to ask the impossible.

There is much truth in all these contentions. But the major factor remains, and military history has, I think, since the end of the war not taken a sufficient account of it. That major factor was the Argonne itself, and the clay land surrounding the belt of forest upon either side.

Anyone who writes the history of the World War without personal acquaintance with the Argonne region will write it wrongly. I have known it intimately



for now nearly forty years, and I think what I am saying is true: that, allowing fully and justly for all other factors; admitting that every force in the war, old or young, of long or short training, suffered checks of this sort, yet the failure to carry the main positions in the first day—that is, during the last week of September, 1918—was more due to ground than anything else. The same might be said of the German attack upon the lower Yser in the autumn of 1914. It was not their staff work, nor delay in the bringing up of munitions and men, which in the main countered the German right and held it. It was the flooding of the Nieuport plain. In that case indeed human ingenuity and excellent military thought had its effect. The man to whom the idea occurred of opening the sluices *at the right moment* may be said to have balked the enemy's turning movement. In the Argonne there was no need for Gallwitz to exercise sudden and decisive judgment of this kind. All he had to do was to take advantage of the special conditions which the ground permanently afforded. He succeeded in holding the attack sufficiently to preserve his main positions on the slopes of the highest ground until the German Army began to feel the blows far away to the north in front of Cambrai.

The diary of the affair is well known, but I will briefly recapitulate it. On the same day on which the Americans carried Montfaucon but found their further progress halted, Haig and the British struck on the other distant wing of the salient in front of Cambrai. The continual successes there up north would not have been possible if the German forces pitted against the American in the Argonne had been able to reinforce their divisions toward the north. They were not. Their line had not been pierced, indeed, but they were held. On October 4th Pershing struck again and began a second advance which was in the nature of siege work progressing by short stages. By the 8th he had put his 33d Division across the Meuse on the eastern bank of that river to help the push by the right flank. The defile of Grand-Pré, where a subsidiary railway and road had hitherto served the German defence, fell under American control. This is the famous pass through the forest whereby the Prussians in the first wars of the French Revolution, a few days before the Battle of Valmy, turned the obstacle of the Argonne and threatened the French armies, getting between them and Paris.

**I**T is the Argonne which stands out not only in American history but in all that of the end of the war, both as the stand-by of the last desperate resistance by the enemy, as the test of endurance and will for repeated attack such as no newly-trained troops had yet shown, and as the terrain which the American Army could boast to have occupied at last after such terrible sacrifices.

In that same ground there was far more than the forest. Among its difficulties were (*Continued on page 46*)



## THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

of Hartford, Conn.

*announces a new*

# RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

*What a dividend paying \$10,000 policy will do for you*

*It guarantees to you when you are 65*

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . \$100.00  
which assures a return of at least . . . 10,000.00  
and perhaps much more, depending upon  
how long you live

Or, if you prefer,

A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . . . 12,000.00

*It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65*

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 10,000.00  
Or \$50 a month guaranteed for *at least*  
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 14,823.00

*It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60*

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 20,000.00  
Or \$100 a month guaranteed for *at least*  
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 29,646.00

*It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60*

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . \$100.00  
And the payment for you of all premiums

*For more information, mail the coupon below*

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
383 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

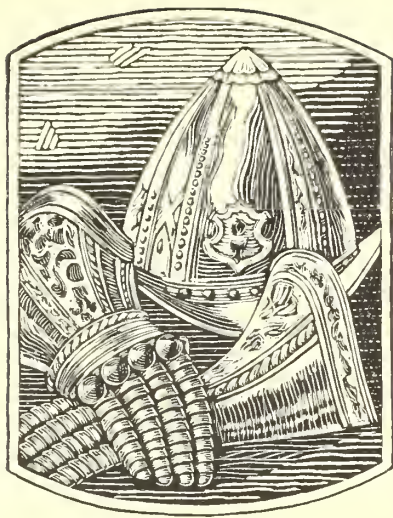
Please give me full information about your new  
RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State..... Date  
of birth.....





*Helmet and Armor Gloves of the 14th Century*

## If You Were Making It

**H**OW would you make a vault to positively protect the remains of one of your loved ones?

First, you would plan it according to the immutable law of nature that water can not rise inside an inverted vessel.

Then, you would want material that would not allow water to seep through. Therefore, you would use metal.

To insure rust-resistance you would select Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron.

And in making the vault, only double-welding of the seams would satisfy you. You would use oxy-acetylene on the outside, and electric on the inside.

Finally, in the finer grade you would have it plated with pure cadmium, and for the very finest you would use indestructible Solid Copper to gauge.

And you would test the vault by submerging it under thousands of pounds of water before finishing.

All of these things are done for you in the Clark Grave Vault. That is why leading funeral directors recommend it.

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.  
Columbus, Ohio

*Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.*



## GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

## America in the Argonne

*(Continued from page 45)*

those trenches, those sunken corridors, the Aire and Meuse Valleys, down which the attack had to proceed. To fight stubbornly forward along those depressions meant a continual subjection to fire from either flank. Over and over again advance was held up on this account; the clearing of the heights which would permit further progress down the streams was rendered the more difficult from the presence of those streams as an obstacle. To bring men from right to left and left to right in reinforcements was one thing in unimpeded country like the Champagne; it was quite another thing when one had to find for crossing places congested bridges over these two rivers.

Yet, allowing for all these other elements of difficulty in the prodigious task which had been set to American manhood in these hills and woods of eastern France, it is still the Argonne which dominates all the story. Those shattered oak woods, those pits of clay, that country which had never yet had roads, where all communication was so difficult, where the works of man had been devised for transport east and west and had now suddenly to accommodate themselves to

a new direction north and south; that country of no water or of foul, of few habitations, of confused undulations of land, can only be comprehended by those who like myself covered it thoroughly in youth and saw it again during and after the terrible years of trial, or (far better!) by those who knew it when it was all aflame.

The Argonne should remain, and will remain, I think, cut deep as a name for American valor, tenacity and achievement, standing out more and more greatly as the generations proceed. It will stand in the historical memory of the United States and its soldiers as the equivalent or symbol of their spirit. It is now what it has always been, deserted and alone. The woods will grow again—they are already growing—and those oaken silences which I knew so well in my early manhood will reestablish themselves upon that famous low ridge which has so stamped itself upon the story of mankind. The men of the next generation visiting such scenes will marvel that nature should once more have covered over, as does the earth a grave, the sufferings and the glory of men.

## The Man in the White Slicker

*(Continued from page 19)*

the track that the carts had taken when they had first occupied the position. Friend or enemy? The startled faces of his companions showed that they had heard it, too. The corporal looked about hurriedly for a place of concealment, but there was none, except to jump into a shell hole. He fumbled under his slicker for his pistol, and the others followed his example. The newcomer drew nearer, and then emerged from the fog. It was an American. Seeing the three with drawn pistols, he stopped.

"Friend!" said the newcomer. "Put up the guns, boys, they make me nervous."

They holstered their pistols in silence. The stranger approached. He was a calm-faced, thick-set man, old enough to have field rank. He wore high-laced boots, helmet, gas mask, and an enlisted man's mackinaw with no insignia of rank. He might be anything from a general to a supply sergeant.

"Where's your outfit, boys?" asked the stranger, halting, and leaning on the heavy cane that he carried.

"We'd like to know!" replied Gordon. He wondered if he should say "sir." God knew who some of these people were, the woods were full of generals and what not, and it was full of buck-privates doing a dugout duck, too. This bird showed no insignia and rated no "sir" until he did.

"Then what are you doing here?" asked the other. He had cold blue eyes,

and seemed to be trying to bore right through Gordon's eyes into his head to see what was in his brain.

"We just found out they'd gone," replied Gordon. It had trembled on his lips to say, "What the hell's it to yuh?" but he decided not. There was that in the other's manner that showed he was no enlisted man. And, too, he was old enough to be Gordon's father, which should entitle him to respect if nothing else did.

"How does it happen you weren't with them?" went on the stranger.

"Well," said Gordon desperately, "if you want a blue print and a diagram, we were up on the nose of the hill, where we could fire direct fire, and we had enough to do minding our own business without paying attention to what was going on down here. We knew they were catching hell, but so were we."

His eye lighted on O'Neil, who had worked around to a position behind the newcomer. O'Neil's lips formed the word "bull." He would have continued, but the stranger swung about and stared at him.

"Were you going to say something?" he demanded.

"No, sir!" answered O'Neil in some confusion.

"Well, don't say it!" replied the other. "Where's your gun, you fellows? Your gun destroyed?"

"No," replied Gordon. "it's over there." He pointed to where the gun



lay on the ground beside its tripod, some little distance away. The strange man walked over and examined it. Tripod and gun lay carefully side by side on an abandoned sandbag, with ammunition and water box placed properly beside them. It was quite plain that that gun had been brought there and was not one abandoned by the departing gunners of the decimated battalion.

"Urrumph!" grunted the stranger. "Well, I guess you're not skulkers. Skulkers don't carry machine guns around with them!"

"Who the hell said we were?" demanded Gordon hotly.

"Nobody," replied the other. "Nobody. Well, I must take a look from the hill up here. Can you wait until I come back? I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"I suppose we could," agreed Gordon. "We haven't got anywhere to go right now."

The strange man moved away into the fog, and left the three machine gunners staring at each other.

"Mind yuh, I didn't say a thing all the time you birds were talking!" exclaimed Mackintosh suddenly.

"You're learning, you're learning," agreed O'Nail. "Well, now, let's make a hole in the fog and see if we can't get on the trail of a slum cannon."

"Huh?" demanded Gordon. "Shsh! Didn't you say this hombre was a bull? And if we gallop out of here they *would* have something on us."

"No, that wasn't the meaning I had for bull," said O'Nail, "but I think we're losing time here. My stomach feels like a flat tire. The place where a man finds hard luck is away from his outfit. I want to go back to mine! I'm done with being a wandering Jew. I wish I was Milo. He got hit and is out of it! No more hog-wrestle for him. And that other string on the golden harp of Ireland, Cat-Pie Droghan, is probably now flat on his back letting a full gut soothe him to sleep!"

"We'll wait until the old boy comes back," said Gordon firmly. "I'm corporal of this crowd, acting section commander. Where's this outfit you're in such a sweat to get to? I don't know. But I know this; the old guy there, bull or harness-cop, or Y. M. C. A. man, whatever he is, has a well fed look about him. He's too old to stray far from the sound of mess-call, I ain't kiddin'! And if we stand to attention and give him a snappy salute when he comes back, he'll maybe lead us to it."

"Yeh," agreed Mackintosh, "anyway, he may have seen the outfit. They can't have gone very far with no carts. And the outfit'll have chow because the carts would have time to go to Paris and back pretty near by now after it."

O'Nail was about to resume his side of the argument again, but Gordon made a sudden gesture of silence. The strange man was coming back again, sliding down the slippery slope.

"Umph!" he greeted them. "Didn't beat it on me, did you?"

They made no reply.

"I went up (Continued on page 48)

# CHROME



## *The Watch Dog of Power*

CHROME, a preservative, guards power when your Burgess "Super B" Batteries are not in use. Thus extra life and service are added. The valuable properties of Chrome in lengthening battery life were long known to scientists, but it remained for Burgess engineers to discover the secret of utilizing Chrome in battery construction.

The year's noteworthy achievement in radio enjoyment and economy is the Burgess "Super B" Batteries:

**"Super B" No. 22308**

is a medium size heavy-duty 45-volt battery designed for general, all around use.

**"Super B" No. 21308**

is the largest size Burgess heavy-duty 45-volt battery—made especially for heavy-current consuming sets.

These two "Super B" Batteries answer practically all radio set requirements.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

General Sales Offices: CHICAGO

In Canada: Niagara Falls & Winnipeg

## BURGESS "SUPER B" BATTERIES





# Why DOESN'T A DUCK SUFFER FROM ICY BLASTS ?



SPORTSMEN

Read about  
this genuine  
Windbreaker  
Shirt!



No. 613Z  
with genuine Talon  
(hookless) fastener, \$4.50.  
No. 613S regulation button style, \$4.00.

## Keeps the cold out— holds warmth in

You've often wondered how ducks keep warm flying through icy blasts that chill you to the bone. Here's Mother Nature's secret. She's given them clothing that never fails to keep out wind, rain, snow and drizzle . . . clothing that keeps the warmth in.

For the same reason a Genuine Signal Windbreaker Shirt will keep you warm, regardless of the temperature and how hard the wind blows. Made of specially woven moleskin, with soft fleece lining, the wind and cold can't penetrate it. And what's more, it's as tough as leather. Here's an ideal shirt for hunting trips and all outdoor work and sports. Wears like iron. Only \$4.00 for regular button style — only \$4.50 with Genuine Talon (hookless) fastener.

## Satisfaction or Money Back

If your dealer doesn't carry the Genuine Signal Windbreaker Shirt, we'll make this sporting offer to you. Send us the coupon with cash or instructions to send C. O. D., and if the shirt doesn't measure up to the highest standards, we'll gladly refund your money. Take advantage of this offer today.



SIGNAL SHIRT CO., Racine, Wis. Dept. S20  
My dealer doesn't carry the Windbreaker. His

name is \_\_\_\_\_  
Send me postpaid No. \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed is { Money Order  
Bank Draft for \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Send C. O. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 47)

there to see if you would," he went on. "My name is Phillips. I'm a colonel. Things pretty well shot to hell, what?"

"Yes, sir," replied Gordon.

"I thought you were dug-out duckers, for a while at least," resumed the colonel. "There's more than a few. Listen here. Is there a road down in this valley? A road and a narrow gauge track, with some buildings up at the far end?"

"That's just what!" cried the three gunners excitedly.

"It's our front line, isn't it?" asked the colonel.

"It was," began the three of them together, "but—"

O'Neil looked sternly at Mackintosh, and Gordon looked sternly at O'Neil. All gulped and were silent.

"It was but what? Go on, what happened?" snapped the colonel.

"Well, sir," said Gordon, "it was our front line, and the Boche counter-attacked it in the morning. Yesterday morning. We saw them doing it and we thought we could see better farther down the hill. It was foggy and smoky, not as bad as it is now, but still we thought we'd do better farther down the hill. So we went down there. Well, it was right on the edge of a division there, anyway they said it was. We never saw any of the other division, though, except that they pulled out. The Boche got through. They came through right off. But what wet down the parade was some crazy goofy lieutenant brought our doughboys an order to attack."

"You take part in the attack?"

"No, sir. Hmm—ah—no sir, we didn't take part," Gordon paused in confusion, his mind racing. The more he talked the more things there seemed to be to explain.

"We didn't have any cart, sir," interrupted O'Neil. "You can't advance very far and carry a gun, with only two men."

"Well, anyway," continued Gordon, "the infantry got hell chewed out of them."

"They attacked, did they?" demanded the colonel. "You sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, we heard them. We saw the Boche lights and everything. The Boche went up the road. They're probably in front of us now."

"That's funny," muttered the colonel, rubbing his chin. "That force was ordered to attack at four o'clock because there wasn't a thing in front of them. That jerry counter-attack in the morning was just a feint to give the main body in the woods a chance to get out. But you see a division two sectors over got into a peck of trouble and had to fall back to reorganize, then that made the one on its flank retire. There was a gap in the line, right at this valley, but your machine gun battalion was in back of it to stop anyone getting through."

"Well, when the retirement notice came in, the attack order was counter-

manded, and they were told to retire to this crest, and the machine gun battalion was moved over to the left and back about four kilometers to protect the flank. Now what happens? The machine gun battalion has sent away their carts to God knows where, and they have to carry all their guns for this four kilometer hike. The result is that about two squads arrive and they haven't got any ammunition, by God! And this crazy infantry about three battalions strong, tangles horns with half the German army. Is it any wonder men get grey hair? If I had a quart of booze, I'd get drunk."

There being nothing much to say, the three gunners remained silent. Mackintosh seemed about to speak, then catching Gordon's eye, he remained silent, but made a motion as of one who puts food in his mouth, and then rubbed his stomach.

"Well, sir," began Gordon, "if you'll give us some idea of where the outfit is, we'd like to be going. We haven't had any food for a week or more, and we'd like to get back where we can get some."

"No food? Here, chew on that!"

The colonel took out a cake of chocolate from his mackinaw and handed it to Gordon. The other two leaped toward their corporal like iron to a magnet. Gordon broke the cake into three parts and each one began to crack his teeth on it without further comment.

"How did they get the order to attack?" asked the colonel. "I heard there wasn't a wire working in the sector! A plane couldn't find them because visibility was too low, and these bird-men of ours are dam' cagey about flying low looking for troops after about ten of them were shot down by Boche where Boche weren't supposed to be! How'd they get the order? Did you see it come in? Somebody bring it?"

"No, sir," replied Gordon, with his mouth full of chocolate. "There was a wild crazy lieutenant brought the order, or anyway, that's what I heard."

"Did they say what his name was? Did they know him?"

"Sure they knew him. He's the brigade commander General Lehman's aide. He wears a white trench coat! Gee, it's practical as hell to wear around in all this mud and corruption!"

"General Lehman's aide? That's Lieutenant Tappen. Yes, I know he wears a white trench coat, that's very true. He's a dude officer, but a very capable one, just the same. Good man, that boy. When I was instructor—well, never mind. I know him well. If he gave that order, he had the brigade commander's authority for it."

"Why, he came tearing up here—" began Mackintosh, but stopped short and gulped. The other two looked at him murderously. "Yeh, he sure acted the dam' fool around here," he added weakly.



"What's this?" demanded the colonel, looking at Mackintosh keenly.

"Nothing. They say—that is, Droghan said, he's our mule driver—that it was this officer in the white slicker brought the order to take the carts after rations." He swallowed several times, then grinned as though he had escaped a very imminent danger.

"I doubt it," snorted the colonel. "The brigade commander doesn't send men around feeding machine gun battalions!" He reached into his inner pocket and produced a package of cigarettes. "You men have a smoke? One of the advantages of having a swivel chair job is you get all the tailor-made cigarettes you want. Have one."

They would indeed. The cigarettes tasted queer after the chocolate, but they did not mind. They had no tobacco of their own, and the smoke in their throats had a more reviving effect than wine.

"Listen!" cried Gordon suddenly. "Jesus! What's this? I hear something!"

The others heard likewise, for the sound was perfectly plain. It was the approach of a large body of men.

"They're coming up the hill!" gasped Mackintosh. "It's the Boche!"

He and O'Neil made a jump for the place where they had left the gun.

"No! No!" said the colonel, although he had made a nervous start himself. "Don't get excited, now," he continued. "It's the fog that distorts the sound. The Boche wouldn't march on us in column! What the hell, and up-hill, too? No, that's the crowd that I'm with."

The sound of marching came nearer, then suddenly localized itself as coming from behind, and to the right. In a second or two a long line of men appeared, marching in combat groups, but with very small interval, probably to prevent the men getting lost in the fog. The small portion of the command that appeared to the machine gunners had all the appearance of an attack wave, except that no scouts preceded them.

"Hey!" demanded the colonel, "where's this parade going?"

There was a long whistle blast, the line halted, and at once knelt down. An officer appeared from somewhere, fluttering a map.

"What's this? Oh, hello, Colonel. I've been wondering where our lines were. I haven't hit a thing for fifteen minutes. Well, I've made good time with the fog and everything!"

"Something will hit you in about two minutes more!" said the colonel sourly. "It's none of my business, but I wouldn't go barging through the fog as if you were escorting the mayor or a visiting politician or something. There are Germans in these woods, with no good intentions toward the American Army."

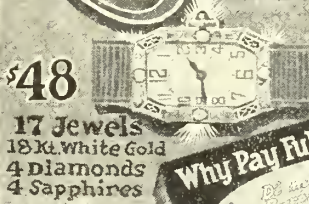
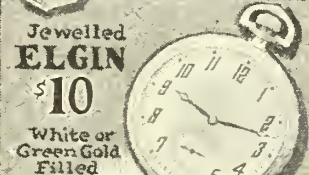
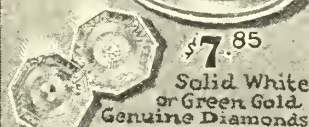
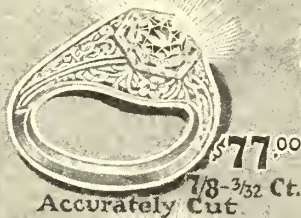
"Yes, but we don't need to take precautions half way back to rest billets!" protested the other.

"Rest billets hell!" roared the colonel. "This is the very front seat in the front line!"

"It can't be!" gasped the other officer. He looked about him, then consulted his map. "Why, it's (Continued on page 50)

# Low Prices None Can Beat!

## DIAMONDS at but a Fraction of Market Price



### Special to Legionnaires!

NEVER in three quarters of a century have we offered more amazing bargains. See this 7/8 less 3/32 carat, snappy brilliant solitaire diamond in handsome mounting. Also hundreds of other money-saving opportunities in latest Diamond Bargain List, equalling those shown here.

This 75-year-old firm, through its soundest of policies has an ever growing business. This largest diamond banking institution, of its kind—a combination of 10 large loan companies; rating \$1,000,000.00 AAA1. We have made loans on diamonds, jewels, etc., in excess of \$35,000,000.00 and still doing an ever increasing loan business. (Read Free List offer below.)

### Why Pay Full Prices Costs Nothing to See

Now, we have thousands and thousands of unpaid loans, which we must sell to get back our cash. Diamonds, Jewels, Watches and other Gems of unusual qualities—at an entirely different price basis—viz: loan values not market values. Also many other special advantages. Sent to your very door at but a fraction of market prices. These are spot cash offers but at our risk we send any bargain you wish for absolutely free examination. No red tape. No obligation. Don't buy unless satisfied you cannot match the bargain at 60 per cent more. See coupon below!

### As Low as \$60 per Carat

Not all, but some. Yes, some even lower priced, but also diamonds of finest qualities priced radically low. Get a diamond now around half its market price. All in classiest of brand new mountings.

### Latest Lists—Unpaid Loans

Unlike the ordinary catalog. Hundreds of Diamond Bargains described in full detail with exact, weight, color, quality, etc. You know what you're buying before you buy. Besides it tells of Guaranteed Loan Value, unlimited exchange privilege at full price paid, and complete details of free examination offer. Send now. A real opportunity! The very stone you wish may be in this list at a price that will amaze you.

References by permission: Bank of Pittsburgh—N. A. Marine National Bank—Union Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Your bank can look us up in mercantile agencies.

### Mail Coupon NOW!

Get this latest Bargain List, now ready. List is free. No obligation. No expense to you. Write NOW!

Jos. DeRoy & Sons, 8774 DeRoy Bldg.,  
Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Gentlemen: Please send me, free and prepaid, your latest bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is understood I assume no obligation of any kind.

GUARANTEED CASH!  
Diamonds bought here are like insurance policies. You know what you can borrow before you decide to buy—SEE OUR CASH BACK GUARANTEE!  
ONLY OPP. POSTOFFICE

## INVENTORS

but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book Patent-Sense gives these facts; sent free. Write.

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C.  
Etab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

## Pathfinder

EVERY WEEK 13 WEEKS  
\$1 A YEAR. 15 CENTS

TRIAL

Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it—the every-week news digest from the Nation's Center. Bright, interesting, dependable, different—nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, fun, lots of pictures, instruction, entertainment. Trial 13 weeks—13 big issues—only 15 Cents. or \$1 for full year. Send now. Address: Pathfinder, Dept. 72, Washington, D.C.



*Treat Colds  
2 ways at  
once*



**M****E****D****I****C****A****L** science tells us: ***To avoid a BIG cold, stop a little one.***

And here's the ideal treatment: Take a rest, a laxative, a light diet, and rub Vicks on throat and chest.

Vicks act on colds two ways at once: (1) Its medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are breathed direct to the inflamed air passages; (2) it stimulates the skin like a poultice.

Use this treatment at the first sign of every little cold and big colds will be almost unknown to you

**TEACHING  
A NATION  
TO AVOID  
SEVERE  
COLDS**

**VICKS  
VAPORUB**

**OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY**

**"Keystone State"  
Parade Bugle**

The new long-model Bugle, especially designed for Legion and Fraternal musical units. Long, rakish lines—stirring, full trumpet tone.

Remarkably easy to blow.  
28 in. long, built in G with slide to F; chords with Military Band.

Staff Sergeant Frank Withey, 3rd Cavalry, Fort Myer, Va., using a Weymann Parade Bugle at Tomb of Unknown Soldier, Arlington.

**Single Bugle, Prepaid - - \$8**  
Quantity prices on request

We organize and equip complete bands, orchestras or string bands for Fraternal, School and Civic Organizations. Sole distributors for Keystone State Band Instruments, Dist'rs. for Ludwig Drums and Buescher True-Tone Band Instruments, and Saxophones.

**[ SPECIAL OUTFIT ]**  
Complete music! equip- \$116.00  
ment for unit of 15 men

Write today for Special Outfit details.  
**H. A. WEYMANN & SON, Inc.**  
Dept. LM-11, 1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Musical Instrument Mfrs. Since 1864

## The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 49)

plain to be seen," he went on, "that this path I've been following is this one marked as a string on the map, and then we come out on the top of a hill, just as we've done, then down the slope on the other side where there's a road. We halt there for five minutes to allow the other units to pivot, then swing northeast and attack the woods. In other words I'm half an hour yet from the enemy!"

"Who told you all this?" asked the colonel.

"Orders from the brigade."

"A lot can go on, Captain," said the colonel, "between the time an intelligence report is issued and the time an outfit takes to get up to the sector that the report was talking about. As nearly as I can make out, we're in just the same situation as we were before yesterday morning's assault, with this difference, that whereas yesterday we had some idea of where we were, this morning nobody knows where anyone is, even the Boche."

"Well, I'm not as bad as that!" replied the captain, with just a touch of pride. "Here, where's my runner? Go tell that Irishman to come up here! I've got a guide, Colonel. He's a driver for the machine gun battalion, and his outfit is right about here."

There were sounds of conversation from the fog, then the rattle of tiny wheels and a man appeared, leading a mule. The three machine gunners exclaimed, for it was Cat-Pie Droghan.

"Now, then," began the captain, "isn't this the road your outfit came up to go into position?"

"It is that, sir," answered Droghan. His eye meanwhile discovered his three friends, at whom he grinned.

"Well, they wouldn't be in front of their own troops, would they?"

"That they would not, Captain."

"So then we'll strike them in a minute or two, won't we?"

"Divvil a bit, sir," replied Droghan.

"WHAT? Didn't you tell me you could guide me up to your outfit? What's this mean? You could find your way up here with your eyes shut the darkest night hell ever brewed!"

"The captain was after asking me if I could find my way to where the outfit was," protested Droghan. "Sure I didn't say that they'd be here now. It's an outfit like another, here today and the morning's morning finds them the other side of the country."

"What the hell would they go away for?" cried the captain.

"Look around," interrupted the colonel.

The captain seemed for the first time to become conscious of the many fresh shell holes, the litter of equipment, the scattered sandbags and all the many signs that he was in a machine gun position, and that whatever outfit had occupied it had caught hell in large chunks.

"Didn't you know your outfit was gone?" the colonel asked Droghan.

"Yes, sir. Sure, I didn't go with them. We went away with the carts in the small of the night. It's fine courage a man must have to be a mule driver, fine courage and much patience. They sent me for food, and I got lost, by reason of the mule, perish the mother of her, lying down on me all the while. Then I come back and the corporal there," indicating Gordon, "sends me away again after ammynition."

"You told me, you great big bog-gal-loper," protested the captain, "that you were coming up here after a gun, and that you'd show me the way like you would to your own mother's kitchen! What the hell do you mean by lying to me?"

"I was coming to that, sir," said Droghan unperturbed. "It was come to be night, and me all bestrayed, what with the mule lyin' down an' all, when I hears cursin' an' rattlin' like the devil's forge, an' men wallowin' like pigs. So I goes up to ask them the way to somewhere out of this mud and bushes that the best dog-fox in Galway would scratch out his eyes in, and 'tis my own outfit, wit' the brave major swearin' himself blue in the face. 'It's Droghan!' they hollers, 'tis the harp that drives for the second squad. Where's your gun?"

"Up on the road, sir," says I, 'and the corporal cracking his throat yelling for ammynition.'

"Go up and get him!" says me brave major, 'sure we've got few enough guns to be leaving them all over the landscape. You're the only cart we have left. Away with ye!' he says. 'We've the whole German Army and the Crown Prince to keep off our backs here, and but half our guns and those without ammynition, sorry fall the way of the son that ordered our carts away from us!'

"Is that what he said," asked the colonel, "or are you adding that on?"

"'Tis what he said, in the very words, and the tongue of me rot out of me mouth and fall on the ground if I mis-said them! Sure, he's not to be blamed for calling the other out of his name. 'Twas a lad in a white slicker, for he laid in wait for us when we were to be coming down the road, and if annywan of the drivers was not lost after hearin' the orders the white slicker give, sure he had eyes on him like the devil's cat!"

"Hmmm!" said the colonel.

"Well, I'll be moving on," began the captain. "If you say there's danger, I'll send out a few patrols. I was ordered to go through until I secured contact with the first battalion, then to leap-frog them."

"Don't hurry," said the colonel, "because the first battalion attacked last night, and the Boche surrounded them. I guess that ends that chapter. These men here saw the attack take place, and what they told me backs up what I'd heard elsewhere. I think you'll find



As though in (Continued on page 52)

## 51



# BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SONS  
Leading Diamond Importers. Save 20 to 40%

For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and latest style cutting. Mounted in 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you ..... **\$145.00**



Ladies' Diamond Ring \$150.00

18K Solid White Gold Ring in exquisitely pierced 4 square-prong design mounted with full cut blue white Diamond and 6 smaller Diamonds set in the step-side effect. A remarkable value ..... **\$150.00**



Ladies' DIAMOND RING \$200.00

Beautiful Solid Platinum Ring, richly hand carved and pierced. Set with fine, full-cut, blue-white Diamond in combination with 2 marquise shaped and 8 smaller Diamonds on the sides ..... **\$200.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:  

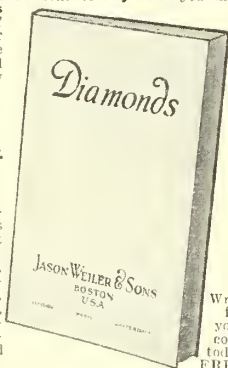
1/2 carat .....	\$31.00	1 carat .....	\$145.00
3/4 carat .....	50.00	2 carats .....	290.00
1 carat .....	73.00	3 carats .....	435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE



39947AL

FOR EX-SERVICE MEN

Military Ring, Solid Gold, Extra Heavy, with insignia of Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, beautifully carved on sides. Set with Genuine Amethyst, Sardonix, Black Onyx, or Synthetic Ruby. Our price direct ..... **\$20.00**

One of the Many Attractive Rings Featured in Our Free 176 Page Catalog.

Write for Free Catalog, "How to Buy Diamonds"

**Jason Weiler & Sons**  
399 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets  
Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Antwerp, Amsterdam and London

## The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 31)

answer, there was another long rolling burst of machine gun fire that swelled as gun after gun joined in, then died gradually away into silence, a silence that was deathlike, so that the fog dripping from the bushes onto the dead leaves made a tremendous noise, and the sound of a man shoving his canteen home in cup and carrier made everyone jump. Men coughed, as an audience does at a theater. Then in three or four seconds of breathless quiet, came another sound. Crack! Whack, slap! Cra-cra-crack!

"By God!" cried the colonel, "that's rifle fire! There's some of 'em left! Get your men up, Captain, and we'll dig those fellows out of there! Surrendered! Who

cares a damn? Man, they're alive and we'll rescue them!"

"Now then," said Gordon hurriedly, "just grab that gun and tripod and throw them on the cart. Turn that jug-head around, Droghan, and we'll move! We've got orders to go back to our outfit!"

Hurriedly Mackintosh and O'Neil complied, but hardly had they got the gun in place on the cart when the colonel appeared, and taking the mule by the bridle, turned his head about again.

"Stick around!" said the colonel, "stick around! I need you!" And he regarded them with a cold and steely eye.

(To be continued)

## Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 15)

and while they were his best and of the latest cut they did not fit me at all. He weighed about one hundred pounds more than I did, and I had to turn up his sleeves and trouser cuffs seven or eight times before I could move comfortably across the deck.

The Old Man had a good time pacing the deck laughing first at one and then at another of his hand-picked soldiers—the neatest that he could find in the entire Army in May, 1917. He made up a game of his own to amuse himself which he called "Who am I?" He used to study the members of the ship's crew and then try to guess whose clothes each soldier was wearing.

After we had passed through the submarine-infested Irish Channel we changed back to our uniforms.

When we arrived at Liverpool the customary military honors were paid the General, and as a special mark of respect one of the British regiments that had fought at Bunker Hill was paraded in his honor. The Old Man was much impressed by the neatness of the individual soldiers. He could hardly wait, it seemed to me, until the end of the parade to tell me how well the soldiers' leather was kept and what a great improvement their polished brass was over the dull-finish buttons worn by our own soldiers.

We rode to London on the King's Special and saw more British soldiers. The Old Man, time and again, repeated his remarks of admiration about their brass and leather. When we arrived in London we were put up at the Hotel Savoy, and before I had a chance to go out to enjoy the sights of the city the General called me in again and looked at my clothes.

"Lanckton," he said, "go out and inspect those British soldiers' uniforms and find out how they keep their brass

polished so well. Look at their buttons. They sparkle in the sunlight. Try to match the neatness and cleanliness of their clothes and the shine and polish of their leather as well—and don't forget some brass polish."

The British soldiers were certainly much smarter in appearance than we. I think the style of uniform, with its open collar, made the big difference, but I must confess that the buttons on their blouses shone like mirrors. It did not take me long to find out how it was done. I went to a British canteen, bought myself some brass polish, a button stick and a brush and put them in my pocket. I had no idea at the time why the Old Man wanted the brass polish.

We reached Paris on June 13th and everybody in France, I thought, was there to welcome us. The General told me that we would go to the Hotel Crillon and directed me to find my own way there in case we got separated. We got separated all right but I did not reach the hotel for forty-eight hours. The French mobs, with a sprinkling of Americans in their midst, cheered and yelled for the Old Man. They surrounded his car, jumped on the running board and just whirled the small band of American soldiers around the streets.

It was the first night in Paris for most of us and we proceeded to do what is always expected of good Americans except that we ate of the choicest dishes and drank of the most famous wines free for nothing and were kissed by some of the most beautiful women in the world. Paris was ours. The General knew it, too, and he did not require any of us to give an account of himself or to explain our absence without permission during our first two days on French soil.

When I returned to the hotel the first



surprise to greet me was a piece of leather wound around the Old Man's waist and looped through his shoulder strap. The General told me it was a Sam Browne belt, and before many days I became well acquainted with that combination of straps, buckles and keepers. I understood now why the Old Man had become so interested in brass polish while we were in England.

While General Pershing buys equipment of all sorts with more or less abandon and probably has a more complete set of military togs than any man in the United States Army, he has, for some reason or other, made an exception in the case of Sam Browne belts. He still has but one—the same one that he bought in Paris on June 13, 1917.

The hours I have spent on that piece of leather would total up into months, years and enlistments. I have washed, scrubbed, scoured and polished that belt, using I don't know how many gallons of lotion to keep it as soft and pliable as a lady's glove. Yet I have never failed to hand it to the Old Man without having some misgivings about the success of my work.

The Old Man always felt that some one else's belt looked just a bit better than the one he was wearing. Before he would put it on he would inspect it closely, look over the keepers, and rub his hand over every metal part. After he buckled it around his waist he would step over to the sunlight and twist and turn until he was completely satisfied that the belt shone like a mirror from every possible angle before he would give that characteristic jerky nod of his head which meant that he was satisfied with the job.

Those first few weeks in Paris were very busy ones for General Pershing. Not only did he have to make preparations for the establishment of his headquarters and for the reception of the greatest army ever transported overseas, but there were a number of courtesy calls to make on the commanders of the Allied forces and honors and receptions to be showered on him by the French people. Very early he had decided to make his headquarters in Chaumont, but for weeks we were trying to keep an establishment in Paris at the same time to make it easier to take care of the ever-increasing social demands.

The Old Man was getting tired under the ordeal and I know he would have preferred to go into the field and fight the war, but he could not afford to neglect the little niceties that were expected of a man in his position.

I remember on one occasion the Old Man had grown quite weary of dinners and parties and had decided to leave for Chaumont at once. He gave me orders to get his bags ready and to hurry things along so that we could leave in a few hours. In the meantime he would rest in his hotel, and he gave orders not to be disturbed.

The General had not been in his room more than fifteen minutes when a chunky, round-faced, jovial-looking French civilian, with the smile of a child and the white drooping (Continued on page 54)



186

**WRIGLEY'S**  
adds the zest that scores.  
Clears the breath, soothes  
the throat after smoking.

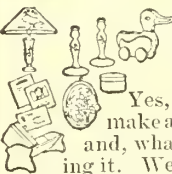
AFTER EVERY MEAL

## ACCOUNTING LESSON FREE

Don't wonder about  
Accounting Courses

Find out about this  
one by trying it free  
Send for our 84-page book  
"How to Learn Accounting"  
and the first lesson free of charge.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, INC.  
A Division of the  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
Dept. 80, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago



## Have Fun Making Money

Yes, You Can—Anybody Can  
make a lot of money right at home  
and, what's more, have real fun do-  
ing it. We show you how, we furnish  
everything necessary on an easy basis.

**Costs Nothing** to learn about our plan; all  
details are given you free.  
Write today for beautifully illustrated idea book  
telling all about our methods which have made so  
many women independent. Learn how easy it is  
to make from \$10 to \$25 per week in the most  
delightful home work you can imagine.

Don't miss this opportunity! Write now. It's FREE.  
**FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES**  
Dept. 44-S ADRIAN, MICH.

## GIVEN FREE

Clip this ad. Write your name,  
address and Amer. Legion Post  
number on the margin and  
this genuine leather multi-  
pass case will be sent you  
by return mail. No money  
down. Nothing to pay  
on delivery. When receiv-  
ed, show it to your friends.  
Many will want one just like  
it. Take only twelve orders  
within two weeks and the sam-  
ple card case will become your  
property. Sells for  
\$2.95. Your profit 60c.  
You can easily sell twelve  
out agency. Send \$2.50 or  
cases first hour but I give  
you two weeks to make good.  
If you cannot obtain the twelve  
orders within two weeks, simply  
remit \$2.95 for sample and agency deal will be called off. Fair  
enough? Send for your sample today. Write plainly and be sure  
to give name and number of your American Legion Post.  
A. K. Redins Mfg. Co., 6046 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

## Easy to Play to Pay

### 6 DAYS' TRIAL

You can get  
any Buescher  
Instrument  
on six days'  
trial, and  
pay for it on  
easy terms  
to suit your  
convenience.  
Write for  
details and  
free litera-  
ture.

### Only a Buescher

Saxophone gives you these extra fea-  
tures—Snap-on Pads greatest im-  
provement, easy to replace,  
no cementing—Patented Au-  
tomatic Octave Key—perfect  
Scale Accuracy—convenient  
key arrangement

### Be Popular Socially Earn Extra Money

playing a sweet-toned Buescher.  
10 evenings—one hour each—will  
astonish and please you. It's easy  
with a Buescher. Tell us what  
instrument you are interested in.  
We'll do the rest. (460)

**Buescher Band Instrument Co.**  
2587 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.



## LOCKTITE—the pipe smoker's choice

It fits the pocket smoothly; keeps tobacco right. It's quick to open or close for the Talon Hookless Fastener always works.

Locktite is stylish. Many fine leathers, rubber or oil silk—from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Choose yours today. For sale wherever smokers' articles are sold. Accept no imitations for genuine Locktites cost no more. (You'll like the Locktite Cigarette Case too. It holds a full package of "twenty.")

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.  
Gloversville, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME

**"Locktite"**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Tobacco Pouches



## NO SELLING

Men, here's real news! No more house-to-house selling, canvassing or soliciting. No more long winded sales arguments—yet you earn \$22 a day—and more. Sounds too good to be true—but you have only to write us—today—and judge for yourself.

### An Amazing Plan!

When you can walk into stores—make 50% profit for the merchant, without asking him to buy anything, and make BIG money for yourself—you'll agree our plan IS amazing. More than this, it's new—different—and requires no selling experience whatever. Don't let this chance slip. Send your name and address—Now! Quincy Co., Dept. 859, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Pays  
\$22.00  
a Day

## A Ring You Will Be Proud to Wear SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds—No Chips  
\$25



No. 6132—Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds 14-Kt. White Gold Top. Emblem (any Lodge) or any initial (Old English) yellow or white Gold, inlaid in Genuine

\$25

HOPE RUBY or Black Onyx

Mention if desired in solid white gold or green gold, same price.

This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds.

No. 6746. Genuine Double Head Cameo (raised hand carved heads), 1-piece stone. Heavy Shank, in White solid gold or Green Gold. Genuine Stone—onyx, (nicely shaded).

Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired, and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Jewelry Catalog. Terms—6 Months to Pay

Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.

"The Mail-Order House"

Dept. AL or at your Jeweler's

531 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.



No. 6746

\$24

Exact size of ring

## Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 53)

mustaches of a grandfather, appeared. He had two younger men with him, one of whom asked me in English to take the party to General Pershing.

"General Pershing is very busy. Could I take your message?" I asked.

"No, we must see him."

We sparred for a few minutes, I determined to keep them away from the Old Man, and the young Frenchman equally determined to bring his party to the General.

Finally the young Frenchman pushed a card into the palm of my hand and told me to take it to General Pershing. I took one look at it and galloped up the stairs to the General's chambers. I had been trying to keep Marshal Joffre from returning General Pershing's call. I should have known the great French soldier even in civilian clothes, but I had my mind only on carrying out my orders not to disturb the Old Man.

The General had hardly recovered from the embarrassment I caused him in the case of General Joffre when some careless person in our midst proceeded to create an even more delicate situation with the King of the Belgians.

King Albert had been very hospitable to General Pershing at Brussels. The Old Man seemed to feel more at home with him than he did with other members of European royalty, and even with many of the Allied generals in the field. The trip to Belgium had come shortly after our tour among the French dignitaries and the Old Man must have felt much freer when he found he could talk to someone in English. The Old Man at that time was speaking French of the Quartermaster issue variety—not that I could understand what he was saying, but I could not help but notice that he was talking about one-tenth as fast as the Frenchmen and stuttering through every sentence. King Albert opened the conversation with the General in English and it remained in the same language while we were in Belgium.

A short time after we returned to Chaumont General Pershing received word from the King of the Belgians that he would come down to spend the week-end with us. Preparations for his arrival were made immediately. We set aside a suite of rooms for him and worked night and day making them comfortable. Every day the rooms were inspected by one of the General's aides, and on the morning set for the King's arrival his quarters were a model of cleanliness and neatness.

We did not have all the luxuries he might have enjoyed at home, but we made certain that he had all the necessities at least. We even acquired a tin tub and placed it under a spigot ready for his immediate use. The last idea came from the brain of one of General Pershing's aides. On the morning of the

King's expected arrival the aide went up to the royal chambers in person to assure himself that the royal tub had been properly placed.

The King arrived late that morning and was ushered into his rooms. He had hardly got up the stairs when one of his staff officers came rushing down calling for a pair of rubber boots. Behind him, but not quite at the same pace, came King Albert, his boots all splashed with water. I dashed past the royal party and into the King's room. The floor was a pond, with the special tin tub floating in the middle. It seems that one of the maids had walked into the royal suite after the morning's inspection, turned on the spigot and then forgot to shut it off.

King Albert thought the whole affair a huge joke, but the Old Man saw little humor in it. For the next two weeks the soldiers in headquarters toed the mark and took no liberties.

While we were visiting British headquarters, a little while after this, we were treated to an air raid by the Germans. I was directly behind General Pershing when the first bomb dropped. Without a thought about my General I disappeared and ran up the stairs. Close behind me was General Haig's orderly. We looked at each other, both rather ashamed of ourselves for abandoning our chiefs at such a precarious moment, and started back toward headquarters. We looked out on the lawn and there stood both Generals Haig and Pershing, seeming unconcerned, talking along as if nothing were happening.

The Old Man saw me sneak back, but said nothing. Next morning he asked me how I had enjoyed the raid. I felt I had to tell him of my disgraceful retreat, but he seemed to know all about it.

"Lanckton," he said, "bullets have a way of chasing after those who run."

Many a time in those seventeen months in France I was tempted to step aside or duck when shells whizzed over my head, but the Old Man's words held me.

After the American forces got into action, there were air raids galore in which we were caught. At first raids seemed to follow us wherever we went, but I guess after awhile the Boche got tired trying to keep up with us.

We often started out in the morning to inspect the troops at the front knowing in advance that we would have to be back to Paris on time for an evening appointment. Although the General's car always got the right of way, it was physically impossible to be on time everywhere. Many a soldier who grumbled because he had to stand out in the rain or snow waiting for the Old Man's inspection never had an idea of the amount of trouble and effort it usually meant for the Old Man to get there at



all. There were days and days of no rest, and there were many nights when the Old Man had to sleep in his car.

I usually accompanied the General on these inspection trips, and I made it my business to be prepared for any emergency which would require the help of an orderly. I used to carry in my musette bags a complete toilet kit, a change of linen and sufficient food to make a meal or two.

I remember well a cold spring morning in 1918 outside of Nancy when the Old Man had been going along for almost twenty-four hours and suddenly learned that he had an appointment with Marshal Foch at nine o'clock the same morning.

General Pershing, who would not think of coming to a meeting unless he presented his characteristic spick-and-span appearance, had me draw up the curtains of the car while he bathed in my canvas water bag, shaved and changed his linen. I prepared a breakfast on the running board for him and Colonel Boyd, who accompanied him. When the General arrived to greet Marshal Foch he looked as if he had just walked out of his hotel room. He had the remarkable power of always looking fresh, and it seemed as though a rest of but an hour or two sometimes was sufficient to revive him completely.

I remember only one occasion when he came to a conference in dirty boots, and that was the fault of an overconscientious doughboy. The Old Man had just come from Paris with Colonel Boyd, and was dressed in his best clothes preparatory to making an inspection of the First Division. He had an appointment in Paris for the same night to meet some dignitary.

We were coming through Souilly during a pouring rain over a slimy road when a sentry stopped us. I flashed the General's four stars for right of way, but the sentry insisted on halting us.

"Dismount to be recognized!" he yelled.

The Old Man told me to get out to tell him who was in the car. I got out in mud over my ankles.

"Who else is in that car?" asked the sentry.

"General Pershing and his aide, Colonel Boyd," I answered.

"Tell them to get out of the car. Those are my orders."

I tried to explain that it was General John J. Pershing himself, Commanding General of the A. E. F., but the doughboy would not listen.

"Tell them to dismount."

I went back to the car. The Old Man was getting rather impatient and told Colonel Boyd to dismount and get the sentry to let the car through.

The Colonel stepped out into the mud and I saw his boots sink down below his spurs. I used to shine his leather as well as the General's, and instead of paying attention to the conversation between the sentry and the colonel I tried to figure out how long it was going to take me to put a good polish on those boots when we returned to Paris.

Colonel Boyd (Continued on page 56)

## New! Wonderful!

### Super-Eight — 100% Electric

#### 8 TUBES—SINGLE DIAL RADIO

#### Coast-to-Coast

Shipped Direct from Our Factory on

## 30 Days Free Trial

[Battery or Electric]

Metro's latest achievement—the world's greatest electric radio set. Powerful long distance 8 tube receiver—clearness of tone that is astounding—ultra-selective. Radio engineers pronounced it the ultimate for all-around perfection. To prove our claims, we will send this marvelous set to you direct from our factory on **30 days' free trial**. Compare its quality, beauty and price with any other radio on the market, and decide to keep it only after you are satisfied that the new 1929 Metrodyne Super-Eight is the peer of them all.

# Metrodyne

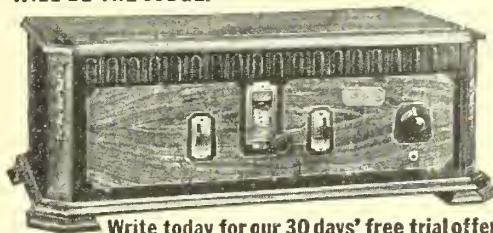
## SUPER-EIGHT ELECTRIC

### Save 1/2—Low Price a Big Feature

Amazingly low price! Console or table cabinet. Low cost of distribution direct from our factory enables us to save you about half regular value. Never before have you been offered such sets at such low prices. We are so sure of their quality, beauty and performance pleasing you that we will let you try one for **30 days** before deciding to keep or return it.

### SUPER QUALITY THROUGHOUT

Eight powerful tubes. Highest quality low loss parts. Illuminated single dial. Positive switch control—simply turn a knob and it's on. Select your stations with accuracy at any desired volume. Beauty of tone unsurpassed. Console and table cabinets are handsomely grained genuine walnut, hand rubbed, in two-tone effect—artistically carved trimmings. All metal parts finished in two-tone gold. Seeing is believing. **YOU WILL BE THE JUDGE.**



Write today for our 30 days' free trial offer

## Metro Electric Company

JOHN HANCOCK SERIES

## DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE

**WE HAVE** issued an officially approved facsimile parchment copy of the famous Declaration, suitable for framing.

You may have one of these, **Free of charge**, upon written application to

INQUIRY BUREAU

*John Hancock*  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

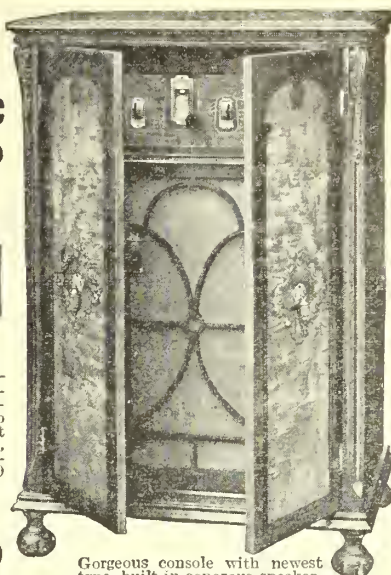
197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me **FREE** facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. (I enclose 5c. to cover postage.)

Name .....

Address .....

A.L.M. OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN BUSINESS



Gorgeous console with newest type, built-in sonorous speaker. Reproduces entire range of vocal and instrumental music, amazingly clear and distinct. Low, direct-from-the-factory price on **30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**.

### Agents and Dealers

The 1929 Super-Eight line offers great money making opportunities. Nothing like them for high quality—nothing near them in price. Let us prove this by shipping you a **DEMONSTRATION SET** on

### 30 Days' Free Trial

Test it—compare it—demonstrate it to prospective radio buyers. Get our liberal discounts—exclusive territory—newspaper and billboard advertising offer that will help sell Metrodyne radios quickly.

We are one of the pioneers of radio. The success of Metrodyne sets is due to our liberal **30 days' free trial** offer, which gives you the opportunity of trying before buying. Thousands of Metrodynes have been bought on our liberal free trial basis. We will send you hundreds of letters from owners who acclaim the Metrodyne as the greatest radio set in the world. A postal letter or the coupon brings complete information, testimonials, wholesale prices and our liberal **30 days' free trial** offer—**WRITE TODAY!**

**Metrodyne Radio Sets are Equipped for Battery or Electric Operation**

2161-71 North California Avenue  
Dept. 17 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## Mothers—Try Mild Children's Musterole

**Just Rub Away Pain**

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know **CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE**—Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.



CHILDREN'S  
**MUSTEROLE**  
WILL NOT BLISTER  
MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



**LOFTIS**  
BROS. & CO. 1838  
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS  
Dept. F-38 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Stores in Leading Cities

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

**DIAMONDS WATCHES**

No. 899 \$200 \$50.00 a Week  
No. 27 \$75 \$1.75 a Week  
No. 900 \$37.50 \$1.00 a Week  
No. 901 \$50 \$1.25 a Week

**Diamonds for Christmas**  
Beautiful sparkling blue white Diamonds, set in solid 18-k white gold mountings, artistically designed and engraved. Complete variety! Buy from the old reliable House of Loftis, jewelers for 70 years—we are direct importers and save you all middlemen's profits! Jewels, watches, silverware, and gift articles at lowest prices—order today!

**CREDIT TERMS:** All goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth purchase price. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, at your convenience.  
**BIG DIAMOND BOOK FREE!** Write today for our big 132 Page Catalog—absolutely free. Fully illustrates Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Dresser Sets and Gift Novelties.

**Wedding Rings!**  
No. 897—Elgin "Legionnaire"—reliable Elgin with white or green gold filled case and raised figured dial. \$25.00—7 Diamonds, \$80; 5 Diamonds, Down and \$2.50 a Month.  
No. 824—The "Elite"—\$750 solid 18-k white gold set with 3 Diamonds. \$22.50; 5 Diamonds. \$32.50; 7 Diamonds. \$42.50; 9 Diamonds. Jewel movement. All platinum, \$25. With 3 Diamonds. \$17.50. \$1.75 a Week.  
No. 898—Modern watch. Paris style. 15-monds. \$42.50; 9 Diamonds. Jewel movement. All platinum, \$25. With 3 Diamonds. \$17.50. \$1.75 a Week.

**Railroad Watches — Guaranteed to Pass Inspection**  
Hamilton No. 992, 21 Jewels. Adjusted to 5 positions. \$55  
Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case  
Elgin's Latest Raymond, 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments. Runs \$55  
40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Year Quality Case  
Illinois "Bunn Special," 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 positions. \$50  
Stone, Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case

**SOLD ON OUR REGULAR CREDIT TERMS.**

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.**

## CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY



Judge Simmons

A SIMPLE Scientific System of Christian thought and life. Gives Christianity the power of godliness as well as the form. Puts into it the living vibrant force which brings prosperity, love, achievement, health, happiness, peace and more abundant life. Not a religion, nor a sect, but a movement within the churches, loyal to their work and ministry. Based squarely upon the teachings of Jesus as verified, explained and practically applied by modern science. Prepared by Judge Daniel A. Simmons, world-famed psychologist, jurist, author and teacher. Judge Simmons has set forth the fundamental working principles of Christian Psychology in a wonderful lecture entitled "The Kingdom of God." This lecture will be

### SENT COMPLETE AND FREE

as a work of loving personal service on our part, rendered in the name and spirit of Him who said: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Send for it today.

**THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PSYCHOLOGY**  
2011 LAW EXCHANGE BUILDING, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

**The U.S. Government Job is a Good Job.**

**\$1260 to \$3400 A YEAR**

**STEADY WORK**  
Vacation With Full Pay

**Ex-Service Men Get Preference**

**VALUABLE COUPON**  
Mail it today SURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, DEPT J193  
ROCHESTER, N. Y. (No connection with U. S. Govt.)  
Rush to me FREE OF CHARGE, list of U. S. Government BIG PAY JOBS now available. Send FREE 32 page book telling salaries, duties, hours, etc., with sample coaching and particulars regarding preference to Ex-Service Men. Tell me how I can get a position.  
Name.....  
Address.....

## Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 55)

came back looking rather flushed and told the General that the stubborn sentry would not let the car go by unless everybody in it got out.

The Old Man threw back his head in disgust. "Lanckton, tell that man that General Pershing is in this car and must be passed."

I jumped out of the car again and this is the conversation that took place as I remember it:

"Here, sentry, you better pass this car before you get in trouble. General Pershing is in there."

"Sergeant, my orders are to have the occupants of every car dismount before I let them pass."

"But do you realize who this is? General Pershing, the Commanding General."

"I don't give a damn if it's Jesus Christ. Those are my orders."

That last remark the Old Man heard himself, and he slowly got out of the car. The rain began to come down in torrents. The General slipped and slid across the road, spattering mud and slush in all directions. His highly polished boots lost all semblance of the shine I had worked into them for hours and his overcoat became covered with heavy streaks of soft clay. The sentry waited until the General came to within six paces of him and executed a smart present arms.

The Old Man returned the salute just as smartly.

"I am sorry," the sentry began to explain, "that I had to make you get out of the car in all this mud and rain, but those were my orders."

The Old Man said nothing but sent his aide back a second time to get the sentry's name, serial number, rank, and organization.

The next day an order was issued from First Division headquarters, at General Pershing's direction, promoting the buck private sentry to the rank of sergeant.

The new sergeant probably enjoyed his promotion, but I rather think he got more fun out of stopping the Old Man on that muddy highway than he ever did out of the chevrons won from the Commander-in-Chief himself.

I accompanied Secretary of War Baker on his first inspection of the Western Front and Italy. The absence of dining service on the train to Rome was something of an annoyance, so I was kept busy frying eggs for Mr. Baker in the washroom of the coach over a small oil stove.

The Secretary was evidently pleased with my service, for when he returned to France he asked General Pershing to allow me to go back to the United States with him to take part in some of the loan drives that were being made at that time. The Old Man let me go. I

visited New York, Washington, and Cleveland, saw my family and at the end of two weeks went back to my old job in Europe.

When Secretary Baker came to France a second time, in the fall of 1918, he asked for me and General Pershing detailed me again as his orderly. On September 26, 1918—the day the Meuse-Argonne drive opened—while I was running over to the car that was to carry the Secretary, I slipped, and the next thing I knew I was on the way to the hospital. Lying on one's back for a number of weeks is not a happy situation for anyone, but what happened to me while I was at Base Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly more than compensated me for my injuries and made me contented with my lot in the Army, even as a cripple.

My first visitor at the hospital was Secretary Baker. A few of the General's aides came later, and in the early part of November the Old Man came himself to see me.

"We have the Germans on the run, Lanckton," he informed me enthusiastically. "We have got them beat. We are breaking through."

In spite of the wearied lines on the Old Man's face his eyes sparkled and he seemed happy. Before he left the hospital he talked a few minutes to all of the patients. As he got near the door, the hospital attendants were bringing in a young doughboy who had been shot through the stomach. The Old Man bent over to look at him. The young soldier's eyes opened wide and he tried to sit up.

"Aren't you General Pershing?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," answered the General. "Well, let me shake your hand."

The two shook hands and the Old Man backed out of the shabby building, never removing his eyes from the wounded soldier, and trying to smile as he waved good-bye to him.

The wounded man was placed on his cot. He leaned over on his elbow, and spoke in a subdued whisper, yet in a voice that resounded through the quiet room loud enough to be heard by all of us.

"I shook hands with General Pershing. Did you guys see him smile?"

Those were his last words.

Of course, General Pershing could hardly be expected to call on his orderly at the hospital when so much was going on, but that he often thought of me I have no doubt. I have spent a great part of the last eight years in hospitals both in this country and abroad, and the fact that the Old Man himself was interested in my recovery meant more to me than all the medicine and operations in the world which it seemed I had to endure.

The letters I received from him while



in the hospital are my most valued possessions from my long service in the Army. Here are two of the General's letters:

Oct 13

73, Rue de Varenne [Paris]

My dear Lanckton—

We arrived very unexpectedly about 8:30 this evening, and Col. Boyd immediately telephoned to inquire how you were getting along. I am very glad to hear that you are much better and sincerely hope that you will soon be around again.

Please do not worry any about me as Sergeant Cohen is looking after me and is doing things very much as you do.

I need not tell you how sorry I was to hear of your accident, as I wrote you at the time, nor need I say how much I miss you. You already must know that, but I am very anxious to have you get well and strong again.

You will keep up your splendid courage, for that counts a lot. I am sure you will not get despondent.

Miss Frillac tells me that she sees you often. So if you need anything you can tell her, and perhaps she could write a letter for you. I should like to hear how you progress.

With all good wishes and with the hope that you will soon be out again, I remain,

Yours as ever,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

73, Rue de Varenne

My dear Lanckton—

I hear you are getting on well but slowly. Of course it takes those things a long time to get all right.

I have recent letters from Warren and he seems to be getting on in school.

I am sorry you are not to be out during the President's visit, as I shall need you very much. In fact I need you all the time.

We are travelling about a great deal these days and have just returned from Metz and Strassbourg, but am not often at Chaumont these days.

Well! Good luck to you—keep up your grit.

Sincerely yours,

Tuesday Nov. 10 JOHN J. PERSHING.  
Paris

I have been carried on the rolls as the orderly to the Commanding General of the Armies since the Armistice, and have accompanied General Pershing on a number of his trips throughout the United States as well as on the Tacna-Arica journey.

I think the hardest and most trying job the Old Man had came after the Armistice in Tacna-Arica. Here was General Pershing, successful commander of the greatest body of men ever gathered under the American flag, detailed to handle a job, which, to be perfectly frank, did not interest the American people at all. At least, it seemed that way to me. Yet, soldier that he was, he went after the job with his characteristic enthusiasm. I could tell you a lot about that tough assignment in South America, but I'll have to leave it to Sergeant Ceto. He has been the Old Man's orderly since 1919, while I have spent most of the last eight years in hospitals.

*Sergeant Ceto's story will appear in next month's issue.*



## Astonishing Invention Gives Any Razor Blade A New Kind of Edge!

Brings the Keenest, Coolest Shaves Any Man Can Imagine and Ends "Razor Burn" Forever! Makes Any Type of Blade Last Almost Indefinitely! See Special TRIAL OFFER Below!



NOW you can say "Good-bye" to stinging painful shaves. Now you can turn your back forever on dull blades that pull and skim without cutting. For science has discovered an amazing way to multiply the sharpness of ordinary razor blades to a degree that almost challenges belief!

Never before has there been such a revolutionary improvement as now made possible by KRISS-KROSS! With almost human precision it gives blades a new kind of edge and makes them last almost indefinitely. C. S. Stephenson of Oklahoma writes that he has been using the same blade for one year and 9 months and that it is "still going strong!" And dozens of others report as high as 365 shaves from a single blade.

KRISS-KROSS is so remarkable that it is more a blade-rejuvenator than a stropper. Works on all blades except Durham. Reproduces the secret

diagonal stropping-stroke of the master barber. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take!

### TRIAL OFFER

Right now—for a limited time only—we are making a generous no-risk 30 day offer on KRISS-KROSS, including a surprising 3-way razor FREE. This unique razor slides instead of pulling. Simply ZIPS through the toughest beard! Find out about it to-day. Mail the coupon now!

**Rhodes KRISS KROSS**  
RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. S-413 STROPPER  
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. S-413  
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, please send me details of trial on KRISS-KROSS, together with offer of 3-way razor FREE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Check here if interested in becoming representative.

**AGENTS!** Make \$75 a week and up just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and men in your locality. Full or spare time. J. C. Kellogg (Kan.) made \$200 in 7 days spare time alone! Why not get your share? Check bottom of coupon for generous offer and mail it now!

## AGENTS \$6 A DAY



taking orders for No-Frost—the amazing new preparation that keeps rain, snow, frost, mist and steam off auto windshields, show windows, mirrors, etc. A sensation everywhere. No hunting for prospects. Auto owners, bus drivers, store keepers, housewives buy on sight. Steady repeat business. Big income every day.

### \$83 First 5 Days

Victor Baumann made \$83 first 5 days. Mrs. Roof averages \$50 a week spare time. You can do as well. No capital or experience needed. We furnish everything. Don't miss this chance. You risk nothing. Earnings start at once. Wonderful opportunity for men and women everywhere. Write quick for Profit-Sharing Offer.

American Products Company  
792 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.



## OLD MONEY AND STAMPS WANTED

**POST YOURSELF!** It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big premiums. Offer \$100 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel [not buffalo] and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS  
Dept. 309 FORT WORTH, TEXAS  
(Established 28 Years)

## AMAZING CAP OUTFIT

### Free!



Just out! Absolutely new! Write or wire today for amazing new Taylor Cap Outfit. S. W. Allen of California made \$40.80 in one day. Just showing beautiful

styles and rich RAINPROOF fabrics. Charles Horstman walked off with 53 orders in 8 hours. Scores of men making big money this new, easy way.

### \$20 A Day Easy!

YOU can also make more money than ever, by showing wonderful Taylor Caps. Guaranteed rain-proof, an exclusive feature which sells the

caps with lightning speed. You pour water on Taylor Cap and it rolls off without moistening fabric. Wear cap in rain or snow and it remains perfectly dry. Amazing three-minute demonstration convinces every man. You keep big commissions in advance on every order. Every cap made-to-measure and carefully tailored throughout. Delighted customers tell their friends.

Send Name and Address

New styles and fabrics most beautiful of season. Complete equipment now ready. Write today. Let us send you this big money-making opportunity FREE—without obligation.

**TAYLOR CAP MFGRS.**  
Dept. 1-L Cincinnati, Ohio

**FREE  
CAPS  
TO  
AGENTS**



# Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents



Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller—an item that nets you 100% profit—an item that sells itself to 7 out of 10 men on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

**Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65**

This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate. Lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

**Get Your Machine FREE**

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring you over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

**C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 738**

173 W. Madison St. Chicago

## It's Easy To Play a Drum

You can now learn in record time by this simple method. 12 large wall charts—36" x 36". Complete course. Write for further information.

**Leedy Mfg. Co.**

1037 Palmer Street  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



**\$100  
a week  
for  
YOU**

## Selling SHIRTS

Neckwear & Underwear  
Big Cash Profits paid daily. Extra Bonuses. One of the world's largest factories works with you. Send for FREE selling outfit. Write now—Dept. 116S

**Vanderbilt Mills, 360-6th Av. N. Y. City**

**WANTED MEN—A chance to start your own business MAKING METAL TOYS AND NOVELTIES. As Our Representative.**



**EITHER FULL TIME OR SPARE TIME**  
Big demand for Toy Soldiers, Animals, 5 and 10c Store Novelties, Ashtrays, Auto Radiator Ornaments, etc. We co-operate in selling goods you make; also buy these from you. Small investment needed to start and we help you to build up. We furnish COMPLETE OUTFITS and start you in well paying business. Absolutely NO EXPERIENCE and no special place needed. A chance of a lifetime for man with small capital. Write AT ONCE for full information, if you mean business and want to handle BIG CHRISTMAS ORDERS now being placed.  
**METAL CAST PRODUCTS COMPANY**  
Dept. L. 1636 Boston Road New York City

## FREE RADIO GUIDE

Radio has been changing so fast lately that it's hard to keep up with it. Barawik's Big Radio Guide will keep you posted on the newest wrinkles. Thousands of illustrations of sets, parts, new ideas. Big chance to save big money. Send for free copy now.



**BARAWIK CO., 1911A Canal Sta. CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

## Our First War With Germany

(Continued from page 23)

post office, for whom its delivery would have spelled death. His "masterpiece of pleasantry," as Stevenson calls it, occurred, chronologically, some time later, when he made a slight violation of neutral territory the pretext for a very ingenious and amusing intrigue. Some armed men from the camp of Tamasese had taken charge of the house of a half-caste named Scanlon (supposed to have been an American subject, although the matter was long debated by the Germans), and had threatened to kill his pigs. The humorist Leary chose to consider the affair in the light of an atrocity.

It was a joyous incident and for a time it had Becker quite frantic. The Germans, as the easiest way out of the matter, sought to buy off Scanlon. They were vastly worried by a solemn communication from Leary seeking to "locate responsibility for violations of American rights," and pointing out that the natives of Mulinuu (where Tamasese had established his headquarters and near which Scanlon lived) appeared to be under the protection of the Imperial German naval guard. Scanlon, no doubt primed by the American commander, refused all offers of reparation, and the upshot of the affair was that Tamasese removed his government from Mulinuu. Yes, Commander Leary's sense of humor was pronounced, and there is little doubt that out of the episode of the Samoan Islands, one man, at least—Richard Leary—had a great deal of fun.

To the Germans, of course, Leary was infuriating. However, he could be as firm as he could be mischievous, and he asserted frankly, after the affair at Manono, that if the *Adler* interfered again, he would himself take a hand in the game. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Consul Becker, thinking at a blow to intimidate the rebellious natives and the annoying Leary, urged the *Adler's* captain to bombard the rebel position at Apia.

The *Adler* and the *Adams* were both wooden vessels of an old school, but the German's guns were of a superior order and the American's were not. The difference in armament did not worry Leary, however, and when the *Adler* steamed out to position, the German ensign at her peak, the *Adams* was at her heels. Presumably, Leary was trailing for purposes of observation; but when the corvette swung about and brought her broadside guns to bear upon the shore, a roll of drums was heard aboard the *Adams*, volumes of smoke poured from her funnel, and the gunboat flashed in between the *Adler* and the village, her guns at port and trained upon the German vessel.

Shortly thereafter, while peace and war trembled in the balance, a small boat put out from the *Adams* and Commander Leary and his staff, in full uniform, were conveyed to the *Adler*. Leary spoke briefly. "If you fire," he said, "you must fire through the ship which I

have the honor to command. I shall not be answerable for the consequences." Having spoken, he briskly took his leave and returned to his own ship.

The responsibility was too great for Fritze. Realizing that his first shot would be the signal for war between his own country and the American republic, he steamed away, and Leary, soon afterward, set sail for Honolulu, to send dispatches.

Meanwhile, Mataafa had been crowned king by the revolutionists, and by November of 1888, a brisk warfare was in progress between the opposing Samoan armies. Additional German war vessels arrived, and there was a new consul to succeed Becker—a certain Dr. Knappe. In the rifle-pits near the mouth of the Fuisa and contiguous to Apia, lay a detachment of Mataafa's warriors, commanded by one Seumanu, and with them was a reckless American newspaper correspondent, John Klein of the New York *World*, who, it is said, also served the revolutionists in the capacity of military adviser. In time, it became the German plan to fall upon the revolutionaries at this point, and seize their leaders.

Before daylight, on December 18th, a battalion of German marines was landed and marched stealthily through the forest. It was fired upon by the Samoans within an hour of its landing, and shortly there was a general engagement, as a result of which the Germans were whirled back in retreat. The actual losses on either side are uncertain, but it is certain that on both sides men were killed and wounded. Knappe, furious, determined to follow up the shore engagement with shells from the squadron, and Vice-consul Blacklock (U. S. A.), in the absence of Sewall, telegraphed the situation to Washington in the following words:

"Germans swear vengeance. Shelling and burning indiscriminately, regardless of American property. Protest unheeded. Natives exasperated. Foreigners' lives and property in greatest danger. Germans respect no neutral territory. Americans in boats, flying. American flag seized in Apia harbor by armed German boats, but released. Admiral with squadron necessary immediately."

The ravished flag was that of a Captain Hamilton, and it had been trampled upon and torn to shreds.

Until this time, it must be admitted, Washington had paid little attention to the situation in Samoa. The islands were a long way off. Save for those citizens whose small sons collected postage stamps (and those whose business it was to know), it is probable that the name meant nothing whatever. Blacklock's dispatch and the insult to Captain Hamilton's flag inflamed the country. A warlike temper began to display itself, and President Cleveland responded to the nation's mood. The warships *Nipsic* and *Vandalia* were hurried off to Apia, and



were shortly followed by the *Trenton*, the flagship of Admiral Kimberly, a sail-or of the "fine old sea-dog" type. The British, some time previously, had ordered the *Calliope* (Captain Kane) to the scene of impending disaster.

The commander of the *Nipsic*, Cap-tain Dennis W. Mullan—a name certain-ly as Irish as Leary's—upon his arrival visited Knappe, on board the *Adler*, and forced a period of delay. He also warned Mataafa of Knappe's sanguinary plans, and so brought about the evacuation of Laulii, where the rebel king had in-trenched himself. Thus, Laulii, when eventually it was shelled, was empty. Klein, the correspondent, meanwhile, had taken refuge on the *Nipsic*, whose commander flatly refused to surrender him to the Germans. With every mo-ment, the situation was becoming more tense.

In January of 1889, following seizure by the Germans of the British ship *Rich-mond*, carrying contraband of war, mar-tial law was proclaimed for the Samoan Islands, the introduction of contraband was expressly forbidden, and all ships were declared liable to search. It was further asserted by the Germans that all support of the rebels would be punished by martial law, whatever the nationality of the offending person. The British consul retorted by throwing doubt upon Knappe's authority to declare war, and Knappe replied that, in point of fact, the Imperial German government had been at war since December 19th. A counter-proclamation was issued by the Briton, declining martial law for British subjects. In a warning letter, Knappe threw down the gauntlet, but denied that hostilities were intended against Great Britain. However, Knappe was doubt-ful about his position in the matter, and he took the question up with the Wil-helmstrasse. By the end of the month, the consular furor was under examina-tion by Bismarck, who confounded his consul by refusing to stand back of him. The unhappy Knappe thereupon capitulated. Martial law was suspended and Captain Fritze relinquished control of the police.

Meanwhile, in America, public opinion was at white heat. The tacit failure of the Washington conference, Sewall's evi-dence before a sub-committee on foreign relations, Blacklock's vigorous dispatch from the scene of action, a proposal to try Klein before a military court, the tatters of Captain Hamilton's flag—all these had combined, at length, to stir an angry sentiment. In Honolulu, young Germans and young Americans came to blows.

By the second week of March, three American warships lay in Apia bay—the *Nipsic*, the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton*; three German vessels—the *Adler*, the *Eber* and the *Olga*; and the British *Cal-liope*. The anchorage was further in-commoded by the presence of six mer-chantmen and a number of smaller craft. The harbor, not a large one, was sadly cluttered, and the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton*, perforce, lay not within the harbor proper but outside in the pas-sage. There was (Continued on page 60)

## PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION



### One Ball and the Game is Won

*Excitement runs high. And although he hasn't played much, the youngster will probably make it. That's why billiards is so fasci-nating — so absorbing — the unexpected usually does happen.*

**B**ILLIARDS furnishes a diversity of enter-tainment that keeps the game new, alive, absorbing, irrespective of the number, or the age, the sex or the experience of the players engaged.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmos-phere of the modern billiard room, recrea-tion center or at home. Brunswick home billiard tables now as low as \$8.95! Each model irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan

(only a small down payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities. Mail the coupon for free catalog.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Toronto

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
Dept. 105, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog, giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## I'll Pay Your Bills



and give you a steady income for the rest of your life, if you'll take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Full or spare time. You don't invest one cent, just be my local partner. Make \$15.00 a day easy.

Ride in a Chrysler Sedan I furnish and distribute teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people eat. I furnish everything, includ-ing world's finest super sales outfit containing 32 full size packages of highest quality prod-ucts. Lowest prices. Big, permanent repeat business. Quality guaranteed by \$25,000.00 bond. With person I select as my partner, I go 50-50. Get my amazing offer for your lo-cality. Write or Wire.

C. W. VAN DE MARK

Dept. 962-MM, 117 Duane St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Copyrighted 1928 by the Health-O Quality Products Co.

## MASONS



Latest style genuine selected leather, gold trimmings; 5 win-dow card case, Ma-sonic emblem stamp-ed in heavy gold.

Sent for \$2 to help cover cost, just to get our catalogue in the hands of Masons. The case is a dandy. Your name or other stamping 35c a line extra. Pin a dollar to this. Money back if not entirely satisfied. Larger and better cases from \$2. up to \$5. Masonic Books, Monitors, Jewelry and Lodge Supplies for over 69 yrs.

REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO. INC.  
200 Fifth Ave. Dept. L.C., New York



## Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

**STEADY WORK — NO LAYOFFS — PAID VACATIONS**

Your Honorable Discharge Entitles You to Special Preference

Common Education Sufficient

## Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Railway Postal Clerks Mail Carriers  
Postoffice Clerks  
Prohibition Agents—Investigators  
**\$141 to \$225 MONTH**

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. J185  
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with lists of positions obtainable, sample coaching and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## \$351<sup>00</sup> CLEARED ~ IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from California man reports \$11275 sales in three months; New Jersey \$4000 profits in two months; Pennsylvania \$3000 profits in four months. Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August. Iwata bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers all over town. It's a good old word after all". Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



Wholesale or retail. Big profits either way. No town too small. Business is pleasant, fascinating and dignified. You manufacture a food product

### WE START YOU IN BUSINESS

Furnish secret formulas, raw material and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

### Build a Business of Your Own

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

### Profits \$1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

**LONG-EAKINS COMPANY**

1143 High Street Springfield, Ohio

**CROWN UNIFORM CO., INC.**  
323 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

**UNIFORMS**  
For Your Legion Post  
Catalogue, Swatches, and Prices on Request



**\$389.00** Carat Elite Diamonds. Matchless for their dazzling rainbow brilliancy. You'll be delighted. Elite Rings—passall others. Standard and other tests. Handsomely engraved Ring sterling Guaranteed. Looks like \$55.00 5 minutes after buying one. With each ring order, we give free Collar and Cuff Links Given beautiful combination set. Send with Elite Diamonds. SEND NO MONEY. Just send name, address and finger size. Pay postman on arrival \$5.00 and postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write today. Cash with foreign orders. ELITE JEWELRY HOUSE, Dept. 411, 6343 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois



Double the life of your coat and vest with perfectly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no "readymades." Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today. ©-27 SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY 115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 138 Chicago

## How To Secure A Government Position

Why worry about strikes, layoffs, hard times? Get a Government job! Increased salaries, steady work, travel, good pay. I'll help you become a Custom House Clerk, Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier—or any other Government job you want. I was a Secretary-Examiner of Civil Service Commission for 8 years. Have helped thousands.

### Now FREE

My 32-page book tells about the jobs open—and how I can help you get one. Write TODAY. ARTHUR R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert, PATTERSON SCHOOL, 6311 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.



## Our First War With Germany

(Continued from page 59)

danger in the congestion, and it was remarked upon. But Mataafa's warriors still clustered behind the town, the German quarter was still garrisoned daily by sailors from the squadron, and Germans and Americans, on the brink of war, viewed one another with scowling enmity. Knappe, on the day of Kimberly's arrival, had failed to make the usual call of courtesy, a slight that was noted and resented. For one reason and another, the squadrons clung stubbornly to their perilous positions.

It was at this point that Benjamin Harrison, under a dripping umbrella, took the oath of office in Washington, and that the first rumor of an international armed clash reached the outside world—the report (originating, somehow, in Honolulu) that the *Nipsic* had fired upon the *Olga* and that the *Olga*, replying, had sunk the American in the harbor. Stevenson says it was the *Adler*, and perhaps he is right.

The new administration sat up with a vengeance. The world waited for the inevitable. And just then, as remarked some thousands of words back, something happened.

IN February, the weather, which until then had been fine, began to turn nasty. In March, the most dangerous month of the twelve, in Samoa, it became worse. On the 15th, the barometer fell dangerously, and the night closed in blackly with sheets of rain falling. At midnight a gale was blowing and before morning the gale had become a tempest. It struck the huddled vessels with a fury almost unequaled in the history of such phenomena. When day broke, about 6 o'clock, those on shore beheld a terrifying spectacle.

Conceiving the harbor to be shaped like a bottle, five of the ships were tossing helplessly at the bottom, each threatening ruin to the other and each threatened with destruction upon the reefs. Already three of them had been in collision, the *Olga*, the *Adler* and the *Nipsic*. The *Eber* had vanished; striking a coral reef, shortly before dawn, she had gone down, stern foremost, only four of her crew escaping. The *Trenton*, in the neck of the bottle, was battling with the hurricane, seeking desperately to keep away from the external reef. "In the pressure of the squalls," says Stevenson, "the bay was obscured as if by midnight, but between them a great part of it was clearly if darkly visible amid driving mist and rain. The wind blew into the harbor mouth."

The phenomenon was an extraordinary one. On the shore, trees and buildings withstood the shocks, but on the water the agitation transcended experience. The ships of war were alternately buried in great troughs and seen standing almost on end against the bellies of vast wave-monsters.

Shortly after seven o'clock, the *Nipsic*, her smokestack gone, miraculously

avoided a reef and was cast bodily upon the sand; her crew, aided by the gallant Samoans, were enabled to escape. An hour later, the *Adler*, minus her bowsprit, was lifted up and flung upon the summit of the table-shaped reef against which, only a little time before, the *Eber* had been smashed. Fritze, the *Adler's* commander, had calculated correctly to the fraction of a second, had timed the rise of his vessel upon the huge wave, had slipped her moorings as she rose, and the sea had done the rest; it was a triumph of seamanship. The *Eber*, less fortunate, had struck the edge of the reef and gone underneath. The *Adler*, her back broken and buried under tons of water with every rush of the waves, lay safe upon the tabletop. However, twenty of her crew had perished.

Meanwhile, the *Calliope*, the *Vandalia* and the *Olga*, steaming desperately yet making no headway, were dashed together by wind and wave, each suffering new injuries by the collisions. The *Calliope* was fencing with three dangers—the *Vandalia* on her port side and a little ahead, the *Olga* close to her starboard, and the reef all but under her heel. Shortly before nine o'clock, the *Calliope's* jib-boom carried away the *Vandalia's* quarter gallery; a moment later she was avoiding a plunge of the *Olga* from the other side. At nine, the *Vandalia* could not be avoided, and her stern tore away the *Calliope's* bowsprit. To avoid cutting down the *Vandalia*, the *Calliope* stopped and reversed her engines, her rudder at the moment within ten feet of the reef. Between the *Vandalia* and the reef was destruction, testified Kane, the English commander. Only one course was open to him, to go out.

Signalling for every pound of steam, although his machinery already was red hot, Kane sheered his vessel well to starboard of the *Vandalia* and slipped his last cable. For a time the *Calliope* seemed to be stationary, then an inch at a time she began to draw ahead. One sea-mile an hour is the highest speed claimed for her that day. With her bow and stern alternately buried beneath the waves, the British cruiser fought outward against the hurricane; and in this first stage of her escape, it is asserted that more than two hours were required to cover less than four cables.

In the fairway of the entrance, the *Trenton* still held on, her rudder broken, her wheel gone, her fires extinguished—a helpless hulk awaiting the inevitable end. Between the *Trenton* and the external reef, the *Calliope* had to find a path. "Steering within fifty yards of the reef (for which she was actually headed) and her foreyard passing on the other hand over the *Trenton's* quarter as she rolled," wrote Stevenson, "the *Calliope* sheered between the rival dangers, came to the wind triumphantly, and was once more pointed for the sea and safety. Not often in naval history was there a moment of more sickening peril, and it



was dignified by one of those incidents that reconciled the chronicler with his otherwise abhorrent task. From the doomed flagship, the Americans hailed the success of the English with a cheer. It was led by the old admiral in person, rang out over the storm with holiday vigor, and was answered by the Calliopes with an emotion easily conceived."

The *Vandalia*, meanwhile, had succeeded in passing the stern of the *Olga*, her captain's intention being to beach her, if possible, beside the *Nipsic*; but her stern struck the reef, her head swung to starboard, and she began to fill and settle. Efforts to get a line ashore were futile. Her captain, exhausted, was swept into the sea with many of his crew, and the survivors took refuge in the tops.

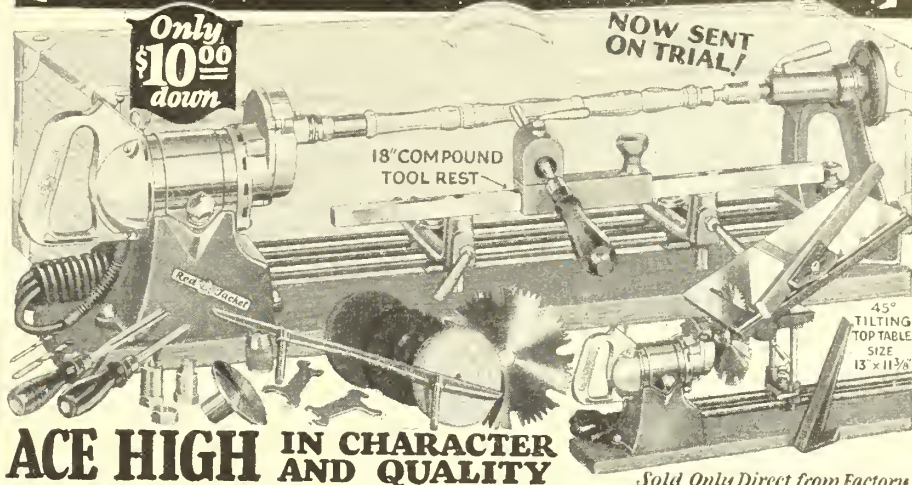
Only two ships were afloat now in Apia harbor—the *Trenton* and the *Olga*. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the *Trenton's* cables parted, and the rudderless flagship drove down, stern foremost, into the inner basin. Twice the *Olga* managed to avoid her wild career, but at four o'clock the ships collided. Two of the *Olga's* cables were lost, and her captain instantly slipped the remainder of his moorings, set fore and aft canvas and, going full steam ahead, almost miraculously succeeded in beaching his vessel in Matautu—possibly the best berth in the harbor.

The *Trenton*, following in the course of the *Nipsic* and *Vandalia*, skirting the shore reef that almost touched her keel, found across her path, as she crept toward safety, the submerged *Vandalia*, her tops still filled with exhausted seamen. The approach of the flagship, however, was so gradual that by throwing lines into the *Vandalia's* tops, it was possible to rescue many of the survivors before the vessels struck, while others were rescued after the impact. Thereafter, the *Trenton* slowly settled beside—and partly upon—her sister ship, and no further life was lost. But of the crew of the *Vandalia*, forty-three men had perished. The *Trenton*, with a crew of 450, lost only one.

Morning of the 17th found the *Adler* high and dry on the reef, the *Olga* and *Nipsic* beached, the *Trenton* piled partly upon the *Vandalia*, and the beach heaped with the debris of ships and forests. But the giant seas were subsiding, and it was possible to begin the work of rescue, a work in which the Samoans earned the gratitude of friend and foe alike. In the forefront of this humane work was Seumanu, himself, the chief of Apia, who was among the first to venture forth, by boat, even before the full fury of the waves had abated. Rescue lines were quickly contrived and the survivors, German and American, were brought ashore. On the beach, surrounded by the crews of the wrecked vessels, so recently at daggers drawn, the American admiral paraded the band of the *Trenton*, and the strains of "Hail Columbia" fell, possibly for the first time, upon native ears.

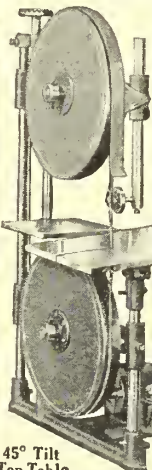
Captain Kane, returning to Apia on the 19th, found the *Calliope* the sole survivor of the thirteen sail that had moored in Apia (Continued on page 62)

## The New Home Craftsman's Wonder Shop



**ACE HIGH IN CHARACTER AND QUALITY**

Sold Only Direct from Factory



45° Tilt Top Table

**The FAMOUS WACO GUARANTEE**  
If it is not what you want when you get it—send it back.

### Portable-Interchangeable-Complete RED JACKET HOME WORK SHOP

The new Red Jacket Combination of Electric tools brings you a Red Jacket Band saw and in addition the powerful Red Jacket Master Drill Motor with direct drive to the Waco Craftsman's wood turning lathe (capacity 9"x36"), also compound and 18" rest, a tilting top miter saw with both depth and side gauges, scroll and jig saw, and all accessories for both portable and stationary power drilling, buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attaches to light socket and converts your work bench into a complete, private tool and machine shop. It is a complete chest full of electrically driven tools designed for the private use of tool lovers and men who create, repair and appreciate handy tools at home.

### Make Things at Home Electrically

Send coupon at once for information valuable to those interested in beautiful handiwork. It is FREE. It tells you how easy it is to operate a Red Jacket set of tools and lists the advantages and privileges that are free to member craftsmen. Don't miss knowing all about Waco. You are invited. Look out for imitations. There is only one Red Jacket—one Waco—you will not find WACO TOOLS sold by retailers. All sales made direct from factory.

### Special Crafts Course FREE

SPECIAL CRAFTS COURSE and blueprint service is free to Red Jacket Shop owners—all there is to know about handicraft methods, raw materials, woods, carving, sawing, turning, designing, carpentering, decorating, is taught by special correspondence.

### Buy On Your Own Terms

Only \$10.00 down. Liberal discount for cash. Easy monthly payment plans. It is no hardship to own a Red Jacket.

**free BLUE PRINTS**  
Send the COUPON → Interesting Literature Free

Send the coupon. You will be surprised with all it contains. Beautiful, instructive, fascinating. Interesting. Fill in and MAIL TODAY.

**WACO TOOL WORKS, Inc.**  
5216 W. Kinzie St. Chicago

Manager, Dept. 511. Please send me all free information and literature on Red Jacket Assemblies and FREE Services.

Name.....  
Address.....

## \$72 a Week

**Paid Daily in Advance**

Bonus besides. Introduce the most wonderful new line guaranteed hosiery you ever saw. 126 styles and colors of men's, women's and children's finest pure thread Japanese silk, all fancy combinations of silk and tulle, novelty and sport, full fashioned, chiffon, wool, etc. Beats store prices. Must wear six months or new hose free.

**New Auto Given** We furnish you with New Auto to travel in. Write today for New selling plan. We deliver or you deliver—suit yourself. No experience needed. Credit given. Exclusive territory. Extra bonus. Samples furnished. Write quick. **WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.**  
No. 2305 Greenfield, Ohio

## TRICKY LAMP

**MAKES AGENTS BIG MONEY!**



Brand new! An adjustable lamp! Shade tilts, stem bends, base hangs on wall or clamps anywhere. Years ahead of stiff-necked eye-straining lamps. Ideal for bridge prize. Complete line—beautiful Parchmentex or ivory shades, bronze or ivory base. 30 second demonstration sells on sight. One man sold 500 in small Indiana town. Big commissions, exclusive territory, repeat business. Full or spare time. Get full details. **Falcon Lamp Co. Dept. P-100, 2550 Sullivan Ave. St. Louis.**

## PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman \$8c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

**Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

**UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY**  
1652 Ogdon Ave., Dept. 338, Chicago, Ill.



## \$60.00 A DAY!

With four New Amazing Plans and **SUCTION GRIP ASH RECEIVER** for Autos, Homes and Offices

Men! I'll pay you \$60 a day to take orders for my novel specialty—Patented Suction Grip Ash Receiver! Sticks to any glass, wood or metal surface. Easy to demonstrate. Dealer order in big quantities. No competition.

### Big Orders from Dealers

Get out of small order selling class. Be a wholesaler and have others work for you. Suction Grip fits with any interior—keeps cars, homes and offices clean. Send 50c for special sample Ash Receiver, and four amazing selling plans. Learn how to get orders from empty autos. Act today sure!

**GORDON MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Dept. NL-12 110 East 23rd St. New York City





## The little green hammock

THE one in the Pullman berth. I've often wondered what it's for. Now I've found out. It's a great place for a flashlight and that's where my Eveready rides on every trip I make. It's there just to be handy in case anything should happen. I use it, too, to help find things in my bag, and for more light to dress and undress by. When you're in a hurry, it's a time-saver, if there ever was one.

Get the flashlight habit when you travel. Here's all you have to learn about it—keep your flashlight loaded with Eveready Batteries and it will come through on schedule with LIGHT. Insist on Evereadys, in fact. That's MY advice.

**BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR!**

**EARN UP TO \$250 per mo.**

**LEGIONNAIRE, HERE'S THE JOB FOR YOU!**

You can earn as high as \$250 per month salary—steadily, permanently—in the vast uncrowded profession of Railway Traffic Inspection. We train you in three months' spare time home study, and upon completion assist you to a position paying at least \$120 per month, or refund your tuition. There's no hard selling—no starvation period—no hunting for a job—just a pleasant occupation where you are practically your own boss, see new faces and places each minute and are rapidly promoted to \$185, \$250 per month.

**WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.**

Write today for free booklet telling of many successes of our graduates, and tuition refund agreement that makes your future a certainty.

Standard Business Training Institute Div. 24, Buffalo, New York

**CORRECT Your NOSE**

to perfect shape while you sleep. Anita Nose Adjuster guarantees SAFE, rapid, permanent results. Age no obstacle. Painless. 60,000 doctors and users praise it. Gold Medal Winner. Booklet Free. Write for it Today.

**30 Day FREE TRIAL**

ANITA CO., 1148 Anita Building, Newark, N. J.

## Prohibition Agents and Investigators

**\$2300 to \$3400 YEAR**

**MEN 25 to 55**

Interesting work. 'Pull' unnecessary. Experience unnecessary. Common education sufficient.

Write immediately for 32 page book of Government jobs, with full description, particulars on how to get them and sample coaching lessons. **FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. J328, Rochester, N. Y.**

**Agents!**

**\$90 a Week Just Out!**

**47 MONEY MAKERS**

Amazing RUBBER Specialties. Necessities for the home. Women wild about them! Latest and Greatest Specialty Line! Be First to Introduce.

of Household Rubber Products including waterproof, greaseproof, stainproof aprons in attractive colors and patterns; and 47 other money-making Specialties. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. Year-round demand. Show samples. Get orders on the spot. Big Profits. Best values. Mrs. Martin, W. Va., made \$30.00 in one day. Jos. Brand, Ohio, made \$10.43 in one hour. You can do as well. **GET FREE OUTFIT** Complete Outfit—everything needed to start right out making money—given FREE. No experience needed. We show you how. Full or spare time. Send quick for all particulars and **FREE OUTFIT. WRITE TODAY.**

**KRISTEE MFG. CO., 171 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO**

## Our First War With Germany

(Continued from page 61)

harbor on the night of the hurricane, and found the American admiral, Kimberly, in temporary possession of the port.

Tidings of the disaster reached Washington while war measures were strenuously preparing, and cooled the blood of the angry nation. In the Wilhelmstrasse a similar reaction was experienced, and two years of blundering were in some measure obliterated by Prince Bismarck's proposal of a conference at Berlin to deal peaceably with the Samoan difficulty. It was a gesture unique in the career of the Iron Chancellor.

The conference began on April 29, 1889, and was not at first entirely satisfactory to the American commissioners. It was, in fact, almost immediately obvious that the object of Prince Bismarck was to negotiate a treaty by which the political predominance of Germany in Samoa would be recognized. The American commissioners opposed his views, insisting that the United States, Great Britain and Germany should share alike and that the rights of each should be recognized as equal. But the chancellor frowned ominously and his words seemed fraught with menace. Dismayed, the commissioners cabled to Secretary Blaine, informing him that the chancellor was very irritable.

"The extent of the Chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights," came the Secretary's terse reply; and the commissioners, heartened, held unyieldingly to their demands. Similarly stimulated, the British commissioners united in supporting the American position, and in the end the "man of blood and iron" conceded every point. The exiled Malietoa was restored as King of Samoa. A general act was signed under

which the three powers established a condominium in the islands. "It has been left," said the London *Saturday Review*, "for the navyless American Republic to give us a lead in the path of duty and of honor."

Bismarck's back-down in the Samoa affair was one of the last major acts of his career as chancellor. Doubtless the young William II believed the advisers who assured him that so long as Bismarck was at the helm the emperor would be overshadowed by the aged statesman. By March of 1890 the egocentric young ruler had found it convenient to be rid of the man who more than any other was responsible for the founding of the German empire.

Thus ended the war-threat of German autocracy in Samoa; but these latter paragraphs are the merest history. In its essence, the Samoan episode is high drama, epic poetry, and it ends properly with the hurricane, the perfect and artistic finale. There were matters of interest and of moment after the tripartite treaty, and a native situation of curious complexity resulted from that convention; but here is no place to write of these things. There were marching feet and British banners in German Samoa when the World War shook the globe; but I shall say nothing about that. For the native troubles, there is Stevenson's "A Footnote to History; Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa," to be read; for the World War chapter there are the newspapers and the histories. For me, the Samoan episode ended with the great storm, a providential intervention that showed the hand of a great Artist, concerned for a moment with the aesthetic rightness of things upon this sorry ball.

## This Hero Stuff

(Continued from page 6)

I do not capitalize on my medals without suggesting any way that this can be done. What they would not do if they held my honors is not worth talking about—that is, if what they say is true.

This is the type of fellow that brings me the ticket he gets for speeding, or asks me to take care of his case with the Veterans Bureau when his insurance has lapsed. If perchance they have any business with a department of the State or Federal Government I am the one that should be able to fix it. "Why, Dan, those officials will do anything for a man with your record."

To be perfectly frank about the matter, I have devoted a lot of thought to the proposition as to the best method of making my honors work for me, but to date have not had any luck in this endeavor. Even an idea that would refund to me the extra money that it costs me to wear the medals would be wel-

comed. But it must not be a scheme that would shock the flag-wavers into thinking that I would use those great honors for private gain. The term "flag-wavers" as here used means those individuals who, with little or no provocation, will tell you how patriotic they are. They are the ones that shout to the medal men: "Nothing is too good for you boys." Well, if we can overlook the medals for a time and reflect, we are forced to the conclusion that nothing is actually what we got.

A majority of the service men I meet suggest that I use my honors to make my way through life easier. Assuming that I could manage to do this, I am afraid that their friendship for me would not remain so warm if I followed such advice. Many propositions have been made to me involving the use of my name and honors to exploit some scheme, some offering me handsome rewards in



the deals. All such offers were refused. My private ventures have been slowed up from time to time by the news broadcast over the grapevine to the effect that I was using my medals to advance my business. I know a medalist who plays the stock market in New York and whose only contact is with the ticker, and he signs his check when he loses and receives one when he wins. Yet hundreds of men have told me that this man lives on his medals. When I give the story the lie I am told that everybody thinks so, and that where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire. I suppose they think this fellow goes down to Wall Street and shows his medals to the ticker and asks it to be good to him. I know another man who sells cement for a living. Men selling the same product for another company accuse him of using his honors to beat them to sales. Here is a product which is usually purchased under competitive bidding, the company that bids lowest securing the order. Yet the men who are familiar with this fact are the very ones that accuse my friend unjustly. Every medalist has had to contend with this sort of thing.

The cost of wearing medals was mentioned a little way back. It costs me more than twice the amount to dress now than it did before I got the medals. I could get along with two dress shirts and one tuxedo suit before because I would have a chance to have them cleaned and pressed between the times I wore them. I have to keep about ten dress shirts and two tuxedo suits now in order to be assured of having something to wear when I go out. When a fellow dresses up he goes about in a taxi, which is several times more expensive than other means of transportation. In the crowded streets and public places I have lost many medals. They have been torn from my coat by souvenir hunters. It costs real money to replace them. Luckily I have never lost the C. M. H. or the D. S. C. Now I have them all on one bar which is secured to my uniform. But it cost me dearly to learn this trick.

The ribbons on which the medals are hung are expensive and must be changed from time to time. People have a habit of admiring the medals with their hands. This sort of liberty wears the ribbon out and soils it quickly. I have to buy two uniforms each year. It is expensive, also, to travel by train. I will not allow myself to appear cheap enough to let a Legion post take up the question of refunding \$4.68 to me after I have taken an out-of-town trip to appear before it. This as a single item does not seem important enough to mention, but when it comes often it makes a dent in the private treasury.

There was a time when I devoted a lot of my time to the task of helping put claims through the Veterans Bureau. I decided to go to work for the Bureau and get paid for my time and efforts. Under the civil service rules my disability prevented me from qualifying for a position. I worked for two weeks without pay in order to prove that my disability was not a handicap in this work.

Then I had to get President Harding to waive the disability provision in the law in order to have me appointed. I used my service record to get publicity during the campaign to reinstate government insurance. This was more of a benefit to the service men and their families than to myself. Therefore I do not regret my action in this regard.

I have been requested numerous times to give my opinion of other men who have been awarded high honors. This request usually follows the remark that the man talking to me is not particularly impressed with the other fellow. My response is invariably the same. The other man is a fine fellow, deserving of all that has been given him. Recently I have been requested on numerous occasions to express my opinion with regard to the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. It is my opinion that Lindbergh richly merited the honor. His feat was so singularly individual that I think Congress should have authorized a special honor in his case. The award of the C. M. H. to Lindbergh awakened the great mass of the people to the realization that this medal is indeed the greatest honor within the power of the Government to bestow upon an individual. The award to Lindbergh greatly enhanced the value of the medal in the eyes of the public. We others who have it, however, would like to have him wear the medal from time to time at formal affairs, and at other times I would like to see him sport the little blue rosette in the lapel of his coat.

The French Croix de Guerre is the best-known medal of them all in this country. The Legion of Honor comes second in general knowledge, but the most coveted of all French medals among soldiers is the Médaille Militaire. Most civilians want me to show them the Croix de Guerre. I am very proud of this little medal because I was fortunate enough to get a palm and star to go with it. However, I take more pride in wearing the little cord on my left shoulder which is nothing but a regimental decoration. In case you do not know what I have reference to, it is the fourragère. General Pershing hung mine on me in the presence of the whole First Division when it returned from Germany. That alone attaches a great sentiment to the decoration, but the fact that every man in the outfit had to put his shoulder to the wheel before the regiment could get it gives it greater significance to me.

Thousands of times have I been asked how much money I get because I have the Medal of Honor. England gives a stipulated amount each year with the Victoria Cross. Other countries do the same thing. That is not the system over here. Congress has promoted several of the holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor to the grade of officer and then presented them with the regular retirement pay of that rank. I confess that I think it unjust to do this for a few and not for all, but no importance would be attached to my opinion in this respect. Frankly, (Continued on page 64)

## Oh, Man! What a Shirt

for  
\$3<sup>50</sup>

The  
**BUCK SKEIN**  
SHIRT

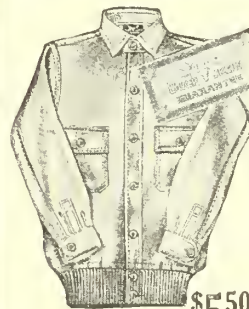
but never mind the  
picture . . . Listen—

**YOU MUST** see the shirt. No mere photograph can show you its velvety suede-like softness, its WARMTH, its smart appearance. And no mere description can make you quite *understand*—understand how a fabric can WEAR like leather, feel like suede, look like buckskin and yet be Buck Skein. Buck Skein—SOFT as wool—warm as fur. Buck Skein, the TUXEDO of outdoor shirts!

Sure I am raving—so will you and so will your wife when Buck Skein, after a hard rubbing in the wash-tub, comes up smiling—looking more than ever like a piece of soft suede—mellow as your old briar pipe. No fading, no shrinking and a real

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

with each shirt says so.



\$5<sup>50</sup>

### Buck Skein Jacket

Keep well by keeping warm. Double-weight suede Buck Skein fabric with spring knitted belt, two-button adjustable cuffs. Big and roomy.

Big and roomy; color — buckskin tan; coat style; attached collar; two oversize flap pockets; double-stitched seams that won't rip, and buttons that stick to their post.

If your dealer hasn't a Buck Skein left in stock, mail me the coupon below, enclose your money and I'll see you get a Buck Skein that will wear you a long time.

*Buck Skein Joe*  
329 Broadway, New York

-----USE COUPON-----

Buck Skein Joe, c/o Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc.,  
Makers, Dept. L-11, 331 Broadway, New York City.

See that I get \_\_\_\_\_ Check Here

A Buck Skein Shirt at \$3.50  
A Buck Skein Jacket at \$5.50

Enclosed Check-----Money Order-----

Neck-Band Size \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## A Drum Corps will bring in New Members



**LEGION** Posts all over the land recognize that one of the "sure-fire" ways to keep up the enthusiasm of old "buddies" and to bring in new ones, is to organize a crack drum corps.

**Get this Book!**  
Send at once for our new free 48-page book telling how it is done.

**Chockful of Drum Corps Ideas**  
This book is strictly up to the minute, devoted to Easy Organization, Financing, Drum Instruction, Formulas, Kinds of Equipment, Prize Winning Drills, Tricks, Speculations—lots of other useful information.

**It's Free—Write!**  
Your copy is ready. It's yours for the asking. Write today. Dept. A. L.

**LUDWIG & LUDWIG**  
DRUM CORPS HEADQUARTERS  
1611 N. Lincoln St. Chicago, Ill.

## BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A. earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy—A Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 11361-H, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

## TYPEWRITERS

ALL STANDARD  
10 Days FREE Trial at 1/2 PRICE

Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. ONLY 14¢ A DAY

All late models, completely refinished brand new GUARANTEED for ten years. Send no money—big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 days' trial offer. International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 1110, Chicago, Ill.

## \$9.65 MEN'S UTILITY SUITS!

\$2.50 COMMISSION IN ADVANCE  
Looks and Feels Like Wool! Resists Snags, Sparks, Water! Workmanship and Fit Guaranteed! For Semi-Dress or Work! Wears Like Iron! Nothing on market to compare with these values! FREE Kit! Act at once!

**FITZ-U-TAILORING CO.**  
Dept. 191 South Whitley, Ind.

## \$2500 DRAWING \$298 COURSE for

Haven't you often wished that you could draw cartoons, illustrate some idea, sketch some pretty face, etc.? One of America's most famous Cartoonists and illustrators has developed a great, simple system for success in all branches of Commercial Art. This system means that drawing can be as easy for you as writing—much simpler than learning shorthand, bookkeeping or typewriting. We are now placing this original system for learning Drawing, Art and Cartooning, consisting of 34 lessons with over 500 illustrations, within reach of every one. If you will devote a few hours each week to the Course YOU ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE that you will learn to draw and draw well before you have half finished the Course. If we fail to make this claim good, we will refund every cent paid us.

**Send No Money**  
Just order the course and on arrival pay postman plus a few cents postage, payment in full for the entire Course and Drawing Outfit. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and we will Refund Money. Address:

**Lederer School of Drawing, Dept. 198-D, Chattanooga, Tenn.**  
Orders from outside the U. S. A. are payable \$3.28 cash with order

## This Hero Stuff

(Continued from page 63)

I am glad the few so promoted and retired by Congress were taken care of in this way.

Men holding the medal have told me that they were given a sum of money with the medal. My opinion is that this was in the form of a purse made up by friends and did not represent a gift from the Government. I know they did not give me any money.

There are a great number of men who performed great feats of heroism yet went unrewarded. Many of these men are more deserving of recognition than some of us who were covered with medals. There are other men who admittedly earned great recognition, but because of the personal animosity between them and superiors were never rewarded. Many such men have told me all about their acts of bravery and explained why they went unrecognized. Some are no doubt deserving, but I do not extend much sympathy to them as a group.

One thing that used to irritate, but now amuses me, is the whispered story that I try to put on the high hat. There is no one that dislikes to be in the presence of a snobbish person more than I. But I know why a few people have come to regard me as a snob. Legion affairs are much the same year in and year out. The same problems are discussed in meetings of Post 1121 as Post 1122. I do become tired of some of the long-winded speeches and some of the arguments I hear over and over. At those times I am apt to make some puny excuse that I have other things to attend to, and then sneak out and go home to bed. One year I was privileged to hear a National Commander speak sixteen times. The same speech with minor variations was delivered each time. I was caught the seventeenth time and was resigning myself for the ordeal. The dear old commander gallantly came to my rescue by publicly ordering me to go upstairs and rest. He then explained to the audience that I had heard him so much that I knew his speech as well as he did.

The food at banquets is a thing for me to get riled about. I pay five bucks for a plate of chicken—always chicken. I used to like to eat chicken, but I have consumed and seen so much of it at banquets that I consider corned beef and monkey meat great delicacies. Consider me snobbish when I push the old chicken plate back, but I can't go it any more. A Legionnaire in a city in upstate New York told me that he was chairman of a committee to make plans to entertain my old friend Colonel Roosevelt. He wanted me to make a few suggestions as to what would please the colonel. "Well, don't feed him chicken," I said. "Hell, that's what we ordered," responded the chairman. "What do you think he would like?" the chairman wanted to know. I told him that while I was unable to say, I would bet

ten to one that his choice would not be chicken. They persuaded me to find out when I returned to town and telegraph them. I put the question to Ted in the abstract, so to speak. What would he like to see served at a public dinner for a change? "Ham and eggs," he boomed back at me. His second choice was roast beef. Roast beef was what they served.

At a Legion dinner in honor of Commander Byrd I happened to be seated next to the distinguished guest. When the waiter came around I put a dollar bill in his hand and told him that I was hungry. I requested him to bring me roast beef hash with poached eggs on top of it. When the tasty looking dish was set before me Dick Byrd wanted to know if I thought I was the guest of honor by mistake. I offered to share my plate with him and it was shared. The waiter, seeing this, promised to bring a second order. Every one at that table exchanged his chicken for the hash and eggs until the chef became afraid that he would be left with a load of chicken on his hands and put a stop to it. I have always wanted to be the chairman of a dinner committee. In my invitation to distinguished guests I would outline what would be served for dinner, and chicken would not be listed. I'll bet I would have more speakers than listeners at that dinner.

I have had some wonderful fun traveling around and being received as a hero. Once I was scheduled to make a talk in connection with a dedication exercise. I was told to arrive on a certain train. I arrived on the train. The Legion band was at the station and so were several other Legionnaires. I thought they had come to meet me and made myself ready to respond to the reception. I was wearing a wooden arm and in that hand I took my grip, leaving the other and good hand free so that I could make a snappy salute. But no one rushed up to me, and soon the platform had been deserted by all save the Legionnaires. I spoke to the man wearing the chairman's badge. I wanted to know how to get to Legion headquarters. He could tell me, but said I would find no one there as all the boys were attending the ceremony. I informed him that that was my real destination. I was informed that his band and committee would start for the monument immediately. They had come down to the train to meet a war hero by the name of Edwards, but that said hero had not kept the date. Sure I told him my name, but let me tell you his comeback:

"Say, don't kid me, big boy. Dan Edwards has an arm off, and here's a picture of him, and you don't fill the bill." The photograph had been made four years previously when I was skinny. My bum arm and leg were exhibited as proof of my claim and documents presented to help. He was compelled to take my word for it, but I could feel



him doubting me privately. Boys, that was a tough and cold day.

Most places that I go I find an old friend in the Legion. I must go with him to meet the other fellows, after which a party is staged and a good time is had by all. I have a lot of fun at those impromptu parties.

## Your Ways and Ours

(Continued from page 4)

are of every age, and they are engaged in every kind of pursuit. But they are generally unformed mentally. Their minds are excellent soil for the spreading of new ideas. They come to college to study and to reflect, to think about themselves, life in general, and also about their friends. At the college age, people's minds are open to new suggestions; their impressions will probably be permanent, but their conclusions are tempered by solid, if immature, thought about national and international problems. For all his seeming gaiety and irresponsibility, I think that there is no one so grave and earnest as the college student.

Further, a student meets others on an equal footing. The fact that the other man is a freshman and that oneself is a sophomore is of much more importance than the fact that he is a Frenchman, for instance, and oneself an American. College patriotism, too, is a type of what national patriotism should be—a friendly and magnanimous rivalry. Oxford hates Cambridge, but with a friendly hatred. Cambridge wants to beat Oxford at every game and at scholarship too, but this desire is untouched by animosity.

The case of England and America especially calls for a more intimate understanding. A wider tolerance of each other can only be attained by an increasing number of personal relations, by visits and first-hand knowledge. Though we have no complete barrier of language, the slighter differences between colloquial English and American speech are the more a danger in that they are not always realized. Some of the best American plays are ununderstandable in England because of their slang. When "Is Zat So?" was given in England some years ago, the programmes needed to be furnished with glossaries for the audience. Even then, there was difficulty in convincing some people that all Americans do not talk like boxing trainers from the East Side. "Broadway" was shown in London a few months ago; its success was enormous, but many people have told me that they could not understand the slang. Other English people cannot read Mr. Sinclair Lewis's books because they cannot understand many of the words that occur in the conversations. On the other hand, I was constantly surprizing friends in America by the language that I used. Once, when I saw the monocled comic Englishman of the movies with his "by Jove!" and his "awfully nice," I understood why my

When I consider my lot from every viewpoint, I would rather have the medals than not. I do not like the term "hero." I do not wear "badges," but decorations, and I am proud of them. Yes, I feel greatly honored to be listed by the War Department as Pvt. Dan Edwards, C. M. H., D. S. C.

American friends laughed at me so much.

Many expressions differ in the two countries, apart from slang. America says *pitcher* (of milk) and England says *jug*. Here I like the American word better. On the other hand, I would infinitely rather speak of the *tap* in the bathroom than of the *faucet*. The English word seems to me shorter and more expressive. In general we in England lean to the shorter word instead of the longer.

Apart from language, there are many differences in the two countries, and they are not always perceived by the people who stay at home. America is, on the whole, more like the continent. The meals are different. The meal-times are different. The shops, which America calls stores, are different, the eating-places are different, the trains and houses, the furniture, the clothes—all are different. My first impression of New York was a combined reminiscence of Mentone and Paris. I drove along Riverside Drive on a warm day, when the Hudson was a postcard blue, and curved like the sea and the bays in the south of France. Then the buildings reminded me a little of the broader streets in Paris, with their tidy lines and broad strength. I was amazed to find that I never knew in what language I would be addressed next. The skyscrapers made my head whirl.

American money is a continual snare and delusion to me. It is true that the decimal system is far easier for an unmathematically-minded person like myself; but, on the other hand, the dollar is such a very different standard from either the pound or the shilling that it involves me in perpetual confusion. I have mastered it, more or less, by now, but at first I regarded the dollar as a shilling, and thought of anything marked under a dollar as excessively cheap. This I still do to a certain extent. I occasionally used to swing to the other extreme, and regard the dollar as the equivalent of the pound, which was a more fortunate and less expensive habit.

Railway trains were another source of childish joy to me—due again to their likeness to trains in the movies. I do not, however, like their habit in many stations of leaving the passengers stranded in the middle of the line, after a long climb downwards. It is much more convenient to have the stations built on the level of the entrance to the train, as in England. Then, English trains move both more quickly and more smoothly. Their movement (Continued on page 67)

# XMAS GIFTS

Sent for \$1.00 FULL YEAR TO PAY

Guaranteed Savings

Direct Diamond Importations and volume sales enable us to offer you genuine diamonds, and exquisite jewelry at saving prices.

HOW TO ORDER

Send \$1 with order and your selection comes on 10 Days Free Trial. No C.O.D. to pay on arrival. After free trial, pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments.

10 Days Free Trial Satisfaction Guaranteed.

If not satisfied after 10 days trial, return shipment at our expense and entire deposit will be refunded. Written Guarantee bond with every purchase.

All Dealings Strictly Confidential.



FREE

Illustrated catalog, genuine diamonds; Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Howard, Illinois watches; fine jewelry, silverware; bargain prices. Write for your copy.



CF21 \$4850

18K Solid White Gold hand-somely engraved engagement ring, "A.A." genuine blue white diamond. \$3.96 a month.



CF15 \$4850

Dazzling cluster of 7 perfectly matched, genuine blue white diamonds, 18K Solid White Gold mounting. \$3.96 a month.

## A FULL YEAR TO PAY



CF3 \$2750

Genuine blue white diamond, lady's hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold mounting. \$2.21 a month.



CF6 \$2950

Handsomely engraved 18K Solid White Gold wedding ring, 5 genuine blue white diamonds. \$2.38 a month.



\$50

CF2 - Exquisitely engraved butterfly design, engagement ring, 18K solid white gold set with flash-in-g, genuine blue white diamond. \$4.08 mo.

## \$25

CF19 - The "Princess Pat" 14K SOLID WHITE GOLD, engraved case. Accurate, dependable, 15 jewel movement. Genuine "WRIST-CRAT" flexible bracelet. \$2.60 a mo.

## 10 Days Free Trial

A Beautiful Gift Box with every order



CF10 \$2650

Nationally advertised Elgin or Waltham, gentleman's strap watch. Handsomely engraved, Green or White Gold filled case. Warranted 20 years. Radium dial, accurate and dependable. Specially priced \$2.12 a mo.



2 diamonds 4 sapphires



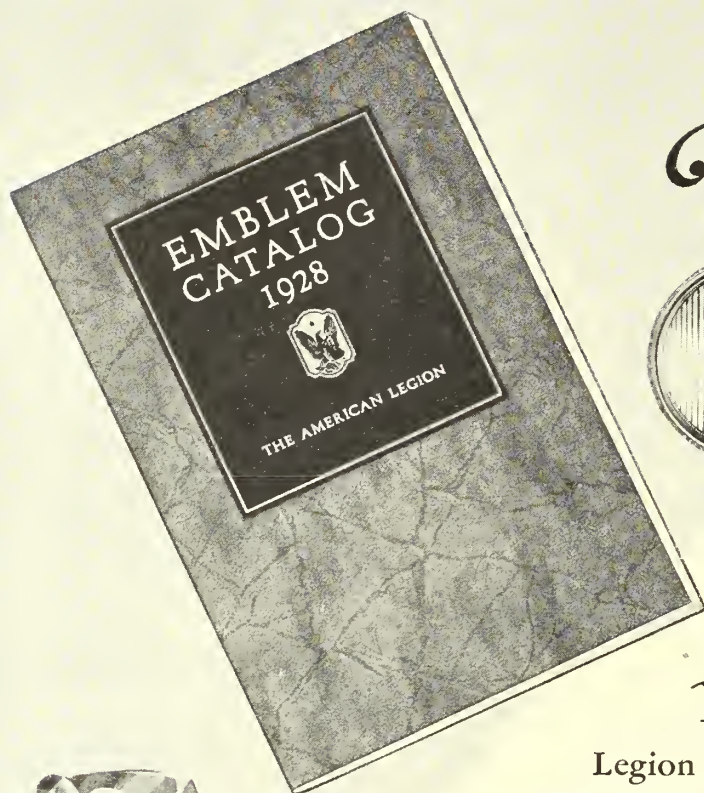
CF12-Ultra fashionable, diamond wrist watch, hand engraved 14K SOLID WHITE GOLD case, 15 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. 2 genuine blue white diamonds, 1 French blue sapphires. Genuine "WRIST-CRAT" bracelet; patented safety clasp. \$3450 \$2.79 a month.

ESTABLISHED 1895

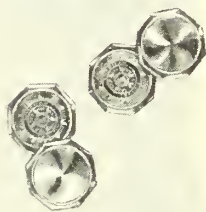
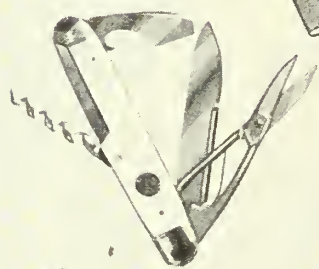
# ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 14-L 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.





YOUR COPY of the 1928 American Legion Emblem Catalogue is ready to mail. Write for it today—it's FREE to Legionnaires—Bigger and better than ever, this interesting book illustrates and describes scores of novel as well as practical articles, all of which bear the American Legion Emblem. And all are moderately priced . . . The selection includes *jewelry, cigarette cases, desk sets, auto emblems, flags, banners* and other attractive articles, as well as a complete line of Post supplies, including *prize cups, medals and trophies*. This is the one and only catalogue of official Legion regalia . . . The coupon brings your copy of this interesting book, beautifully illustrated in colors—FREE. Every Legionnaire and each American Legion Post should have one. Write for your copy of this attractive catalogue today. *There is no obligation!*



THE  
AMERICAN LEGION  
*Emblem Division*  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

THE  
AMERICAN LEGION  
*Emblem Division*  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Please mail my copy of the  
1928 Emblem Catalogue

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I am a member of Post No.....

Dept. of ..... 11-28



## Your Ways and Ours

(Continued from page 65)

in starting and in stopping is so graded that it is often impossible to tell that you are moving at all, except by watching the scenery outside. But in comfort the American trains beat the English ones every time. The American day coaches are much more comfortable when the train is crowded. The passenger is never far from the window, and he never has perforce to sit opposite some stranger, either stepping on his feet, or having his own feet trodden on, and forced to look at him whether he wants to or not. This often happens in England when the train is crowded, and it is excessively annoying.

The pronunciation of American proper names offers quite as many difficulties to English visitors as English ones do to Americans. Even my most educated relations and friends in England pronounce *Michigan* and *Illinois* in a way that is offensive to my newly acquired sense of fitness. They persistently pronounce the *ch* in *Michigan* hard, and they sound the final *s* in *Illinois*. Furthermore, it is as difficult for the English person to remember to pronounce according to spelling as it is for the American to pronounce against the spelling. *Berkeley* is pronounced *Barkley* in England, and it is hard to remember to say the name of the California city in the correct way.

I found all sorts of things in America that tickled my perhaps childish sense of humor. I was delighted, and at the same time could hardly believe my eyes, when on a night when the snow was on the ground I saw a policeman steal up to a lamp-post and open it and draw a telephone from its inside.

After this display of ignorance, it is not wonderful that some of the Americans should conceive England to be a strange and uncouth place where civilization is practically unknown. One small girl who lived in the same house with me regarded me as a strange being for some days; when she plucked up enough courage to speak to me, she asked me several questions which seemed to be weighing on her mind. She first asked me if I had ever visited the "mainland"; it was sometime before I understood that by the mainland she meant the continent—and it was a blow to my British pride to find that she considered me to be a benighted islander. When I had told her that I had been to France many times, she expressed her opinion that it was funny to think that such a short journey, three hours, would suffice to bring me into a foreign country. I, too, accustomed by that time to go tremendous distances, as from New York to Michigan, thought that it was funny when you came to think of it. She went on to ask me if there were ever any modern shows in London. I was able to reply that owing to the Americanization of the English stage the first thing I did when I got to New York was to go and see a production of

a play so conservatively British as "Iolanthe." I was delighted to see the array of British peers in this opera, complete with monocles and coronets and Oxford accents. Then the young lady asked me if we ever used electric light at home! She ended by asking me if we ever got baths, proper baths, in houses with water laid on.

This last remark seemed very absurd to me at the time. It is only since I have returned to England that I realized that it was partially justified by the immense superiority of the American sanitary arrangements over ours in England. I have often had to stay at boarding houses in Oxford and in seaside towns where a bath was unknown. The landlady brings you a tub in the morning and a jug of indifferently hot water.

This state of affairs I have often found inconvenient. But I never realized how barbarous it is until I returned from America, and when I was taking rooms in France found myself forced to ask whether or not there was a bathroom, and whether I could take baths. I certainly find the baths, the showers, all the paraphernalia for keeping oneself clean, one of the most attractive things about America.

The actual life in the University of Michigan had many things in common with the life in an English university. On the other hand, many things are different. In one way, of course, I can know little about the real life of an American university, because I was a graduate while I was there, and I imagine that I should learn much more about it if I could enter as a freshman and work right through. The greatest difference is in the system of compulsory lectures. The English system is too complicated for explanation, but it will suffice to say that most of the work is done on the student's own initiative. The English student derives his knowledge through his own reading, and though books are recommended, it is for the student to find out which books he thinks are worth reading and which are not. Lectures at Oxford are not compulsory. It has this advantage, that as an Oxford "don" remarked to me the other day: "However bored the audience looks when you are lecturing to them, at least you know that they have come there because they want to and are interested." In America, I thought the danger was that people were forced to go to a certain number of lectures, and that once having registered for certain lectures, it was exceedingly difficult to change. They had to continue whether they found them profitable or not.

I found that American students are much less in touch with their teachers than English students. The reason is of course that English universities are much smaller, and that there is a far larger proportion of teachers than in America. The professors (Continued on page 68)

## George Wanted Money— I Pay Him --Plenty



Louis George  
Illinois

\$10,000 a year is what I paid Louis George, Illinois, for the last three years. This year he says he is going to earn \$20,000. — And before he accepted our offer he was earning only \$35 a week!

## ANY MAN CAN GET This Money From Me

I paid L. D. Payne, Iowa, \$4,500 for his first 200 days with me—he is still averaging from \$500 to \$650 a month. Putman of a small Michigan town averages \$600 every month. Many others averaging from \$6,500 to \$10,000 a year in this big pay field—the field of Fire Prevention.



Ray C. Hahn  
Sales Director

## AMAZING DISCOVERY DOUBLES AND TREBLES INCOMES

Latest discovery by Fyr-Fyter chemists has doubled and trebled the incomes of our men and has made it necessary to make an immediate addition of 250 men to our sales force. No experience needed—no capital required. The successful applicants who can furnish good character references will be assigned to good paying territories at once—income to start immediately. Complete training, entire Fire Prevention working outfit will be furnished, and our whole organization will back you up with profit-making plans.

## TELL THIS WONDERFUL STORY

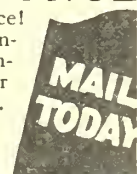


As a Fyr-Fyter representative you will have a marvelous story to tell. Among our customers are such as Ford Motor Co., Diamond Match Co., Bethlehem Steel Corp., Eastman Kodak Co., International Harvester Co., Standard Oil Co., and thousands of other nationally known companies. The U. S. Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters. Every store, garage, school, hospital, home, factory or farm is a prospect. Our national advertising helps you to make quick sales. National, State, and City governments cooperate.

## NEEDED AT ONCE

We must add 250 men at once! Send coupon today for full information and details of our generous money-making plan for men who have good character.

Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales  
**FYR-FYTER CO.,**  
9-L Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio



Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales  
**FYR-FYTER COMPANY**  
9-L Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio.  
Send full information about representatives' plan and application for territory  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....





## Increase Your Pay

Are you sacrificing the best years of your life to a routine job, in the thought that you can advance only at the shuffling pace of the rank and file? Thousands of men with no better start than you have doubled and tripled their incomes by home-study business training under the LaSalle Problem Method. During a period of only six months, 1,248 members of LaSalle Extension University reported definite salary-increases as a result of training under this remarkable method. **The average increase per man was 89 per cent.**

### Send for This Book—It's Free

If "half as much again" would look good to you, check the training that interests you, sign and mail the coupon NOW. It will bring you full particulars, together with details of our **convenient-payment plan**; also your free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it **free**.

Make your start toward that bigger job TODAY.

### Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

## LaSalle Extension University

The World's Largest Business Training Institution  
Dept. 11361-R Chicago

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management        | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship        | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy         | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management         | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL. B.      | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship         | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management       | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy—Stenography                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management      | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance        | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

## LEARN TO Mount Birds

We teach you **At Home by Mail** to mount Birds, Animals, Heads, Tax Furs and Make Eggs. Be a taxidermy artist. Easily, quickly learned by men, women and boys. Tremendously interesting and fascinating. Decorate home and den with beautiful art. **Make Big Profits from Spare Time Selling Specimens and Mounting for Others.**  
**Free Book—** Yes absolutely **Free**—beautiful book telling all about how to learn taxidermy. Send Today. You will be delighted. **Don't Delay!**  
Northwestern School of Taxidermy  
118 E. Wood Bldg., OMAHA, NEB.

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address Medicated Ear Drum  
**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
115 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## NEW AUTOMATIC WINDOW WASHER

Washes—Cleans—Dries—Polishes in **ONE Quick Operation.**

Amazing new invention completely revolutionizes window washing. **CARRIES ITS OWN WATER SUPPLY!** Eliminates all the drudgery and unpleasantness.

Five times as fast as old methods. No pail. No brush. No sponge. No chamols. Your hands never touch water with the **NEW AUTOMATIC.** Can be used with or without pole. Every housewife, auto owner, storekeeper and factory owner a live prospect. Sensational demonstration. Sells at sight. Big repeat business. Year 'round seller.

**MAKE \$90 to \$150 A WEEK** Agents coin tremendous profits. Going like wildfire. Sells for only \$1.95. Liberal profits for agents. \$10 to \$25 a day easy—\$200 to \$300 a week possible.

Send today for our **FREE SAMPLE** **Sample FREE!** OFFER. You risk nothing. Don't delay. Write for money making proposition at once.

National Industries, Wrigley Bldg., Dept. 3011 Chicago

## Your Ways and Ours

(Continued from page 67)

often live in the colleges, which makes them accessible for friendly and learned conversations. They have much more opportunity of knowing their students personally, and of giving individual thought and care to the intellectual development of each student. The American student is too often hostile, too much in awe of his teacher, which means that he keeps the high-school mentality too long. Only the graduates come into real contact with their teachers.

Probably as a result of this, the American student is less mature intellectually than the English student. He makes up for this by being far more socially developed. This I noticed especially among American girls. They have less specialized knowledge than their English prototypes, but they have a much wider range of knowledge and much more social sense.

The English student as a rule can only talk about one subject; the American about many. Further, in England a far smaller proportion of girls go to college at all. This means that the girls who do go are regarded as freaks. They have not, as a class, the faculty which the American girl student has of retaining her charming femininity, her prettiness of face, figure and manners, together with her scholastic training. Too many English girls are blue-stockings. They seldom dance, and too often they are absolute frumps. The Americans dance a good deal of the time. They dress much better, dance exquisitely.

The English type of college girl, I may add for the prestige of my own country, is gradually improving, and learning that it is possible to be both well-informed and attractive.

Some of the American customs I found difficult to understand. The "hazing" of freshmen I found frankly barbarous; but perhaps that is because I did not understand it fully. In many respects American college life is much more amusing than that of England. I loved especially the collection of clanking Ford cars, painted in shrieking colors, that lined the streets outside the lecture rooms, or tore noisily through the streets.

These remarks are necessarily cursory and incomplete. The reason is that I have learned so much about this country that I am just beginning to realize what a tremendous more there is to know. There is so much to say that it is hard to select what is most significant. To me America is stimulating and exhilarating. I think that Americans, on the whole, are more broad-minded than English people. They are more glad to welcome you for being yourself than for being a type. They take your ways for granted. In college life, I think that both countries have much to learn from each other. I am extremely grateful of the opportunity that I had to spend a year in this country as a student; I have paid it the sincerest compliment in my power by coming back here for yet another year.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 40)

finding the men who would like to have copies of the histories.

The official History of the Seventh Division has been available for several years and many copies have been purchased by individuals and many have been presented to Legion posts, to libraries and to friends. The volume contains a full account of the division's activities and is splendidly illustrated with photographs and maps. Copies may be obtained at five dollars from Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Other notices of interest to veterans follow:

**FIFTH DIV., NEW YORK CAMP**—Annual get-together and smoker at 208 W. 68th st., New York City, Nov. 16. Address Jack Walker, Box 522, General Post Office, New York City.  
**33d Div.**—Annual reunion in Springfield, Ill., Nov. 17-18. For particulars address George E. Clarke, secy., 231 S. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.  
**40TH (SUNSHINE) DIV.**—Reunion in Camp Kearny, San Diego, Cal., Nov. 10-12. Address 10th Div. Reunion Hq., Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

**103d INF., 26TH DIV.**—Former members are requested to report names, present addresses, former company, and service wounds or decorations, for historical purposes. Contributions toward 26th Div. Memorial Church at Belleau are also wanted. Ad-

dress Col. Frank M. Hume, Custom House, Portland, Me.

**111TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.**—Reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 10-12. Address Wm. G. Blough, 1051 Bloomfield Sta., Pittsburgh.

**157TH INF. ASSOC.**—Annual meeting and mess call, N. G. Armory, 1321 Acoma st., Denver, Colo., Nov. 12. Address Dr. C. C. Combs, pres., 423 Majestic bldg., Denver.

**55TH ENGES.**—All former members interested in proposed reunion send name, address and former company designation to P. H. Unumb, Alexandria, Minn.

**Co. E, 114TH INF., 29TH DIV.**—Reunion at Asbury Park, N. J., Nov. 10. Address Hugh R. Lackey, Post Office, Asbury Park.

**Co. C, 305TH INF., 77TH DIV.**—Annual reunion and dinner at new club house, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Nov. 17. Address Warren D. Lufury, 2 Irving pl., Yonkers, N. Y.

**Co. D, 308TH INF., 77TH DIV.**—Annual reunion and farewell to Capt. Paul Knight, in New York City, Nov. 3. Address Bill Tighe, 541 Isham st., New York City.

**23d Co., SIXTH M. G. BN., SECOND DIV.**—For purposes of holding a letter reunion and of getting lined up for Second Div. reunion in Boston in June, 1929, former members are requested to write to Harold J. Cloutman, 120 Broadway, New York City.

**BTY. E, 325TH F. A.**—Sixth annual reunion. Address Homer C. Landis, 1640 E. 78th st., Cleveland, Ohio.

**Co. L, 55TH PION. INF. AND P. W. E. Co., 258**—To compile roster, former members of these outfits are requested to write to H. W. Wade, Burlington, N. C.

**BASE HOSP. No. 14**—To complete roster and correct mailing list for association bulletin, former members are asked to report to E. F. Weber, 79 W. Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.



BASE HOSP. No. 116—Tenth annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 10. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 5—All former officers, enlisted men and nurses are urged to join the Second Division Association, with headquarters at the Army War College, Washington, D. C. Dues one dollar a year.

50TH REGT., C. A. C.—Former members interested in proposed reunion address A. P. Estelle, 18 Webster ave., W. Springfield, Mass.

CO. A, THIRD DIV. SUP. TRN.—Former members interested in proposed letter reunion are requested to write to Earl B. Rathburn, 2009 S. Salina st., Syracuse, N. Y.

302D AND 303D STEVEDORE REGTS.—To compile roster with view to holding reunion, men who served at Camp President Lincoln, Brest, France, under Capt. John R. Hubbard and Q. M. Sgt. Fred Stockton, are requested to write to Capt. Hubbard, Governors Island, New York City.

HARRISON TECH. SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.—Men who served from June to August, 1918, interested in proposed reunion, address H. J. Beggs, 4535 Woodlawn ave., Chicago.

FIRST ANTI-AIRCRAFT, FIRST ARMY ART. PARK, 62D C. A. C., 67TH C. A. C. and 40TH R. R. ART.—Reunion in Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, Nov. 10. Address A. H. Roche, secy., 782 15th ave., San Francisco.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of disability claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

BERNSTADT-CUES, GERMANY. Names and addresses of Medical Officers stationed there in Dec., 1918, and Jan., 1919, wanted in connection with disability claim of Norman P. JONES, Bakery Co. 307.

35TH ENGRS., Nimes, Gard, France. Members transferred to 103d T. C., later 79th T. C., remembering accident to C. L. LAURENCE in wood-boring machine in Courbessac shop.

MCCULLOCH, Charles John. Serial 1332304, appr. seaman, enlisted July 30, 1918, at Washington, D. C. Discharged July 10, 1919, in same city. Served on U. S. S. Missouri, receiving ship, Norfolk, Va., and U. S. S. Pocahontas, Hampton Roads. Last heard from in Aug., 1926. May be traveling for barbers' supplies.

CAMP NICHOLS, New Orleans, La. Who was the Medical Corps captain, with 27 years' service, stationed in this camp until Aug., 1918? He had charge of recruits from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., later assigned to 33d Inf.

KNUTH, Frank H. Died Oct. 5, 1927. Left two children, now entitled to Veterans Bureau benefits. The widow, Roxie Knuth, is reported to have died subsequent to husband's death and children are in custody of grandparents in Okla. Where are these children?

CO. C, M. G. BN., FIRST DIV. Former members recalling CHAS. NELSON, who enlisted from Kennam, N. D.

WHITEHEAD, Jack W. Electrician 2cl, U. S. S. New Hampshire.

CO. G, SEVENTH INF., THIRD DIV. Information regarding personal effects of Clifford C. GLOVER, killed in action July 15, 1918.

MED. DET., BTRY. B, 66TH REGT., C. A. C. Former members recalling Sgt. Morton R. PALMER.

MED. DET., M. G. CO., 324TH INF. Name and address of red-headed soldier of this unit at Thoirs, Cote d'Or, France, spring of 1919.

HYLAND, James W., now deceased. Men remembering riot in Occupation Army, Andernach, Germany, in which Hyland, under Capt. Emmett A. Brown, Third M. P.'s, was struck with wine bottle resulting in broken jaw and other injuries. While recovering in Evac. Hosp. No. 27, Coblenz, about July 1, 1919, he submitted to blood transfusion for a man who had been shot through stomach.

BTRY. C, 83D F. A., Camp Fremont, Calif., Ft. Sill, Okla., A. E. F. and Camp Knox, Ky. Former members recalling Thomas E. FRYER.

THE COMPANY CLERK

## There Ought to be a Law

(Continued from page 30)

prepared the necessary legislation to consolidate the various governmental functions under one head responsible to the President alone. This became law August 9, 1921, and the United States Veterans Bureau became a fact.

The situation of the disabled was approaching a national scandal, and finally the Senate appointed a committee to investigate the problem. We had no hospitals. Disabled men were wherever beds could be found to place them. They were scattered around in temporary homes, hospitals and even jails. The Legion demanded that this situation be remedied at once and asked for \$35,000,000 to begin construction of permanent government-owned and government-operated hospitals. Instead there was appropriated \$19,850,000. At that time the best medical authorities within the Legion itself, men who had worn the uniform, made the prognostication that the peak of the load would be reached in 1924 or 1925. It was thought that probably not more than \$50,000,000 would be required to build hospitals to take care of all of the men who would ever require treatment.

At this same session of Congress we had the necessary legislation enacted to bring back to America and to bury at Arlington the body of the Unknown Soldier. We also had enacted the necessary legislation to compel the publication of the slackers' list.

During the next session of Congress we obtained \$17,000,000 more for hos-

pital construction. The original Adjusted Compensation Bill was passed, vetoed by the President and failed of passage over the veto by four votes. In February, 1922, the Disabled Emergency Officers Bill first passed the Senate by a vote of 50 to 14.

In 1923, during the fourth session of Congress after the Legion had come into existence, by P. L. No. 409 we obtained \$5,781,000 for further hospital construction. The care of the disabled showed little improvement. We had sixteen amendments enacted to the War Risk Insurance Act, increasing the appropriation by \$36,000,000 a year.

The following session of Congress, four years after it had been first introduced, the Adjusted Compensation Bill was again put through the Senate and the House, vetoed by the President and enacted into P. L. No. 120 over the veto by a vote in the Senate of 61 to 27 and in the House of 331 to 87. This without doubt has been one of the most beneficial pieces of legislation ever enacted. For of the 4,327,143 eligibles, already 3,564,162 have received their Adjusted Service Certificates and there are now pending 118,893 applications. Ninety percent of those eligible to benefit have taken advantage of this law.

It might here be pointed out that on an average seventy veterans are dying a day, so that to their dependents is being paid an average of \$1,000 each, or \$70,000 a day, just at the time when it is most needed. (Continued on page 70)

### Buy Gifts NOW

Pay NEXT YEAR

**\$100**

Brings your Choice 10 month to PAY

**WHAT YOU DO**  
SEND ONE DOLLAR with name and address, number of article and brief note telling us: (1) How long at present address, (2) Age, (3) Married or Single, (4) Name of employer, (5) Nature of work, and (6) How long in employment. This information will be held strictly confidential --- no direct inquiries sent to employer.

**WHAT WE DO**  
Upon arrival of your order, we will open Ten Month Charge Account and send selection for approval and 15 day trial. If satisfied you pay balance in ten equal monthly payments, otherwise return and your dollar will be promptly refunded. No articles sold to persons under 20 yrs. of age.

**\$45**

41-14K solid white gold wrist watch; four blue-white diamonds; four blue French sapphires 15 Jewel movement. Ribbon and flexible bracelet. Complete in gift box. \$1.00 with order \$4.40 a month.

**The KENT**  
It's Insured

**\$5250**

21 - Cupid Engagement ring. 18K white gold with blue-white diamond in heart form on each side of blue-white diamond in center. \$1.00 with order. \$5.15 a month.

**\$2975**

28-Custom Made Kent strap-watch for men. Sweet Quality guaranteed case; 15 Jewel jolt-proof movement. Complete with new woven band in gift box. \$29.75. \$1. with order. \$2.87 a mo.

**\$3650**

32 - AA 1 blue-white diamond in 18K white gold ring. \$1.00 with order. \$3.65 a mo.

**\$4250**

20 - Love-knot ring. 18K white gold. AA 1 blue-white diamond. \$1.00 with order. \$4.15 a month.

**\$3350**

38-Two blue-white diamonds; four blue sapphires; 14K solid white gold wrist watch, 15 Jewel movement; flexible bracelet. \$33.50. \$1.00 with order \$3.25 a mo.

**\$2975**

It's a Bulova 26-15 Jewel movement with "dust-tite" cap. radium numerals and hands \$29.75 \$1.00 with order. \$2.87 a month.

**\$50**

33 - Artistic leaf design; 18K white gold. blue-white diamond. \$1.00 with order. \$4.90 a month.

**\$2750**

34 - 14K white gold signet ring for men. Genuine Onyx with initial and blue-white diamond \$1. with order \$2.65 a mo.

**FREE to Any Adult**  
Complete gift guide of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry - 10 months to pay on everything. Also presents "Etiquette of Gift Giving" by Jane Wells.

**L.W. SWEET**  
INCORPORATED  
Dept 28-S 1660 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

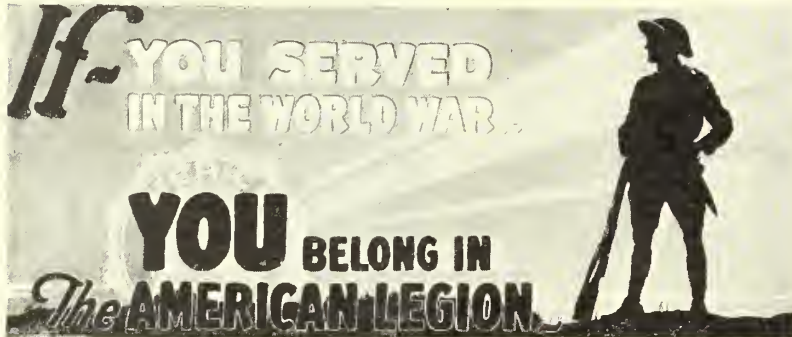


# Irresistible!

These unusual and compelling American Legion membership billboard posters and window cards are sure-fire member getters. They are irresistible! No ex-service man can pass them without reading. They are real go-getters!

Your Post can substantially increase its membership by the liberal use of these specially designed advertising accessories, which are available at exceptionally low prices. Your local theaters, merchants and bill posting companies will gladly co-operate in displaying these effective advertisements.

It pays to advertise—and you are urged to take advantage of this means of increasing your Post membership.



STYLE NO. 1

This very effective poster design has been used by hundreds of Posts with splendid results. It commands instant attention, for it is beautifully reproduced in four colors—red, white, black and green. In addition to the standard billboard poster, this attractive design is also available for use in window card size.



STYLE NO. 2

Poster Design No. 2 is reproduced in seven colors—red, purple, orange, blue, green, yellow and pink. Irresistible is the word which exactly describes this poster, which is as big as the biggest circus poster and which can be easily read at a distance of one block. It also is available in window card size and in addition is to be had in slide form for theater use.

#### PRICES (EITHER STYLE)

Billboard Poster, 9 x 21 feet.....	\$1.00 each plus carrying charges
Window Card, 14 x 21 inches.....	.05 each plus carrying charges
Slides (for theater use).....	.25 each postage prepaid

## MAIL THIS TODAY

EMBLEM DIVISION, THE AMERICAN LEGION  
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed herewith is check or money order for \$\_\_\_\_\_, for which you will please send the following advertising accessories. It is understood that I will pay the delivery charges which are not included in the prices quoted.

\_\_\_\_\_ Billboard Posters Design No. 1 \_\_\_\_\_ Window Cards Design No. 2  
\_\_\_\_\_ Billboard Posters Design No. 2 \_\_\_\_\_ Slide Design No. 2  
\_\_\_\_\_ Window Cards Design No. 1

Note: Slide Design No. 1 not available

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## There Ought to be a Law

(Continued from page 69)

On the other hand, those veterans who continue to live will receive the full face value of their certificates in 1944.

The Legion had reached such a place in national affairs in 1924 that Congress authorized the printing as a House Document of the proceedings of American Legion conventions. At this session of Congress we again obtained \$6,850,000 for further hospital construction, and it was gradually becoming apparent to Congress just what the care of the disabled men really meant to this Government and what the necessities and requirements would be for future permanent hospital construction.

As a result of the Senate investigation the Reed-Johnson Act was passed, a measure to codify, revise and re-enact all laws affecting veterans. At the same time forty-three amendments to the law were enacted in response to resolutions advocated by the Legion's San Francisco convention. This World War Veterans' Act, as the law is now known, conferred direct benefits on 118,400 veterans and their dependents at an increased cost of \$33,000,000 a year.

Up to this time veterans' legislation had been considered by the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, where the actual War Risk Insurance Law had been initiated. The problem now was becoming a national one and at the instance of The American Legion House Res. 146 was enacted, which created in the House a Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation to be composed of twenty-one members, and on the first committee were fourteen members of The American Legion.

At the following session of Congress, in 1925, by P. L. No. 628 we had thirty-five new amendments to the World War Veterans' Act. By eight laws we secured for increased hospital construction \$27,116,000. The problem continued to grow. The Disabled Emergency Officers Bill was again passed by the Senate by a vote of 63 to 14.

In 1926 we had twenty-two amendments to the World War Veterans' Act enacted, granting direct relief to 73,300 men and their dependents, at an increased cost of \$17,500,000 a year. By this time Congress fully realized the necessity for permanent hospital construction and, through the enactment of four laws, set aside \$18,196,400 for this purpose. The passage of the Reed Bill brought four amendments to the World War Veterans' Act covering insurance alone. Sec. 301 extended the time for veterans to re-instate their insurance and, since term insurance was about to pass out of existence, created the five-year term level premium policy at an increased cost of \$17,000,000 for three years.

By this time it was necessary to obtain some amendments to the Adjusted Compensation Law and P. L. No. 472 was enacted which directly affected 79,000 veterans at a cost of \$15,000,000 a year.



At the following session, in 1927, it became possible for veterans to borrow money on their Adjusted Service Certificates. Having some difficulty with the banks, we had P. L. No. 762 enacted which provided direct loans to veterans on these certificates through the Veterans Bureau. We secured the necessary legislation for the distribution of captured German war trophies to posts of The American Legion. At this time there was a movement on foot to reduce the compensation of disabled men in hospitals. Section 202, Paragraph 7, of the World War Veterans' Act was amended to prevent this reduction in the pay of 4,300 men and thereby saved them \$2,100,000 annually. In this same session we obtained \$4,500,000 more for hospital construction.

In the session of Congress just closed we secured \$19,000,000 for hospitals. In P. L. No. 570 we secured four amendments to the Adjusted Compensation Act. One extended the time for filing applications until 1930, for after the time limit had expired on January 1, 1928, more than forty thousand applications had been received, with an average face value of \$1,000 each. By the enactment of this law, these belated applications became validated, thereby giving \$40,000,000 to service men who made them. At the same time we had validated 30,000 other applications which had been returned for correction to veterans who had died before receiving them. The Comptroller of the Treasury had held that these were not completed applications and that it would be necessary for dependents to file new ones, receiving instead of the full face value only the Adjusted Service credit in ten quarterly installments. This we had corrected, thereby authorizing the distribution of \$30,000,000 to these dependents.

We got also thirteen amendments to the World War Veterans' Act for an annual total of \$5,500,000, and Congress extended the time in which applications for disability could be filed. We also obtained an amendment to fix definitely the statute of limitations under which suits on contracts of insurance might be brought. The Immigration Act was also amended to carry out Legion recommendations. The necessary legislation to permit the further consideration of recommendations for the award of decorations to veterans of the World War was enacted. For national defense \$500,000 was secured for the National Rifle Matches and sufficient funds to train 20,000 reserve officers at summer training camps.

Most important, after nine years of constant effort, the Tyson-Fitzgerald Bill for the retirement of disabled emergency army officers, the last of the great measures to be advocated at the St. Louis caucus, became P. L. No. 506 by a vote in the Senate of 66 to 14 and in the House 245 to 101, thereby overriding the President's veto. Three times had this bill been passed by the Senate and six times had it been favorably reported to the House and placed upon the calendar. Originally it was

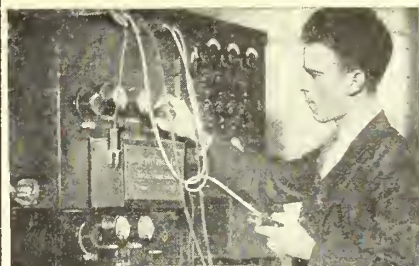
before the Military Affairs Committee of the House and there it stayed for a long time. When the World War Veterans' Committee was created in 1924 it was re-referred to that committee, which favorably reported it and placed it on the calendar. This, of course, did not mean action by the House. It was necessary to obtain a rule from the Rules Committee and favorable action by the steering committee before the measure could be placed upon the preferred list for action.

Four times a favorable rule was obtained, only to have the chairman of the committee carry the rule around in his pocket until the session closed. The various authors of the bill failed to return to the House and to the Senate and it was necessary to have the bill introduced by others. During the 1927 session of Congress it was caught in the filibuster in the Senate in the closing days and once again died. But immediately after the convening of the recent Congress it was re-introduced and favorably reported in both the House and Senate. Legislators who had bitterly opposed it for many years fought hard for its defeat on the floor, but finally after two days' debate it was again put through the Senate with no record vote being taken. Once again a rule was obtained from the rules committee in the House. During the previous summer while the various leaders of the House were travelling throughout the country they were met by delegations of Legionnaires who secured from them the promise that at this session they would permit the bill to come up on the floor of the House for a vote. The result was that the steering committee did finally place it on the preferred list.

It was expected that Congress would adjourn on May 10th, and so towards the closing days the bill was brought up and two days' debate was given. This was the first time the bill had been brought out on the floor of the House. Of the 435 members of the House we had 325 pledged in favor of the bill, and so, although the debate became bitter on the part of the opposition, at the end of the second day when the vote came the measure was put through overwhelmingly. It was sent to the President who held it eight days and sent it back with a veto. Having originated in the Senate it went first to that body for reconsideration. There was no debate. The vote was taken and it passed over the veto, 66 to 14—the same fourteen who voted against it in 1922 and in 1924. Within twenty minutes the measure was over to the House side. Just one Congressman had the opportunity to speak against the bill and urge his colleagues to sustain the veto when calls were heard for a vote. On the first roll call it was 176 to 83. To override a veto it is necessary to get two votes to one. The final vote in the House was 245 to 101. The nine years' battle was at an end with the Legion victorious. The Tyson-Fitzgerald Bill had become law.

In June, 1928, the Veterans Bureau was paying com- (Continued on page 72)

## Be A Radio Expert

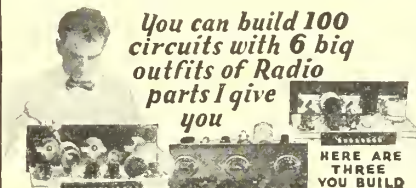


**Many Earn \$50 to \$250 a Week**

Men, here's a new, big, live-wire field brimming over with opportunities to make big money. Amazingly rapid growth of the Radio industry has astounded the world. Big and little fortunes are coming out of Radio every year. It's your big chance for quick financial progress. How to "cash in" on opportunities in twenty different branches—Radio manufacturing, selling, servicing sets, in business for yourself, to travel all over the world without expense as an operator on board ship, operator in a broadcasting station, and many others are explained in my book "Rich Rewards in Radio." Get a copy. It's FREE. Clip coupon.

### Easy to Learn at Home, This Practical, Fascinating Way

I'll train you in your spare time. My practical system with Six Big outfits of Radio parts, makes it easy, fascinating. You can build and experiment with practically every type of receiving set known. Nothing else equal to it. High School education not necessary. Boys 16, men up to 65 have mastered Radio this way. This course has put thousands of dollars in other fellows' pockets. Money back if not satisfied upon completion.



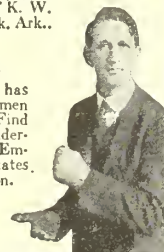
**\$10 to \$30 a Week in Spare Time While Learning**

That's what many of my students make. No need to pinch pennies, skimp along, and deny yourself good things. Pay your tuition out of spare time earnings, and have plenty of money left to bank. G. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I picked up \$30.5 in my spare time while studying." K. W. Griffith, 2320 Maple St., Little Rock, Ark., made \$89.4.

#### 64-Page Book FREE

Send for it. Clip the coupon. It has shown hundreds of men and young men how to make big money in Radio. Find out what Radio offers you before undertaking any thing else, and how my Employment Department helps graduates, get good jobs. There's no obligation.

Address J. E. Smith, Pres.,  
Dept. 33A5, National Radio Inst.  
Washington, D. C.



### FREE Information Coupon

J. E. Smith, President,  
Dept. 33A5, National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Without obligating me in any way, send me "Rich Rewards in Radio" giving facts and information on money-making opportunities in Radio and explaining your practical, fascinating way of teaching with your Six Big Outfits of Radio Parts.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



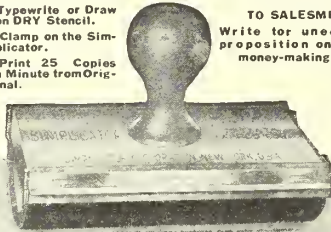
# 500 Copies In 20 Minutes

of any typed or written matter  
from one dry stencil—with

## SIMPLICATOR

The Desk Duplicator

1. Typewrite or Draw on DRY Stencil.
2. Clamp on the Simplicator.
3. Print 25 Copies a Minute from Original.



TO SALESMEN:  
Write for unequalled  
proposition on a real  
money-making line.

HUNDREDS USED IN N. Y. CITY SCHOOLS

Being used by Offices, Schools, Stores, Restaurants, Churches,  
Clubs, Business and Social Organizations.

Post Card and Note Size Outfit \$25.00 \$15.00

We will mail you complete outfit, of either size, on receipt  
of Money Order, or by Parcel Post. C. O. D. Satisfaction guar-  
anteed, or full purchase price refunded if returned in 10 days.

**SIMPLICATOR CORPORATION**

136-D Liberty Street New York City

Salesmen and Dealers Wanted in Open Territories

## Battle Stories

OUT TODAY!—Read

Arthur Guy Empey's trench tale—Raoul Whit-  
field's famous flying stories—J. Allan Dunn's  
navy yarn—and FRED PAINTON'S novel of  
the French Foreign Legion! And many others!

If your newsstand is sold out, mail 25c in stamps to  
Fawcett Publications, Pure Oil Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Match Your Coat and Vest  
With New Trousers. Free Sample

DON'T discard your old suit. Wear the coat  
and vest another year by getting new trousers  
to match. Tailored to your measure. With  
90,000 patterns to select from we can match  
almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of  
cloth today, and we will submit FREE best match  
obtainable.

AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO.,

Dept. A.L., 6 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

One Year
To Pay

**No. A295—\$59**  
**\$5 Deposit—\$1 Weekly**  
You've never seen a more exquisite  
ring than this. The fine quality, full  
cut, genuine blue-white diamond is  
full of fiery brilliance. Two smaller,  
blue-white diamonds are set in the  
sides of this handsomely hand en-  
graved, 18 Kt. solid white gold  
lady's mounting. Beauti-  
ful gift box free.

**18 Kt.**

No Red Tape
10 Days Trial

**SEND NO MONEY** When you get the ring, pay the postman. If you keep it, pay only \$1.00 a week for one whole year. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential—no unnecessary delay. State if white or colored.

**PRICE CUT TO \$59—WORTH \$100**  
You can now buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100. We guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. Greatest bargain offered by any Diamond Importer. We allow 8% annual increase in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

**Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog**  
It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades and complete description so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives you information other jewelers dare not tell. Diamonds from \$197 Ct. up.

**AGENTS WANTED—EARN \$200 WEEK.** Write for details.

**STERLING & WATCH CO. INC.**  
Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879  
1540 BROADWAY DEPT. 2528 N.Y.

## There Ought to be a Law

(Continued from page 71)

pensation on disability awards to 256,000 disabled veterans and to 86,256 dependents on account of death awards, a total of 342,864. It has been necessary for us to secure, since 1919, 136 amendments to the original War Risk Insurance Act and 10 amendments to the original Adjusted Compensation Act. All of these amendments were the result of resolutions adopted by The American Legion at national conventions which became mandates to the National Legislative Committee. It was by reason of these amendments to the original War Risk Insurance Act that the beneficiaries were increased from 114,000 to 342,000 and that the necessary appropriation for the Veterans Bureau has been raised from \$125,000,000 a year to \$586,461,094 for 1929.

As the result of careful study given to the hospital situation throughout the country by The American Legion there has finally been obtained \$118,303,000 for government constructed, owned and operated hospitals for the care of disabled men. Today there are 26,139 men in hospitals. The peak of the load has not been reached. With the amendment of Sec. 202-10 of the World War Veterans' Act, enabling veterans to enter hospitals irrespective of service connected disability, it is impossible to state how many beds will be required.

The various national conventions of the Legion since the St. Louis caucus have adopted on an average eighty-three resolutions each year. The National Legislative Committee has taken these resolutions and written them into bills, and presented them through friendly Senators and Congressmen to both the Senate and the House, although the committee is not limited to these bills in its activities. Since 1919 there have been introduced in the Senate 1540 bills and in the House 3347 bills directly affecting veterans of the World War or concerning matters in which The American Legion has been interested. On most of them hearings have been held and it has been necessary that The American Legion's point of view be presented. On the Adjusted Compensation Bill, the Disabled Emergency Officers Bill, hos-

pital construction and disabled men's legislation, all of the information required by Congress in both the Senate and House has been collected and prepared by the Legion's legislative representatives. Hundreds of witnesses have been brought down to Washington.

In ten years more than four hundred laws have been enacted as a result in part of the work done by the Legion's representatives. I have but touched upon forty-one of them. Space prevents discussion of the remainder. The disabled men's problem is not only still with us but it is growing. So, too, with the hospital problem. The part The American Legion is playing in national defense legislation is greater today than ever before.

The American Legion today occupies a most important and most secure position at the national capital and enjoys the confidence and the respect of not only the leaders but also the membership of both the Senate and the House, as has been fully and amply demonstrated by the success achieved since 1919.

The history of the National Legislative Committee has been the history of The American Legion. The committee's accomplishments affect in some form every single soldier who took part in the World War and his dependents. In some way and to some degree it has brought definite benefits to all. Truly the Government itself is indebted to The American Legion for the manner in which the Legion has developed and solved the problem of the veteran. What would have happened if there had been no American Legion? Congress itself would have been faced with the necessity of solving alone thousands of individual problems of real complexity. The Legion's national conventions and National Legislative Committee have presented to Congress definite proposals for legislation which have helped to solve the most important problems.

In all our history this is the first time that a veterans' organization has not only taken a part in but has actually solved many of the great problems, both economic and social, that come as the aftermath of war.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

recovering to go in again after having been "expended" in battle. Others were on the move in horse cars. Others had had the joy of being in the final rush in pursuit of the breaking Germans. Some were to march into Germany. The turn of the military card; the gamble of orders.

A HANDFUL WERE with the Italian Army in answer to Italy's call for the sight of

American khaki to prove we were back of Italy, too, as well as other Allies. Another handful was holding the Bolsheviks back from the sea. After German skill, courage and organization had crushed the czar's armies the need of America's aid had become that of salvation to the Allies. In their weariness and Germany's our

### Much in Demand



**MILLERS HOTEL CAFE**

**\$517 Profit in 3 Weeks!**

W V. Jones, Texas, made this money Shedrick of Ohio, earned **\$177 in 4 days**. Fauley, W. Va., made **\$257 in 18 days**. Good territory still open for ambitious men.

**\$18.50 to \$22.50 PROFIT PER ORDER**

Every cash or time payment order gives salesmen \$18.50 to \$22.50 commission. Easy to earn \$100 every week. No experience needed. Store owners, cafes, theatres, hotels—all are prospects for

**Dazzler and Rainbow Glow Electric Signs**

Write today for beautifully illustrated literature showing Dazzler and Rainbow Glow Electric Signs in full color, also money making proposition and exclusive territory arrangement. Don't wait! Get in the big money class as our representative. Write today for Free literature.

**Chicago Sign Sales Co. Dept. 34, Charlotte, N. C.**

**The "Dazzler" Today's Big Sign Sensation**

**LAW Free Book**

Write today for FREE 128-page book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN", which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 50 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court Justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL. B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.

**Write for free book today**

**BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 188 Chicago, Ill.**

**MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS**

Sell KRINGLES the unbreakable tree ornaments during spare time—beautiful colors. Sell 60c doz.—cost 35c doz. postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Send 35c for 1 doz. Reference, any bank in Bloomfield.

**BLOOMFIELD MFG. CO. 30 Locust Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.**

**BIG MONEY**

SHOWING shirt samples and writing orders. Many earn \$60 to \$75 a week. We send you all samples and supplies FREE and show you how to make big profits, full or spare time. Apply at once and we will include men's tie line FREE.

**ARTHUR MORTON SHIRT CO. 1219 Van Buren St., Dept. S9 M, Chicago, Ill.**

**Who Won the War?**

This thrilling war play (preface by Frederick Palmer) now available for post presentation. Will make money, interest members, give true war picture. Easily staged. Made \$2500 for Wichita, Kas., post. Dan Sowers, Director Americanism Commission, says: "Have recommended it to scores of posts; in no instance have I received other than the most laudatory praise." Complete text, 75c a copy. Samuel French, 25 W. 45th St., New York.

**Effective!**

**A New and Complete Series Wally**

Post Pep Postals are Government stamped, humorously written, and well illustrated. They bring 'em out for meetings, parades, entertainments, and other Legion functions. The Adjutant's signature—a flip into the mail box—a record attendance—a smile on everybody's face! Is it worth it? Consider the work and trouble these Post Pep Postals save and you'll agree with hundreds of satisfied Post officials that they are "Great!"

Each is a Government stamped card, ready for mailing, and requires no additional postage.

**100 Cards \$3.00**

Save \$5.00 by ordering 1000 cards at a special lot price of \$25.00

**The American Legion Monthly Indianapolis, Indiana**

fresh impetus was to turn the scale of battle.

AFTER ARMISTICE DAY, statesmen to the front, for reconstruction. Our President in Paris in peace council with the keen old cynic Clemenceau and the shifty Lloyd George. Slackers out of their holes offering advice. Busy plotters who had kept to the rear in the war intriguing for the spoils of victory. And all the silent millions still in uniform, Allied and enemy, they were the real men of peace. They knew.

*It Was Their Turn*

MANY SHIPS MAKING many voyages to carry 2,000,000 men 3,000 miles. Wait your turn. Long nights in dark villages. Do you remember? Still in the harness of discipline and camp routine with no battle to drill for. A glimpse of Paris, perhaps. And do you remember that embarkation camp at Brest? On board at last—then New York's skyscrapers—the train—mustered out—a free man—and home!

*Home, Buddy, Home*

So MANY SOLDIERS coming home. War emotions subsiding. Not many cheers left for late arrivals. That was all right, but able bodied neighbors had been getting ten dollars a day as munition workers. Luxuries for their women folk while yours had stinted.

*Some Surprises*

YOU DID NOT risk your life for pay—but equal pay for all in war was fair. Something was due on account to balance the difference. "Bonus hunters" now instead of heroes—public memory being short. Further reduction of taxes declared impossible if the Adjusted Compensation Act passed. Two reductions since its passage. But yet no universal draft law.

*It Was Not Fair*

FOLKS AT HOME could not understand what you had been through. You spoke a strange language to them. True after every war. Some thought that Chateau-Thierry was on the Meuse-Argonne River. Hard to break out of military step into civil step. The others who had never been out of it had their jobs while perhaps you hunted for one to begin afresh.

*Getting Together*

SOME OF US prospering, some are not; the rewards each gets depends upon his line of employment. We would like the farmer and textile worker to have their shares. Looking over the world we find no wars being waged, which is not saying that one may not come. The new nations which the war created are getting on their feet; the old nations are back on a gold basis. Man is great in de- (Continued on page 75)

*So Here We Are*



GEORGE F. JOWETT, *Champion of Champions*

**"I will give you muscles like mine"**

I WILL make you a TWO-FISTED FIGHTING MAN with nerves of steel and muscles like iron. I will send the good red blood coursing through your veins like the onrush of electricity. I will give you an indomitable will and reveal the TWELVE PRINCIPLES OF LIFE by which every organ is rejuvenated. I will make you a man—a real man—ALL MAN.

*I Was Once a Weakling*

I built my own body and I can build yours. My methods are endorsed by HERMAN GORNER, the strongest man in the world; ARTHUR DANDURAND, the Canadian Sandow; HENRY STEINBORN; JIM LONDOS, the Greek god; and ARTHUR GAY, winner of America's Most Perfect Man Contest.

*I Give You Personal Attention*

That's one of the big secrets of my success. I study your particular needs and lay out a series of day-by-day progressive exercises that are best for you.

**Send Only 25c for My Double Strength Krusher Grip**



Increase the size and strength of your arm almost overnight. A strong grip is the barometer of your personality. With each KRUSHER GRIP I will give FREE a beautiful illustrated booklet filled with handsome pictures. It tells you how you can possess a manly figure packed with energy and power. How to put inches on your chest, neck, arms, and legs and get a body as shapely as Sandow. Fill in the coupon, mail it with 25c and get this FREE BOOKLET and my KRUSHER GRIP—the finest thing you've ever seen for developing the hands, wrists and forearms.

**THE JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**

422 Poplar Street Scranton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Jowett:

Enclosed is 25c for your Double Strength Krusher Grip and a free copy of your illustrated booklet, "The Thrill of Being Strong."

Name.....

Address.....

**THE PENCIL POINTED PEN INKOGRAPH**

The Perfect Writing Instrument

**ONLY \$1.50**

SAME SIZE AS \$7.00 & \$8.75 FOUNTAIN PENS

Writes with ink freely, smoothly and easily answering purpose of both pen and pencil. Never blots, balks, dries up, scratches, leaks or soils hands. Draws lines to ruler, no smears or smudge

**MAKES 3 CARBON COPIES** at one time with original in ink.

**SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman \$1.50 plus postage, or sent prepaid if remittance accompanies order. Your money back if not satisfied, within 10 days.

**INKOGRAPH COMPANY, INC. 199-581 Centre Street, New York**

DEALERS Send For Catalogue

That hard smooth ball-like 14 Kt. Gold Point.

**AGENTS** — Send for Inkograph or write for Sales plan booklet. Big value, -- sells on sight -- no investment -- immediate commissions



# 2200 OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS



## THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EVER PUBLISHED—

### Beautifully Bound in One Portfolio

**Mail Today!**

**T**EN to one, you will find pictures of your old outfit, the ship you served on, the village you slept in, or even your own photograph—thousands of men have recognized themselves. Here you will find pictured every combat division in action; the French villages; training camps; photographic records of all the big offensives: Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and all the others. In addition, you will find a special Navy and Marine Corps section with hundreds of pictures; also dozens of Air Service photographs, Tank Corps in action, Hospital Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations; and every

branch that contributed to the success of the combat forces.

The photographs appearing in this collection were taken by Government official photographers. It is their story of America's participation. This is the largest collection of official photographs ever assembled into one volume. Do not confuse it with similar publications that have been offered. Read the list of contents.

The actual size of this portfolio is 9x12 inches. It contains 1,000 pages and is beautifully bound in an art leather cover. Every photograph is reproduced by the beautiful rotogravure process, much clearer and much more comprehensive than original photographs.

ORDER YOUR COPY of this beautiful portfolio—TODAY. If after 10 days' examination in your own home, you are dissatisfied with the portfolio, return it to us and we will refund your money.

**{ Send No Money! }**

**{ Contents }**

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY  
Book Department, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

You will please send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States Official Pictures of the World War. I will pay the mailman \$12.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within 10 days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State ..... \*\*\*

#### Army Section

1. Mobilization, photographs of training camps in America.
2. Convoys and transports. Dozens of these ships are shown.
3. Landing of the troops in France and England.
4. Training in France.
5. Cantigny; our first offensive.
6. Chateau-Thierry, 2nd and 3rd Division in action.
7. St. Mihiel; the First American Army in its first offensive.
8. Meuse-Argonne. The most terrible scenes in the whole war.
9. Operations of the 2nd Army.
10. Americans on the British front.
- 11 and 12. Americans on Italian and Russian fronts.
13. Service of supplies.

14. Victory and the Armistice.
15. American Army in Germany after the Armistice.
16. Women in the war.
17. Welfare organizations.
18. Medical corps.
19. Combat divisions, Histories; Medal of Honor citations, maps and statistics.

#### Navy Section

1. Arrival of first American Destroyers overseas.
2. Transports and naval overseas Transportation Service.
3. Mine-laying boats, with maps and descriptive matter.
4. Submarine Service.
5. Sub-Chaser Service.
6. On board the Battleships.
7. Aeroplane and Balloon Service; Naval Railway Guns, Mystery Ships.

8. Mine sweepers.
9. Training Stations. Several hundred good pictures showing all branches of naval training.
10. Flight of the N. C. boats. Pictures and statistics of the first flight across the Atlantic.

#### Marine Corps Section

1. Training pictures in the U. S. A. and overseas.
2. Battle of Belleau Woods with special historical account by Major Edwin McClellan, O. I. C. Historical Section.
3. Battle of Les Mares Farm with official history of the operations.
4. Victory of Soissons.
5. Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge and night march to Beaumont.



## A Personal View

(Continued from page 73)

struction but also great in construction.

HE WAS THE man we fought and we certainly learned to respect him as a warrior. When we came in he had Russia down and out, Italy, Rumania and Serbia at bay; no Allied soldiers on his soil, and the French and British armies in siege on French soil. We fought to overthrow the kaiser lest what he stood for should prevail in the world. He was exiled, now a futile old man. For ten years Germany has been a republic. So Heinie has kept the faith. As hard a worker in peace as he was

fighter in war, he is making a new and great Germany.

WHAT SATIRE! GERMANY a republic!—and ten years after that war to "save democracy" and for the freedom of peoples, rises the cry against Italian tyranny from the Germans of the Tyrol robbed of their language and racial rights! Another kaiser has risen on the victory of democracy won by American democracy. More a czar than the kaiser, Mussolini has taken the vote away from his people, formed an army in the kaiserian spirit.

Not So Good

## Don't Be Afraid

(Continued from page 27)

deliberately, year by year, to depend on her for practically everything, because in so doing, she received a great amount of emotional satisfaction. The time finally came when Joe found himself leaning on his mother to do most of his thinking for him and to make most of the decisions and choices that all of us have to make every day. But when he reached sixteen the boy began vaguely to realize that the time was soon coming when he would have to stand on his own feet; live his own life and make his own decisions without depending so much on mother.

Part of him wanted to do this; to become free and independent and to grow up to be a real adult in his feelings as well as in his intelligence and in his physical development. But a larger part of him feared to seek this freedom. He had been taught so long to think of himself as needing to be looked after that the prospect of independence was terrifying. Here, you see, was the beginning of a mental conflict. He desired to live his own life, but the duty (so he thought) of not disobeying or disappointing his mother created many conflicting ideas.

Then the war came along. To Joe the war was a God-send, although he groused a lot about it like the rest of us. Nevertheless it furnished him with the excuse he had been looking for; if Uncle Sam said he *had* to leave home and go to France, then not even mother could blame him for going away from her in body—and, he hoped to himself—a little bit, in emotions too.

Two years of the war did much for Joe. It opened his eyes to the rightful joys of being freed from the sticky, unhealthy part of the emotional attachment to his mother.

Perhaps the most significant expression of his new-found freedom was his marriage against mother's protest. She took the news with poor grace and for a long time was quite distant with Mary. This didn't bother Joe too greatly for he

had outgrown much of his earlier childish dependency, and what was left of it he transferred—unwittingly—to Mary. But of late years things hadn't been going so well between husband and wife. The natural responsibilities of a married man and a father were growing heavier and coming a little faster than he had bargained for. Life was becoming a bit more complicated as the glamor of the early years of marriage lessened and he found himself taking things more seriously than he did in the happy-go-lucky years following the Armistice. As the burdens and responsibilities of adulthood piled up Joe would think more and more regretfully of the pleasant days of his childhood when he had no responsibilities and when most of his burdens were carried by his mother. As these thoughts came back to him time and again he found himself getting into the same state of mind towards his wife, that as a boy he had felt towards his mother. In other words he was vaguely aware that he not only wanted to, but actually was, leaning too much on Mary. At first she thought little of it, but after a while began to feel privately that her husband, in requiring her to be both wife and mother to him, was demanding the unfair. In numerous ways she tried to get Joe to depend more on himself for decisions and plans, but when she did he accused her of being unsympathetic and hard. About this time his old conflict between desire and duty began to flare up again. He had uneasy doubts and feelings of guilt about the rightness of his separating himself (emotionally) from his mother; he worried lest she think him an "undutiful" son, and all the time the tug in opposite directions on his heart strings between loyalty to his mother and loyalty to his wife grew stronger and more confusing.

Now it is well known to students of human conduct that mental conflicts require energy on which to feed if they are to exist. At (Continued on page 76)

# Sent to You



## for Only \$

A Sensational Offer!  
Only \$1.00 and you get the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments! Lowest prices ever named on similar quality. You save 30% to 50%.

DOWN

## 21 JEWEL-Extra Thin STUDEBAKER The Insured Watch

Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches. Diamonds and Jewelry also sold on easy payments. This company is directed by the Studebaker Family of South Bend, known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of fair dealing. 100,000 satisfied customers. Send coupon at once for full particulars of our amazing offer. Studebaker 21-Jewel Watches have 8 adjustments—heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. An insurance policy is given free—insuring the watch for your lifetime!

### WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!

A copy of our beautiful, new, six-page color catalog will be sent free to anyone sending the coupon below. Shows 80 magnificent, new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. Masterpieces of the watchmaker's craft.

### Special Offer: Watch Chain FREE

To those who write at once for free Catalog we will include particulars of our special offer of an exquisite Watch Chain free. This offer is for a limited time only. Send coupon at once—before it expires.

### Studebaker Watch Co.

Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing  
WATCHES—DIAMONDS—JEWELRY  
Dept. P920 South Bend, Ind.  
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

### SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Dept. P920 South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free Catalog of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1 down offer

☐ Please send me Jewelry Catalog free.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City or Post Office.....

State.....

## Reduce Your Girth with 'Little Corporal'



### You'll Look and Feel Like a NEW MAN

The new Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt for MEN will take inches off your waistline. Gives you true athletic posture, wonderful ease and comfort and relieves that tired feeling. No lacers—no buckles—no straps. "On and off in a jiffy." Guaranteed one year.

### Two Weeks' Trial Offer!

and Free booklet, "THE TRUTH." Packed with proof. Write today.

Women: Ask about our new creation—the "Elastex" Reducer.

The Little Corporal Co., Dept. 11-V, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago



# Don't Be Afraid

(Continued from page 75)

any given time we have only so much energy to expend for all purposes and consequently, if a mental conflict requires a third or a half of our total amount of energy it means that this quantity must be taken away from other activities. That is why fatigue and weakness are common symptoms in many cases of "nervousness." Such "nervousness" all too often is the outward expression of an inward conflict, and where there is conflict, there, too, is likely to be fatigue and "tiredness." There isn't enough energy to go around. That also is a partial explanation of why Joe found it hard to keep his attention on his work. The elements of the conflict were unpleasant so he resolved not to think about them. But the emotional pressure generated by the conflict was so strong that, try as he might, the fears and worries and doubts and feelings of guilt came pressing up through his determination to think about something else, until he found his desire to concentrate his attention on a piece of work was interfered with by the demands of the conflict to be given recognition.

It was probable that the irritability he displayed towards Mary and the children partly represented irritation with himself that he hadn't been able to stand on his own feet and continue to remain independent. It is human nature, when we are displeased or irritated with ourselves, to try to avoid the discomfort of acknowledging our faults by projecting or "taking out" the displeasure on others; and because Joe was as human as the rest of us he "took out" his irritation with himself on Mary and the children. It is more likely, however, that another portion of his irritability towards them represented a protest from the subconscious part of his mind against their very existence. In other words Mary and the children constituted the chief obstacle to Joe's returning (in spirit) to his mother and to the care-free, protected years of childhood. He couldn't, of course, get rid of Mary and the children; the conscious part of his mind didn't want to get rid of them; didn't even know that the other part harbored such unpleasant desires; but he *could* express his resentment against the obstacle to his wishes that their presence innocently imposed by becoming irritable and surly towards them.

As to Joe's fear that he was "slipping" in his work the principle explanation was found to lie in a sort of disguise he unconsciously adopted. Deep down he feared he was slipping back into the dependent attitude of mind towards his mother that he thought he had outgrown, but this fear was so unpleasant it was necessary, if he was to recognize it at all, to change it into a fear that the "slipping" referred only to his work. That is another curious thing we humans often do. Because of the disagreeable or painful nature of some of the things or ideas that frighten us, we resolve to

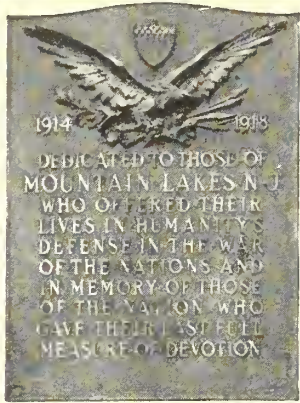
"forget" them at once. However, in shoving them into the back of our minds we don't really "forget them"; we just place them out of sight. Then some day something happens to remind us of the original experience that aroused the fear. It is so powerful it *must* be heard, but because it also is so distressing we still dislike to recall it. Nevertheless the memory clamors louder and more insistently to be admitted into our consciousness until at last we have to do something about it. Our instinct tells us that if we can fool ourselves and other people by changing the *object* of the fear, then the pressure it has generated can escape while at the same time we spare ourselves the discomfort of reliving the original fear experience.

Thus, one man I know has a great fear of cats. As a boy he was raised by an aunt who was harsh and cruel to him. He lived in constant terror of her. The only things towards which she showed any affection were cats and she had several in the house. As a man, whenever he displayed fear of cats, he really was displaying fear of what the cats reminded him of—his aunt. Not all fears have had their original objects transformed in this manner, but some have, and it is a good policy whenever we find ourselves beset by a particularly uncomfortable fear, to search back in our minds and see if we can't bring up the memory of some powerful experience that we thought we had quite forgotten and that was associated in some way with the thing we are now afraid of. If we can do this, our acute fear will frequently be lessened or even disappear for the fear of something we know about and can actually come to grips with is never as terrifying as the fear of the unknown; the dim, menacing, shadowy dread about which we can only surmise—and tremble.

Happily the explanations of the causes of Joe's troubles plus a few practical suggestions such as are to be found at the end of this article proved sufficient to relieve him of the bulk of his fears and doubts.

Now I don't want to leave the impression that Joe's particular mental conflict is the only one that produces these symptoms, or that mental conflicts are the only things that cause unhappiness or "nervousness" or failure. Many other emotional problems find outward expression in these things too.

For example, people who are made discouraged for any one of a hundred reasons by a feeling of inferiority may express their attitude towards such a feeling in numerous ways. A very common way is to try to fool ourselves and every one else that we have no such inferiority feelings by pretending to be just the opposite. Thus if at heart we feel (rightly or wrongly—it makes no difference) that we are not as good as other people, or that certain others are smarter or better educated or have more strength or more money than we, this



## BRONZE TABLETS HONOR ROLLS-MARKERS BUILDING TABLES-ARCHES MEMORIAL FLAG POLES-ETC

Write for free Brochure -

MEMORIAL DEPARTMENT  
THE FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO  
2637 - 27TH AVE. SO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN



### PANTS MATCHED!

WHY THROW AWAY THAT COAT AND VEST?

Save \$25 or more! Let us match your coat and vest with new trousers, and save the price of a new suit. Hundreds satisfactorily matched every day. Each pair tailored to your measure. Over 100,000 patterns. We submit sample of cloth for your approval. No obligation. Just mail Origination and largest sample of the suit, or your vest.

MATCH PANTS COMPANY

Dept. 21, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

## We Want to Pay YOU \$120 Weekly

Here is an unequalled opportunity to connect with established window business-getter service used by thousands of merchants. Pays large commission, permanent connection, dignified selling, unlimited field. Real sales-compelling material furnished. Write for our wonderful story.

ILLUSTRATED CURRENT NEWS, INC.  
510 Chapel Street New Haven, Conn.



## Big Money in Poultry

Get into the poultry business for health, pleasure and profit. Small investment, sure income. Increasing demand for eggs and poultry. America's greatest poultry magazine shows you just how to proceed. Successful poultrymen tell you how they manage their flock and make big money. You'd be surprised, 50 cents a year, 9 months trial for only 25 cents, coin or stamps.

POULTRY TRIBUNE  
BOX 221, MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.



## Meets Your Shoe Needs

These shoes, made of genuine black kid, are for men who require soft, easy fitting shoes that will stand hard knocks. Special heel seat prevents wrinkled lining; corrective

steel arch support prevents foot troubles; many features of shoes at twice the price. Wear like work shoes, fit and look like dress shoes. Comfort, long wear and a fair price.



Shoe Dealers - Write Us

M. T. SHAW, Inc. Coldwater, Michigan



# DIAMONDS

## DIRECT FROM THE DIAMOND CUTTERS

through this long established house—diamond merchants for twenty-three years, famous for outstanding diamond values. A new arrangement direct with the diamond cutters makes the values we can now offer represent the biggest savings in our history.

### America's Largest Diamond Cutters

Closest association with the Largest Diamond Cutting Establishment in America means diamonds of every grade, every weight—diamonds of finest American cutting, diamonds of vastly superior brilliance—direct from the diamond cutters. It is well known that the American diamond cutter produces diamonds cut better and more accurately than any foreign product.

### Free and Unrestricted Inspection

Not One Penny in Advance. Any diamond ring or scarf pin sent for free inspection at our expense and risk. (Our reference, Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A.)

Free Catalogue. Beautifully illustrated book listing hundreds of amazing diamond values, sent free on request. Very newest Ring Styles in gold and platinum. Write today. It's Free, No Obligation.

**HENRY WILKENS & CO.**  
Dept. 9711, 621 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Earn money AT HOME

Men or women earn \$25 to \$50 a week at home. All or part time. Fascinating work. Nothing to sell. We teach you at home. Furnish all tools and materials.

**ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 1**  
427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

## FREE RADIO CATALOG

Since the dawn of Radio, Barawik has been known the world over as headquarters for radio set builders and fans. Here, under one roof, is everything you need—sets, parts, supplies—thousands of products—ready to ship to you the same day your order arrives. Barawik prices save you money. Barawik service saves you time. Barawik merchandise always pleases. A quarter million satisfied customers say, "Barawik is Best." Let us send you the Big Barawik Book free and prove it to yourself.

**BARAWIK CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.**



## Hundred Hunting Hounds

**CHEAP. Fur Finders. Money Makers. Free Trial. Hunting Horns, Collars, Etc.**

**Free Catalogue**  
**KENNEL SUPPLY,**  
MO105, HERRICK, ILL.

## BE AN OIL EXPERT

### TRAINED MEN NEEDED!

Geologists, Drillers, Refiners, (Chemists and Still Men) Oil Salesmen, earn from 2 to 10 times more than in other fields. Write today! **FREE Booklet!** Petroleum Engineering University Dept. 151, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## BEST SHIRTS AT LOWEST PRICES

**AGENTS WANTED**  
to represent our established firm, and take orders. Make \$10.00 to \$25.00 daily. Big complete line direct to wearer. Dress Shirts, Work Shirts, Flannel Shirts, Underwear, Pajamas, Overalls, Coveralls, Pants, Sweaters, Riding Breeches, Leather Coats, Lumberjacks, and Play suits. Everything guaranteed. Experience unnecessary! **BIG OUTFIT FREE!** Write quick! **NIMROD SHIRT CO., Dept. 97**  
4922-28 Lincoln Ave. Chicago

## GOV'T POSITIONS

**\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY**

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| ( ) Railway Mail Clerk  | ( ) Meat Inspector    |
| ( ) P. O. Clerk         | ( ) Special Agent     |
| ( ) Post-office Laborer | ( ) (Investigator)    |
| ( ) File Clerk          | ( ) Steno-Typist      |
| ( ) Matron              | ( ) Immigrant Insp.   |
| ( ) General Clerk       | ( ) City Mail Carrier |
| ( ) Chauffeur-Carrier   | ( ) Border Patrol     |
| ( ) Skilled Laborer     | ( ) Typist            |
| ( ) Watchman            | ( ) Seamstress        |
| ( ) Postmaster          | ( ) Steno-Secretary   |
| ( ) RFD Carrier         | ( ) Auditor           |

Instruction Bureau, 110, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me particulars about qualifying for positions marked "X", salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

Name.....  
Address.....

comparison arouses a fear of competition, and to cover it up we may adopt a don't-care, bravado or belligerent attitude. In this case we probably will talk loud and noisily; indulge in crude horse-play and resort to flashy clothes and rough-house manners; all in an effort to convince ourselves and every one else that not only do we *not* feel inferior, but that we are considerably better and braver than the persons to whom we have secretly been comparing ourselves—to our own disadvantage. Another almost equally common way of reacting to a feeling of inferiority—regardless of the cause—consists in growing surly and quarrelsome; in carrying around a chip on our shoulder; always looking for evidences of favoritism to the other fellow, or in declaring that we are perpetually being picked on and cheated out of the "square deal" we insist is our right. None of these symptoms indicate (with some exceptions) that their possessors are insane or are going to become insane. They do indicate, however, an unhealthy personality, and are sure signs that we are not managing our mental lives as efficiently as we might.

Numerous other "queer" ideas and fears and bodily ailments are caused by our failure to face facts. Many of the facts of every-day life are unpleasant and it's human nature to avoid the unpleasant and the painful if we can. We learn this early in childhood and if we or our parents are not careful some of us get into the habit of dodging reality (or facts). One of Joe's buddies is pitted by his friends and by himself because he says he can't work steadily and is almost an invalid on account of "nervous indigestion." He has been to at least a dozen capable doctors who declare they can find no physical disease of his stomach. Yet Bill often is laid up by the discomfort of his symptoms. A careful study of these finally disclosed that his spells of "indigestion" usually come on whenever some disagreeable task or an unpleasant or difficult duty confronts him. They also come on whenever he gets low in his mind and feels he isn't receiving enough sympathy or attention. I can hear you snort "how childish for a grown man to act this way"—and yet thousands of grown men and women every day try to dodge facing the necessary but often uncomfortable facts of life by *escaping into ill health*. They translate their unwillingness or inability to grapple courageously with these facts by taking refuge in all sorts of physical complaints—stomach trouble, eye strain, back-ache, vague pains and aches in arms and legs and a thousand other appearances of physical disease. It is this condition that is known by the medical term of *hypochondria*.

What can people who are rendered unhappy or ill or inefficient by "nervous" trouble, really do to help themselves? The answer is not easy. Suppose for the sake of brevity we list some of the things that can be done. But first of all, let me emphasize the fact that there are almost as many kinds of nervous and emotional disorders as there are physical ones, and (Continued on page 78)

# Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away surplus fat. The Weill Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weill Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

### Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanishes in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weill Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, back-ache, shortness of breath, and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

### Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once, Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Weill Company, 5811 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weill Company,  
5811 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weill Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

## LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW. **LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 11361-L Chicago**  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

## RAISE BELGIAN HARES

New Zealand Reds—Chinchillas—Flemish Giants  
**MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock**  
and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares \$2 each—New Zealand \$3 each—Chinchillas \$4 each—Flemish Giants \$5 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of *Fur Farming* magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address **OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 43, Holmes Park, Missouri**



## New Kind Of Can Opener

### AGENTS

Men and women make \$6 to \$12 an hour, full or spare time. Big worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive territories. Send quick for **FREE OUT-FIT** and **FREE TEST** offers.

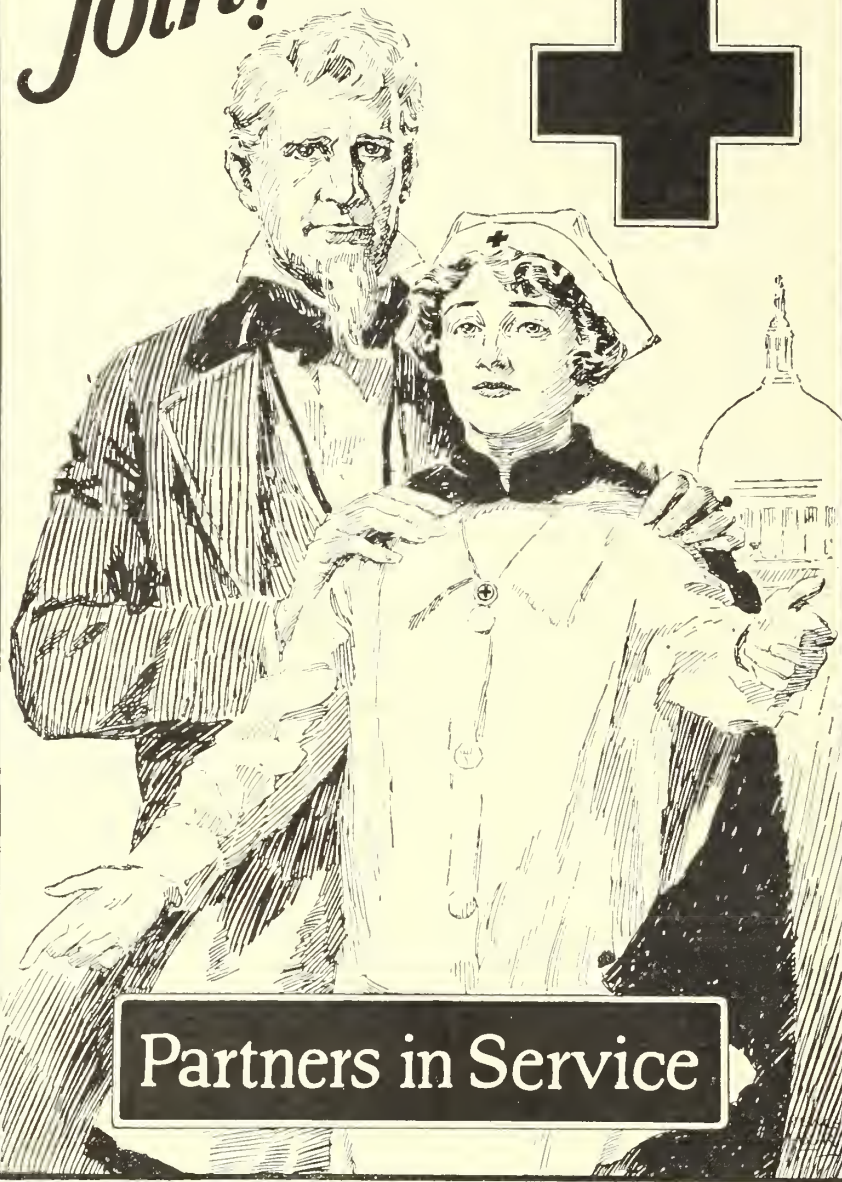
### Works Like Magic!

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all! Ends stabbing and hacking. Banishes danger. Guaranteed for 5 years. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special, introductory advertising offer.

**CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.**  
Dept. P-1002, 4500 Mary Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.



# Join!



## Partners in Service

**UNCLE SAM**, that familiar, homely personification of the people of the United States, and the Red Cross nurse, representative of the nation's agency for humanitarian services at home and abroad, appeal to the people of the nation for 5,000,000 members for the American Red Cross. They extend the annual invitation to join the Red Cross during the Roll Call period, November 11 to 29, 1928.

## Don't Be Afraid

(Continued from page 77)

like physical disorders, some of them are mild, some are severe.

Now for suggestions about dealing with these problems.

1. If it is at all possible, consult a reliable psychiatrist. Do this even if you think your difficulties are neither very serious nor very uncomfortable. It will probably save you health, happiness and money in the end. Be sure, however, to select a competent and experienced doctor who is not only familiar with nervous and mental cases as they are found in asylums and institutions, but who has had at least equal training and experience in dealing with milder cases of nervousness (perhaps such as yours) that are found in every town and that never become serious enough to require asylum care. There is a vast difference, often, in the methods of treatment these two types of cases require. Ask your family doctor where to find such a psychiatrist. Once found, do not be afraid or have any false shame about consulting him. Most modern psychiatrists have the bulk of their practice made up of people who have been sensible enough to go to them early, and who, as a result, will be put back on their feet much quicker than if they had waited until the condition became chronic. Nor is it necessary to hold back on the excuse of expense. To be sure, a psychiatrist is a medical specialist and because his training and preparation have taken longer than that of the non-specialist, he is entitled to larger fees. But these fees usually are graded according to your ability to pay and if you place your financial cards squarely on the table at the time of the first consultation, you will almost invariably find the doctor willing to make a mutually satisfactory arrangement. If you cannot pay, then hunt up a public psychiatric clinic. There are many of these where excellent treatment is available and there may be one near you.

2. If, for any reason, it is not possible to obtain the help of a psychiatrist, the first step in a program of self-help is to seek the cause of your symptoms. In many instances these will be more or less out of sight and you may be required to dig deep among the memories of your experiences to find them. Remember from the example of Joe that the cause may be tangled up in the habits of behavior and attitudes of mind you developed as a child, and that memories of childhood experiences you thought you had forgotten will give you the best clue in your search.

3. Pick out a person to whom you can talk freely and frankly, and then *confide your difficulties in him*. It may be your doctor or clergyman or your former school teacher or Ed Jones who works at the next bench in the shop. It doesn't make any difference who or what they are so long as you have confidence in their judgment and respect for their opinion. Unless you've tried it

**1700<sup>00</sup> TO 3000<sup>00</sup>**  
**A YEAR**  
**For LIFE**

### U. S. Government Jobs

Railway Postal Clerks.

Mail Carriers.

Postoffice Clerks.

Ex-Service Men Get Preference.

Mail Coupon today sure.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
 Dept. J189, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32 page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable and sample coaching and full information regarding preference to Ex-Service men, (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Big Money

**Selling Ties!**

Ties! Beautiful Tubular Knits, Krinkle Crepes, Cut Silks, and Fancy Swiss Knits in live, snappy patterns and colors that catch every man's eye. Show samples we furnish. Men jump at the chance to buy when they hear the low factory prices. You collect big commissions in ADVANCE.

**Samples FREE to You!**

No experience necessary. Work full or part time. Hurry! Send name and address to-day for complete line of samples FREE! Nothing to pay.

**NASH** Nawco Neckwear Company  
 Dept. N-135, Covington, Ky.

**\$100 a WEEK**



you've no idea of the relief to be obtained from merely talking over problems like these with someone else. It acts like a kind of mental cathartic. Then, too, the chances are you will be surprised and relieved to discover that the "queer" notions you thought were peculiar to yourself and that only "crazy" people had, are very common and that perhaps even your confidant has also had similar thoughts. To discover that alone lifts a tremendous load off your mind, as you learn you need not be ashamed or feel guilty or secretive about these fears and thoughts. Do not be afraid of burdening someone else with your troubles; possibly the very person to whom you confide has needed a similar service from some other confidant, and in listening to you and helping you out, he is merely reciprocating a good deed.

4. *Face reality squarely.* If your troubles have resulted from a life-long habit of running away from the unpleasant things in life, and if you realize this, then decide to be cured of your symptoms by breaking the old habit and substituting the one of walking up to your disagreeable duties, staring them squarely in the face and proceeding to tackle them courageously. I appreciate this is much easier said than done, but in those cases of nervous troubles that are caused by dodging reality, *it must be done*, if you want to be healthy and happy and efficient. Remember, you can escape reality by resorting to symptoms of ill health, by too much day-dreaming, by denying the existence of the reality, and by many other methods. Don't let the habit fool you by drawing a red herring across the trail. When a job must be performed, a responsibility shouldered or an important decision made, *go ahead and do it*, and then think up all the excuses you want to afterwards.

5. Beware of quacks, advertising "specialists" and fake "courses in applied psychology." It is the rare town that isn't visited at intervals by a so-called practical "psychologist" or "faith-healer" or other person of dubious background. In the larger towns their usual stunt is to hire the ballroom in the local hotel and give the first lecture "free" as bait. With few exceptions these men and women have had no real training in psychology, although this lack does not prevent them from promising you the moon, if they think that is what you want, and will pay for being told you can get it.

6. *Stick to your job.* If you haven't a job, *get one*. Steady work is one of the best things in the world to help us keep mentally healthy. It occupies our minds, does much to prevent our thinking too much about our troubles and leaves us little opportunity to engage in weak self-pity. Also, the morale of the man who keeps steadily at work despite trivial aches or pains or fears is sure to be better than the one who quits his job or refuses to find one because of these troubles. Any kind of work will do. Don't be too particular. If, for the moment, no job is available in your special line, take any one that comes along.

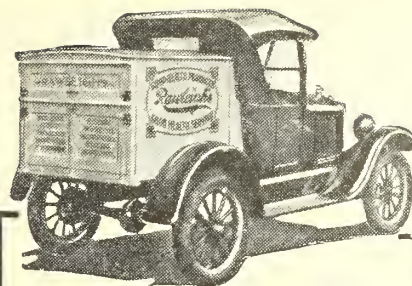
You'll benefit from it just the same. And look out for the excuse of pride. Perhaps the job you would really like requires a type of training or ability you don't possess. If so, be honest enough to admit that your ambition is greater than your ability. This is one excellent way of facing an unpleasant reality.

7. If you have a feeling of inferiority about some particular thing, don't grow too discouraged. Remember, no man ever lived who was inferior *in everything*. Somewhere within us we each have undiscovered, hidden talents, which, if they can be hunted out, can be trained and developed to the point where we can legitimately excel in them. To know that we can do at least one thing better than any one around us, raises our spirits and helps to offset the feeling of inferiority we have about failure to accomplish something else. This is another reason why steady work is valuable. A man may feel "low in his mind" when with others because he feels he can't compete equally in many of the things they do. And yet this same man at the shop or office or on the farm may be able to perform a piece of work in ship-shape fashion and thus receive a comfortable glow of satisfaction at knowing that in this instance, at least, he can succeed. The tonic of a little success is a powerful one.

8. Keep in good physical health. Mental health and physical health are closely connected and each influences the other.

9. Don't blame others for your nervous difficulties. It's not a matter of blame at all. If you suffer from fears or "queer" ideas it's not your fault—but neither is it any one else's. These troubles are simply due to lack of information by you and your parents as to some of the principles of mental health and how to manage emotions. Most of all, don't blame your troubles on the war. I realize I shall make myself unpopular in declaring this but the truth is that every psychiatrist knows that except for a very few instances, the war had absolutely nothing to do with an overwhelming majority of cases of nervous difficulties among ex-service men. They would have had these same difficulties some day, war or no war, and it is but another example of dodging facts to blame them on to the war experience.

10. Keep an open mind and a just mind to criticism—real or fancied. An instantaneous show of resentment against criticism is natural—but unwise. Think over the criticism. Possibly it is a just one. If so, profit from it and change your attitude. If you feel that every one is picking on you, stop and reflect that it isn't likely that *every one* is wrong and you alone are right. Also, if your fears and doubts and feelings of inferiority have caused you to grow sullen and bitter and irritable; if you are so unfortunate as to be one of those quite mistaken people who think the world owes them a living, better change your attitude in the interests of better mental health and decide that *you* owe the world a living instead.



## WANTED!

### 500 Dissatisfied Farmers and Sons to Stop Renting

And begin retailing Rawleigh's Good Health Products to Consumers. Start your own business. Make from \$100 to \$400 a month or more clear profit. Be your own boss. No selling experience required. We supply everything—Products, Outfit, Sales and Service Methods. Profits increase every month. No lay off. Steady year-round. Lowest prices. Best values. Most complete Service. Rawleigh Methods get the most business everywhere. For particulars write

**THE W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.**  
DEPT. K-18ALM FREEPORT, ILL.

### \$100 a Week Selling Shirts

**SAMPLE LINE—FREE!**  
*Fits Pocket—Send for It!*  
Sell Carlton's custom quality Shirts, Pajamas and Underwear. Biggest commissions, Extra bonuses, Profit sharing. Write today.

D. J. S., Texas, makes \$500 a month. So can you!

**Carlton Mills, Inc. Dept.**  
114 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 308-5

**MAGIC**  
**Learn at Home—by Mail! Easily! Quickly!**  
New! Different! Teaches you Big Tricks, Illusions, Stage Stunts, "Fatter" and the Principles of Magic. Learn at home. Earn \$2.50 to \$1,000 a month. Write today for big free Magic Book.

**TARBELL SYSTEM, INC.**  
1926 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 40-58  
Chicago, Illinois

**LEARN ART AT HOME**

**EARN MONEY**  
Our amazing new method of Oil Painting Portraits, Landscapes, Miniatures, etc., requires no experience. **PAINTING OUTFIT** and Employment Service **FREE**. Write for booklet. **PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC., Dept. B.A., 2926 Broadway, Chicago.**

**AMAZING NEW RADIO**  
**\$10.90**  
**COMPLETE**

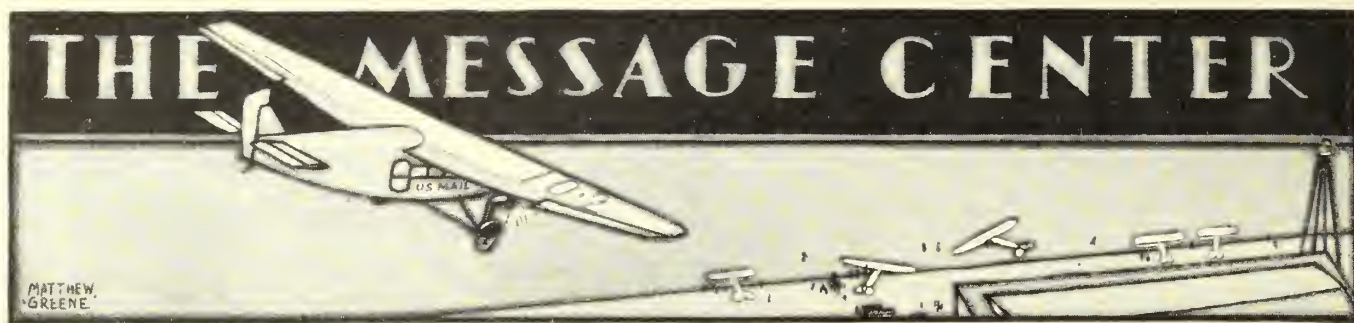
**Works Without Batteries**  
Nothing more to buy. You can hear the same programs on this **LAMBERT RADIO** Life Size Picture FREE

that you would listen to on a \$100.00 machine. Why not save the difference? Factory-to-you money-back guarantee. Write for folder No. 6.

**LEON LAMBERT MFG. CO., Wichita, Kansas.**

**Deformities of the Back**  
Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method. The 57,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of more than 25 years is absolute proof of this statement. No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers this method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in your own case. Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photograph here shows how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all. Send for our Free Book today and describe fully the nature and condition of your trouble, so we can give you definite information. **PHILO BURT CO.**  
92-23 Odd Fellows Bldg., Jamestown, N. Y.





"I WAS very glad to see the 'unknown Legionnaire' in the July Message Center suggest that A.E.F.-ers send an occasional card to wartime friends in France," writes John D. Guthrie of Taos (New Mexico) Post. "I believe this is a fine thing to do. I have followed this practise rather consistently ever since 1919. I claim no especial honor for it, but I do claim a lot of pleasure and personal satisfaction. I usually send cards on Armistice Day and again at Christmas to some twelve or fifteen French friends. I know that these little messages are appreciated, for in every case they are acknowledged by letter. Then when I was in France again in 1926 I made it a point to renew many of the friendships formed in 1917-'19. The welcome I received was most sincere—the French remember. These simple messages I send and the letters I receive in reply mean the strengthening of international friendships, and are worth a thousand times the little effort it takes to send them. Why isn't this a good turn for every Legionnaire to do on each Armistice Day? Why not try to get it established as an Armistice custom? While honoring the war dead, I know of no more worthwhile deed for the living."

MR. GUTHRIE'S letter needs no comment, and we are glad to publish it and give his plan an enthusiastic boost. The only suggestion we can possibly add is to say that this issue of the Monthly will be in the hands of every reader in the territorial United States in ample time to permit him to send a message (or several messages) to France and be sure of delivery by the tenth anniversary of Armistice Day.

ON THE cover of this issue of the Monthly appears a reproduction of the sixth World War painting which Harvey Dunn has made for the magazine during 1928. Mr. Dunn's military and professional record has already been set forth on this page. The present cover design, however, merits special mention. Harvey Dunn is a native of Kingsbury City, South Dakota. During 1901 he took a preparatory course at the State College of South Dakota, at Brookings, and a few years ago he was officially made an alumnus of the institution. Several of his paintings are already the property of the college by gift of Mr. Dunn, and the original of the present cover design, measuring almost five feet by six, was crated and shipped to the college as an additional gift as soon as the engravings had been made for the Monthly. Albert

Jay Cook, who wrote the cover verses, is an old contributor to the Army's Poets column in *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the A. E. F., and will be especially remembered for his poem "There's About Two Million Fellows." Ex-Sergeant Cook enlisted in the Regular Army in 1917, and was assigned to the Engineers. In early 1918 he was shipped overseas and transferred to a balloon observation group, thence to the Engineers Section, 6th Army Corps, and finally landed as a casual, apparently destined for the nether regions of Silesia, in the Army of Occupation in Luxemburg and Coblenz. A friendly captain rescued him and he was assigned to the Engineer Detachment of the Third Army, finally scooping up a transfer to the 315th Engineers of the 90th Division. If that isn't a typical A. E. F. career we give up.

ASKED for a full and complete statement of his activities during the World War, Walter Davenport, author of "Brennen and Snyder and Blake", being duly sworn, deposed as follows: "Still incensed at the American Government, which refused to permit him, in his capacity as an energetic buck private, to invade and subjugate Mexico in 1916, Walter Davenport re-enlisted in 1917 when the fate of France was clearly in his capable hands. He would, doubtless, have served throughout America's participation in the World War as a private had not the captain of his company got into political troubles with Division Headquarters. . . . When this battle ended Private Davenport found himself attending the O. T. S. at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. There Private Davenport was worked on with such vigor that he became a second lieutenant and was given a job with H Company, 111th Infantry, 28th Division. He served with great distinction accompanied with what may have seemed like much unnecessary noise. But it was not unnecessary. Due to this same noise which Lieutenant Davenport maintained in the field, in camp and in the hospital (sore throat), he emerged from the army a CAPTAIN. Since then (1920) Mr. Davenport has edited and written and married, thoroughly enjoying two-thirds of it. Also he can prove every statement here set down. Who cares?"

DR. GEORGE K. PRATT is one of the country's eminent experts on mental and nervous diseases, and is particularly well qualified to discuss this intimate subject with ex-service men because he spent twenty-three months in

the Army and since the war has followed closely the trend of mental health among veterans. Dr. Pratt was born in Michigan thirty-seven years ago and learned his profession at the Detroit College of Medicine and at the University of Michigan. In the spring of 1917 he was on the staff of a hospital in Flint. He joined up and spent thirteen months on duty in the psychiatric ward of the base hospital in Camp Beauregard, Louisiana. Then he was sent overseas with a roving commission that made him familiar with every phase of life in the A. E. F., making special studies of nervous and mental ailments. Dr. Pratt is now assistant medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, which has done a lot of team-work with The American Legion, and is still doing it, to insure the proper care for mentally afflicted veterans of the World War.

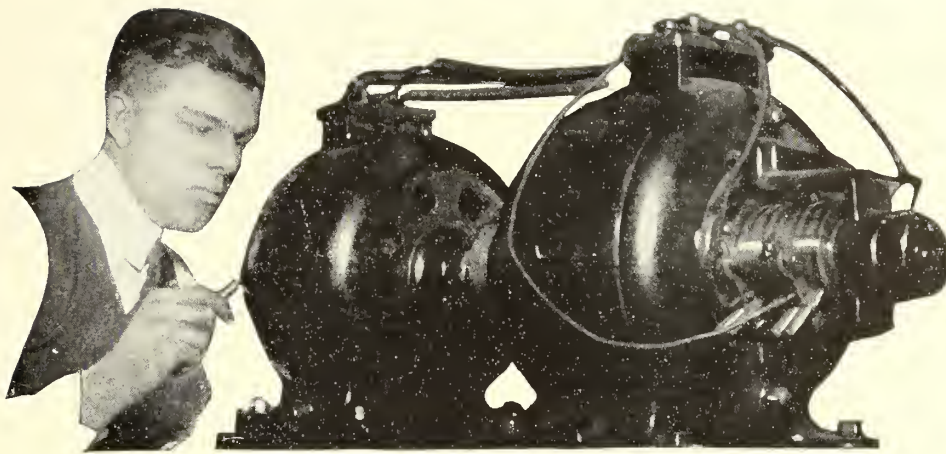
THE war record of Dan Edwards is effectively summed up in the War Department citation awarding him the most coveted of American decorations, the Congressional Medal of Honor: "Edwards, Daniel R., Private, First Class, Company C, 3d Machine Gun Battalion, First Division. Near Soissons, France, July 18, 1918. Reporting for duty from the hospital where he had been for several weeks under treatment for numerous and serious wounds and although suffering intense pain from a shattered arm, he crawled alone into an enemy trench for the purpose of capturing or killing enemy soldiers known to be concealed therein. He killed four of the men and took the remaining four men prisoners; while conducting them to the rear one of the enemy was killed by a high explosive enemy shell which also completely shattered one of Private Edwards' legs, causing him to be immediately evacuated to the hospital. The bravery of Private Edwards, now a tradition in his battalion because of his previous gallant acts, again caused the morale of his comrades to be raised to a high pitch."

NEXT month, Wallace Irwin on "Another Neglected Industry," Meredith Nicholson on "The Heart of American Youth," an A. E. F. mystery short story by Karl W. Detzer, and a detailed account of the Tenth National Convention of The American Legion at San Antonio.

*The Editor*

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly





# I Learned ELECTRICITY *This Amazingly Easy Way*

Why spend your life waiting for \$5 raises in a dull, hopeless job? Now . . . and forever . . . say good-bye to 25 and 35 dollars a week. **Let me show you how to qualify for jobs leading to salaries of \$50, \$60 and up, a week, in Electricity—NOT by correspondence, but by an amazing way to train, that makes you a practical electrician in 90 days!** Getting into electricity is far easier than you can imagine!

## Learn-By-Doing in 90 Days

LACK of experience, age or advanced education bars no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an air brake—I don't expect you to!

**I don't care if you are 16 years old or 40**

Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have. That's why I have worked out my astonishing offers.

### Earn while you learn

Many of my students earn a good part or all their living expenses and should you need this assistance we will help you. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained . . . on one of the greatest outlays of electrical apparatus ever assembled . . . real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting . . . full-sized . . . full operation every day! Nowhere else in the world can you get such Big-Pay-Job training!



#### I Prepare You for Jobs Like These

Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to Coyne-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

- Armature Expert, \$50 a wk. & up
- Substation Operator, \$65 a wk.
- Auto Electrician, \$60 a wk. & up
- Inventor . . . . . Unlimited
- Maintenance Engineer, . . . . . \$90 a Week and up
- Service Station Owner, . . . . . \$60 a Week and up
- Radio Expert, \$60 a week & up

#### Not a Correspondence School

Learn by doing . . . all real actual work . . . no dull books, no baffling charts, but building real batteries . . . winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring houses, etc., teaching you far more than the average ordinary electrician ever knows. That's how we fit you immediately to hold Big-Pay electrical jobs after graduation.

#### Many BIG-PAY Jobs to Suit You

Don't worry about a job. Coyne training settles the job question for life. Big demand for Coyne trained men often exceeds supply. Our employ-

ment department gives you lifetime service. Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as electrician with the Great Western R. R. at over \$100 a week.

## Get this FREE Book

### \$60 to \$200 a Week Jobs Not Unusual

We can point to many Coyne men making up to \$600 a month. \$60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You can go into radio, battery or automotive electrical business for yourself—and make \$3000 a year and up.

#### FREE Employment Service

COYNE is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 29 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by many large electrical concerns. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. Act now!

#### Now In Our New Home

This is our new, fireproof, modern home, wherein is installed thousands of dollar's worth of the newest and most modern Electrical Equipment of all kinds. We now have a larger amount of floor space devoted to the exclusive teaching of practical electricity. Every comfort and convenience has been arranged to make you happy and contented during your training.



H. C. Lewis, Pres.

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 88-04**

**500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Without obligation send me your big free Book and all details of Free Employment Service, Radio and Automotive Courses, and how many "earn while learning." I understand I will not be bothered by any salesman.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
H. C. LEWIS, Pres., Dept. 88-04

**500 S. Paulina Street Established 1899 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**





## COMFORT EN ROUTE

WHETHER you are at home or traveling, there is one job you have to do every day the sun rises. Gillette does that job smoothly, surely, *every* morning, wherever you are—in spite of nerves and weather, hurry and hard water. We have made the New Improved Gillette one of the finest precision instruments in the world. And to satisfy the natural masculine desire for a little frank luxury in personal equipment, we have created ten different Gillette sets, each one an excellent example of fine craftsmanship in metal, leather, and fabrics. Priced from \$5 to \$75. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

### THE NEW IMPROVED **Gillette** SAFETY RAZOR

TRAVELER ... \$10.<sup>00</sup>



The TRAVELER in genuine leather case. Heavily gold plated razor, Blade Box with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges), Brush and Soap Containers, \$10. The same set heavily silver plated, \$7.50